THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Ao Dr 1728 by Benj. Franklin

MAR. 11, 1911

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MORE THAN A MILLION AND A HALF CIRCULATION WEEKLY

To Own a Winton Six Means a New Enthusiasm—It Means The Delight

of having in your service a car richly excellent in quietness and beauty of operation, in wide range of motor speed, and in superb hill-climbing capacity.

Possession of a Winton Six reflects upon its owner an exclusive distinction. It indicates a buyer of judgment, one who has recognized the difference between old and new standards, and has chosen well.

The Winton Six satisfies the most exacting buyers, which is the best evidence of its merit; and, furthermore, it imposes upon its buyers no penalty of price beyond value, and no burdensome expense of upkeep.

Price Doesn't Make Quality

An old fallacy is that the higher the price must mean the higher the quality.

Quality is only one of numerous elements that enter into price. All the elements that enter into the car, whether they be quality or something else, must enter into price and must be paid for by the car buyer.

The car buyer pays for the maker's racing teams, but racing teams do not improve the quality of the car you buy and place in your service.

Adds Expense, Not Quality

Beautiful marble-front salesrooms on Broadway do not in any sense add to the quality of the car sold in that salesroom, or sold in other salesrooms by the maker who goes into debt for the marble-front; but the marble-front expense enters into the car price just the same, and the car buyer must pay for it.

Bonds, mortgage and interest charges have never been known to make a car run better or to last longer, but makers who carry financial burdens of this sort are compelled to charge for them in the price of their cars, and the car buyers therefore pay for something that does not enter into the car's quality.

Send catalog mentioned in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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To The Winton Motor Car. Co.
Cleveland, Ohio

A Difference in Price

In the Winton Six we have incorporated all the possible quality that tends to make a car excellent in its work, economical in its service, and profitable to the car owner. It is of the highest type, a six-cylinder; is made of the finest materials, and is put together by the most skilled workmen. Yet its price is but $3000, which is from $1000 to $2000 less than is asked for some other makes of similar horse-power.

This difference is almost wholly a difference of price only.

To Your Advantage

And this difference in price, which means so important a saving to the Winton Six buyer, is due to the fact that the Winton Company conducts its business on the policy of giving the Winton Six buyer the greatest possible value for his investment. The Winton Company avoids racing teams and like extravagances, avoids marble-fronts, owns its own plant outright, and carries no bonds or mortgages to be redeemed at the car buyer's expense.

Its plant is completely equipped with the latest and finest labor-saving machinery, the company's entire energy is concentrated upon the manufacture of a single product, and in all its departments the company's aim is "the best possible car at the lowest possible price to the individual purchaser."

Investigation of the Winton Six car will indicate to you how well this policy has been carried out.

A Delight To Its Owner

The Winton Six has demonstrated that it is wonderfully inexpensive to maintain. Tests covering three years of running in the service of individual owners place the Winton Six repair expense at 43 cents per 1000 miles.

In 1910 alone, 74 Winton Six cars ran 801,000 miles at a repair expense of practically one-eighth of one cent per mile.

These figures mean not only that the Winton Six is inexpensive to maintain.

More than that—they mean that the Winton Six has that quality of reliability which means a car always ready to run and to keep running—so that the Winton Six buyer does not suffer the delays, annoyance and humiliation which so often make motoring a burden.

If you really want the finest delight that a motor car can provide, you will look up the Winton Six.

Send for Catalog

Note its 48 H. P. smooth-as-velvet motor, with cylinders offset and every working part fully housed. Multiple-disc clutch and four-speed selective-type transmission run on finest ball bearings. Bosch magneto and Exide storage battery. Stromberg carburetor. Frame narrowed in front for short turns, and raised at rear to allow low suspension of motor and body. Drop-forged front axle. Full floating-type rear axle.

Sells at $3000. With four-door body $3050. Our catalog tells a plain, forceful, easily-understood story. Send coupon for a copy.

The Winton Motor Car. Co.

CLEVELAND, O., U. S. A.

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"The Master Suit"

Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN
AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

THE MASTER SUIT is a specimen of the highest achievement in ready-made clothes-making. It represents more than merely fine tailoring and good fabrics. It is cut to give the wearer the appearance of perfect physical development. And the effect produced so improves his form that he unconsciously strives to attain the appearance which the garment gives him; he expands his chest, draws in his waist and stands erect. Ask the clothier in your city who sells Society Brand Clothes to let you try on a "Master Suit;" if you do not know who he is, write us.

There are also 26 Practical Features of daily usefulness in this suit:

COAT

1 Pencil Pocket joining inside breast pocket.
2 Match Pocket on inner left side.
3 Perspiration Shields at arm pits to protect lining.
4 Neck-Cape; prevents wrinkling below coat collar. Patented.
5 Extension Safety Pocket; conceals and secures letters, papers, etc.
6 Flower Stem Holder under Lapel.
7 Watch Pocket within outside breast pocket.

VEST

8 Side buckles to produce smooth fitting back.
9 Slit in welt seam of lower left pocket for watch fob or chain.
10 Pencil or Fountain Pen Pocket above upper left pocket.
11 Vestee of Striped Material, washable and detachable, attached with gold pins; adds dressiness.

TROUSERS

12 Permanent Crease; keeps trousers pressed and prevents bagging at the knee. An excellent, practical feature. Patented June 16, 1908. No. 890792.
13 Cash Pocket within right hand side pocket. Permits carrying keys, knife, etc., on same side without confusion.
14 Guard in Watch Pocket to prevent theft or loss.
15 Pencil Pocket in right hand hip pocket. Very convenient, especially when no coat or vest is worn.
16 Braid Belt Loops. Neat, attractive, practical. None the less attractive with suspenders.
17 Tunnel Belt Slides; hold trousers firmly over hips and keep belt in place.
18 Two Steel Pivot Pearl Buttons at front of waistband. Add tone and smartness.
19 Loop for Belt Buckle Tongue; keeps belt down in front.
20 Improved Secret Money Pocket on inside of waistband. Closed and hidden by buttoning to inside suspender button.
21 Silk Braid Edging on Hip Pockets.
22 Our newly designed Side Pockets. Big, roomy and shaped especially to follow the form of the hand. Pockets curved down to crotch. Blind catch stitch keeps contents from rolling out when in reclining position.
23 Silk Braid Edging on Watch Pocket.
24 Hanger of Colored Silk Braid.
25 2½-inch Turn-up for soft turn-up or permanent cuff.
26 Extension Safety Pocket; same as No. 5 in the coat.

SPRING FASHION PANELS FOR TEN CENTS IN STAMPS MADE IN CHICAGO BY ALFRED DECKER & COHN

Copyright 1911, Alfred Decker & Cohn

Madam, It Can't Be Done

No matter how skillful one is as a cook, one cannot make beans digestible in a home oven. It simply can't be done.

Some housewives say they prefer home-baked beans. Perhaps pride in one's skill has to do with it.

Men almost universally prefer Van Camp's.

But the real question isn't of pride, taste or convenience. It's a question of simple digestion. Beans can't be made digestible in any home oven. They will invariably, when eaten, ferment and form gas.

Think how little it matters how good a food is if digestion is hard or impossible.

The center of the baking dish rarely gets heated above 100 degrees. That's not half enough heat for beans.

The top beans may be crisped, but not the beans farther down. Their granules remain unbroken, so the digestive juices cannot act.

Beans should be baked at 245 degrees. They should be baked in small parcels so the full heat goes through. They should be baked in live steam so the fierce heat won't crisp the beans or burst them.

That's how Van Camp's are baked.

That's why they are nut-like, mealy and whole. And that's why they digest without trouble.

This wholesale baking is naturally cheaper than home baking if one figures fuel.

The beans come to your table with the freshly-baked flavor—just as though baked at home.

Both the pork and tomato sauce are baked with the beans, supplying a delicious blend. And the beans are always ready to serve in a minute. You can keep a dozen meals on the shelf.

Those are some of the reasons why a million housewives have ceased to bake their own beans, and are using Van Camp's.

Beans are a premier food—23 per cent nitrogenous, 84 per cent nutriment. Richer than beef in food value—cheaper by about two-thirds. They can be served hot or cold in a dozen ways which everybody likes. They form a hearty meal by themselves.

When you get delicious, digestible, convenient beans you will come to serve them nearly every day—saving time and work and meat bills.

"The National Dish"

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

Some housewives buy beans called "as good as Van Camp's." And they find them quite different from the beans we describe. But there are no disappointments with the real Van Camp's.

More homes use Van Camp's than all others together. That would not be so if there were others as good.

We pick out by hand, from the choicest beans grown, just the whitest and plumpest beans. We make our tomato sauce from whole, vine-ripened tomatoes, though it costs us five times what common sauce would cost. And we have spent 48 years in learning how to bake beans like these. You will never know how good beans can be until you get the real Van Camp's.

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can.

Van Camp Packing Company Established 1861 **Indianapolis, Indiana**

(100)

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THE RIVAL DELTAS

How Abdullah Raises Cotton in the Delta of the Nile

The Fellaheen Live in Their Own Villages

By HARRIS DICKSON

GEORGE WASHINGTON JOHNSON and Mahomet Abdullah Hassan are rivals—not razor rivals, but farmer rivals. Both of them raise cotton and both live in the delta. Wash Johnson lives in the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta, just above Vicksburg. Abdullah lives in the Delta of the Nile, just below Cairo. Wash has heard of Cairo—Illinois—from a steamboat of that name. Abdullah has never heard of Vicksburg—he being an ignorant fellah, while G. Wash Johnson is an Afro-American. They both rent land in exactly the same way—only different. Abdullah is a tenant of Kiloussi Big Harem Bey, who, being a grand pasha of the khedivial family, maintains oriental magnificence at Cairo. Wash is renting some land this year from Colonel Swampwood, on Panther Lake Plantation.

Old Joe Miller used to say in his joke book that the Egyptian Delta is cultivated by pashas and fellaheen, just as the Mississippi Delta is planted by "niggers and kernels." This wouldn't be such a standard joke unless it were partly true; but in Egypt the fellaheen are the largest landholders in small blocks, while the twenty-acre white farmer in the South is producing more and more of the cotton for the world.

At the off-starting it might be well to remind Wash Johnson of what a fellah is. Wash has the wrong idea about fellahs. Abdullah is yellow—a chocolate-colored, bricky-brindle yellow—but dusty-looking, as if he had been sprinkled with ashes instead of talcum powder. He flutters a long-tailed shirt in the daytime, cut exactly like the shirt Aladdin wore before he rubbed that wonderful lamp. There is no difference in costume between Abdullah today and Aladdin then. Abdullah wears the same dirty-white handkerchief—perhaps with a streak of red or blue—wrapped round his head; no self-respecting Afro-American would wear a thing like that. All the women that Wash knows got ashamed of bandannas when they "j'ined de s'ciety." When Abdullah is irrigating his cotton he disrobes into that nothing-at-all, so popular among Wash Johnson's kinsfolk before they started to America. In raising water from the Nile, if Abdullah wears something it is the costume of Gunga Din:

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a twisty piece o' rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.

This is Abdullah, a fellah. All agricultural labor in Egypt is like him—of the Arab race. The word fellah—plural fellaheen—designates a class and has no reference to the ownership of the land. Abdullah may own a thousand acres and heap up riches from his cotton, but in his native village he remains a fellah.

Everybody may be somebody in Egypt; there is no fixed aristocracy. In Cairo whoever has the cash may be hailed a pasha—and not be derided as a parvenu. An ambitious Abdullah may trudge through the dust to Cairo and land a government job—possibly a clerkship. Straightway he discards his turban, puts a red tarboosh

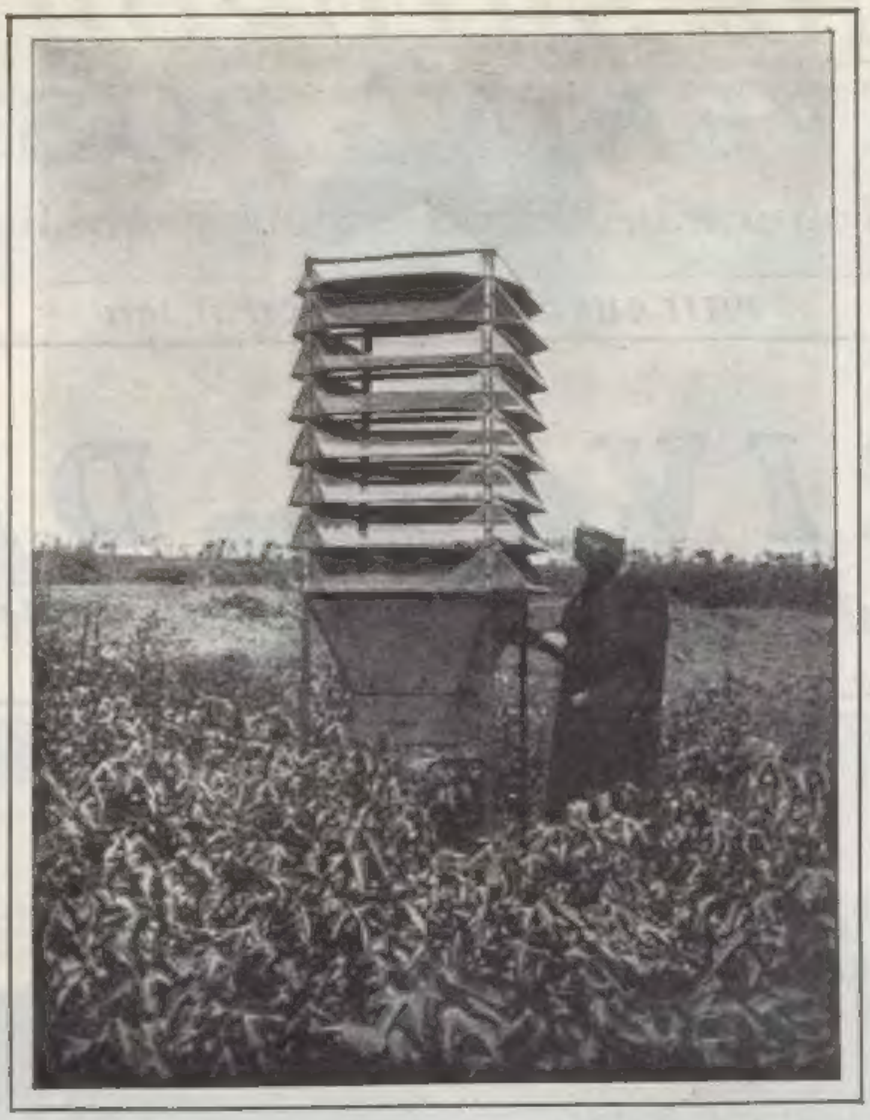
A Method of Letting Water Into the Cotton Field

A Corner of the Omdeh's Cotton Field

with dangling tassel on his head and becomes "effendi," the first title to social position in Egypt. Had Abdullah remained at home, even to raise a thousand bales of cotton, he would not have been called "effendi"; no salnams for him, such as are given to the clerk who gets about two dollars and a half a week. For one cup of coffee—two and a half cents—Abdullah Effendi may now sit an entire evening in the street café—yea, sit among those rich Americans—himself a part of that brilliant throng upon the Sharia Kamel. The vague and elusive "effendi" seems to correspond with "Mister," which all varieties of Wash Johnsons insist upon having as a handle to their names. On the plantation Wash would be called "Uncle Wash" by some and "Brudder Johnson" by others. Translate him into Egypt and his entitlements might run this way: "Washington Johnson Effendi, porter at arsenal"; "Effendi Johnson Wash, cartdriver for intelligence-office stables"; "Wash Effendi Johnson, employed on chain gang for the Government." No American can appreciate the differentiations of this title nor guess at a proper place for its insertion—whether at the beginning, end or middle of the other names.

At the beginning of the year Wash goes to the Colonel and Abdullah goes to the agent for the Bey. The agent for the Bey wears a salmon-striped pink shirt laced at the throat, with the red skullcap, which entitles him to be called "effendi."

Abdullah, with certain mystic touches of his forehead and a kiss upon his own palm when it has been returned to him, thus opens the conversation: "Upon you be peace and the blessing of Allah." The agent inquires as to his health and Abdullah replies: "Praise be to Allah, I am in all good." This is strictly according to Hoyle, in harmony with the garb of the men and the surrounding garbage. It would sound to Wash something like the passwords of his lodge.



A Moth Trap Maintained in an Arab's Cotton Field by German Merchants

When Wash goes to make a contract for land he doesn't talk that way. He says: "Mornin', Cunnel." The Colonel nods: "How are you, Wash?" "Po'ly, thank God!" And negotiations begin.

Perhaps Abdullah wants to pay a cash rent; so much a year for a feddan—Wash would call that an acre and be almost right. This feddan will produce four and one-half cantars of cotton—Wash would say four hundred and fifty pounds. In a good season that feddan may produce six cantars; but this Egyptian cotton is worth at times nearly twice as much as the kind that Wash makes.

The Two Ends of the Seesaw

FOR land that will produce eighteen guineas' worth of cotton Abdullah must pay a rent of fifteen guineas—that is to say, seventy-five dollars an acre in American money. Big Harem Bey has much expense in Cairo—it is just that he receives seventy-five dollars, while Abdullah tries to think of ways to spend the other fifteen. Five-sixths to the Bey and one-sixth to the fellah is what makes the difference between Bey and fellah, which is fundamental in Egypt.

Wash Johnson gets an acre of swamp land, which will produce four hundred pounds of lint cotton, worth fifty dollars in an average year. He promises to pay a cash rent of about seven dollars an acre. Perhaps they agree upon ninety pounds of lint cotton as rent—he and the landlord taking a chance on the price.

Abdullah gets one-sixth of the value of the cotton produced by his labor, while Wash gets about four-fifths. That is where Wash's end of the seesaw board goes 'way up. But Abdullah raises other crops and Wash doesn't. That's where Abdullah's end goes up.

There's a difference. When Wash rents twenty acres he gets a house for himself and family to live in and free pasturage. He has firewood winter and summer; he has straight trees that he can split into clapboards to cover his house or rails to fence his yard. Clapboards and fencerails make jolly good fires when Wash hates to walk that hundred yards to the woods and bring back a log.

When Abdullah takes up ten feddan or twenty feddan he gets what he rents—exactly to the inch—no more, no less. Not a square foot to live upon. He huddles at his village near by in a mud-and-dung hut, which is tumbling about his ears, and was built so long ago that everybody has forgotten when. There's not a single blade of grass for his goat, his donkey or his camel—if Abdullah be so prosperous as to own a camel. A good camel may be worth ten to twenty guineas and that would buy another wife. Another wife will produce more sons to produce more cotton to buy more wives to produce more sons. Abdullah does not generally own a camel, but he owns four wives, which is proper and regular according to the Koran.

This is where Wash Johnson has the laugh on Abdullah: Wash can ramble in the white folks' woods, catch possums, kill ducks and let his pigs run wild in the swamp until they are fat for Christmas. Abdullah apparently has the edge on Wash in the matter of wives.

Suppose Abdullah wants to work the land on shares. He gets one-third and the landlord gets two-thirds of the produce. This is a short story; again Wash has the better end of the seesaw board. Half to Wash and half to the landlord is the division. It would seem that the Egyptian fellah who works on shares gets a larger proportion of the crops than the fellah who pays cash rent; but the cash tenant has other crops, which have not yet been taken into account.

At certain seasons Abdullah may work for wages, like a section-hand on the railroad, the boss standing over him with a donkey-stick. The boss pays him twenty to twenty-five cents a day for the time he actually works; then he is discharged.

Wash Has Food; the Planter Has Hopes

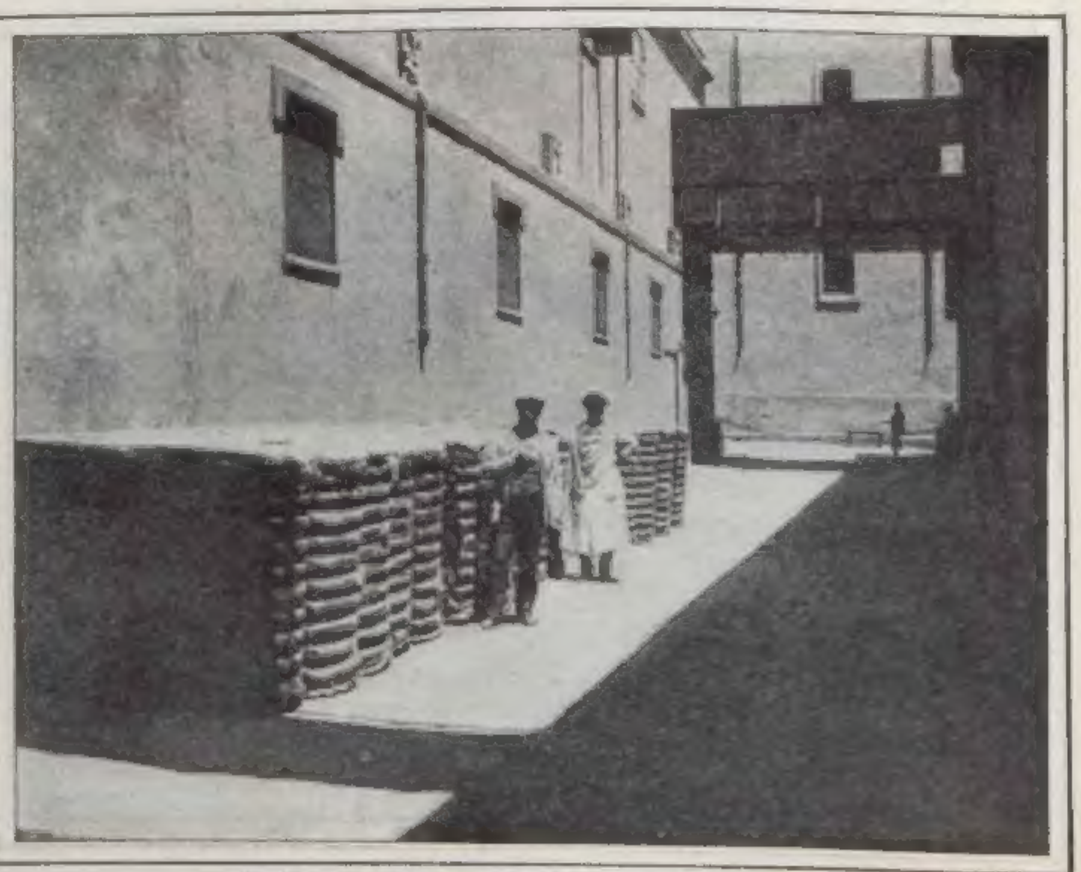
JUST as soon as Wash and Abdullah have rented a piece of land they begin to think about advances. Wash has nothing to live on while he makes a crop. The planter must furnish all the necessities of life upon the security of hope—the hope that Wash will stay on the plantation until the cotton is picked. Either that or the land must lie idle. The planter stakes Wash for his grub and clothes, plows, mules and mule jewelry. Wash draws his rations every Saturday night—meat, meal and molasses, coal oil, matches, flour, beans, rice—according to an old plantation formula. When cotton-picking time rolls around Wash Johnson is ahead of the game. He has lived and loved and been happy at the landlord's expense; the landlord still has hopes—possibly the crop may pay out.

Abdullah's case is different. Big Harem Bey does not know or care what Abdullah eats or where he sleeps. All he knows is: "Seventy-five dollars a feddan." Abdullah does not require the variegated menu demanded by Wash Johnson. He lives in his own hut of mud and camel's dung—and nibbles a bit of durra bread, baked on a fire of dried camel's dung.

Abdullah wants but little here below and has two ways of getting it. First, he may go to the Greek. Anybody who needs anything anywhere in Egypt goes to the Greek. Abdullah strikes a beeline for the merchant, Mr. Adonis Eleftheropolous—a broad-shouldered, stubble-whiskered Greek—Wash would sneer at this store; it appears to him like a faker's booth in the street fair. As Abdullah owns no land he may or may not get this money—according to whether the Greek knows him or knows him not. Possibly if the Greek knows Abdullah he won't get it. Wash understands how this works.

(Continued on Page 44)

Abdullah Plows With Two Bulls



Better Packed and Protected Than American Cotton

The Drake Who Had Means of His Own

By Owen Wister

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. DUNN

"Say, I've Found Out His Game"

SCIPIO sat beside the table—Mrs. Culloden's still very new wedding-present table—arguing on and on, and I forgot all about him. When he slapped the Wyoming game laws for that year down on the table hard, and complained that I was not listening to him, I continued to look out of the ranch window at the pond and merely said:

"Just hear those ducks!"

He stared at me with disgust and scorn. "Ducks!" he then muttered.

"Well, but hear them," I urged.

"Well, they're quackin'," he said. "A duck does." He picked up the game laws and resumed: "As I was telling you, it says—page 12, Section 25 ——"

But I gave him no attention and still looked out at the pond.

So then he remarked bitterly: "I suppose ducks crow back East—or bark."

He was perfectly welcome to all the satire he could invent; I was not to be turned from my curiosity about the clamor in the water outside, and as I watched I said aloud: "There's something behind it."

This brought him to the window where, as he stood silent beside me, I could feel his impatience as definitely as if it had been a radiator. The matter was that he had his mind running on something and I had my mind running on something—and they weren't the same things; and each of us wished the other to be interested in his own thing.

"Something behind it?" echoed Scipio slightingly. "Behind every quack you'll find a duck."

To this I returned no answer.

"Maybe they have forgot themselves and laid eggs in the water," suggested Scipio.

"Do your Western ducks lay much in September?" I inquired, with chill.

The noise in the pond, which had died down for an instant, was now set up again—loud, remonstrant, voluble; the two birds sat in the middle of the water and lifted up their heads and screamed to the sky.

"That's what they've done," said Scipio; "and they can't locate the eggs. Well, it'd make me holler too. Say," he pleaded, "what's the point in your point, anyhow? I want to show you about those game laws."

"Must I hear it all over again and must I say it all over again?" I responded, not taking my eye from the pond.

"You've never heard it wunst yet, for you've never listened."

"I did. I didn't begin to wander till you began repeating the whole thing for the third time. And now I'll say, for the fourth time, it's a close season till 1912. There they go out of the pond, single file—Duchess in the lead. The Duchess has purple in her wings; the Countess has none."

"Oh, soap fat!" said Scipio.

"And they've gone to feed on the grain in the haystack. There's Sir Francis waiting for them by the woodpile. He's the drake."

"Oh, soap fat!" repeated Scipio.

I followed the ducks until they had waddled out of sight.

"Every now and then, during the day," I said, "they go through that same performance: sit in the water and scream louder each minute, then come out and head for the haystack in the most orderly, quiet manner, just after having given every symptom of falling into convulsions. Now I'm going to find out what that means. And what I am wondering at," I continued, "is why you do not suggest that they are screaming at the game laws."

Well, we sat down then and had it out about those game laws; and it is but right to confess that they were more important to poor Scipio than the ducks were to me. First we took Section 25 to pieces, dug its sentences to the bottom and carefully lifted out every scrap which gave promise of containing sense. It was no child's task. You didn't reach the first full stop for a hundred and twelve words—nothing but commas; it was like being lost in the sagebrush—and, by the time the full stop did come, your head—but let me quote the sentence:

"It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to kill any antelope until the open season for other game animals in 1915, when only one antelope may be killed by any person hunting legally, or to kill any moose, elk or mountain sheep until the open season for other game animals, in 1912, when only one male moose may be killed by any person hunting legally, or to kill any elk or mountain sheep in any part of this state, except in Fremont County, Uinta County, Carbon County and that part of Bighorn County and Park County west of the Bighorn River, until the open season for game animals in 1915."

To tell you all that we said before we had finished with this would be worse than useless—it would be profane; enough that I stuck to the conclusion I had reached when I read the section in the East—no hunting anything anywhere for anybody until 1912. On the strength of it I had left my rifle at home and brought only my fishing rod.

"If it is your way," said Scipio, "what do you make of Section 26? 'It shall be unlawful for any person or persons to hunt, pursue or kill any elk, deer or mountain sheep except from September twenty-fifth to November thirtieth of *each year*.'" He yelled the last two words at me.

But I merely clapped my hands to my brow.

"And if it is your way," Scipio pursued, playing his ace, "what do you make of Honey Wiggin taking a party out next Monday for six weeks?"

"Why, they'll simply all be arrested."

"No; they'll not. I've saw Honey's license with this year stamped in red figures acrost it, as plain as head lines."

What could one reply to that? I picked up the pamphlet and stared at the page.

Scipio ruminated. "Will you tell me," he said, "why, in a country where everybody's born equal, the legislature should be a bigger fool than anybody else?"

"It's a free country," I reminded him. "Every man has the right to be an ass here."

But Scipio still brooded. "Well," he said, "if I was a legislator ——" he stopped.

"You're not qualified," said I.

"Not?"

"You haven't sufficient command of English."

"What!" cried Scipio; for vocabulary is his chief pride and I had actually touched him.

"No. You couldn't cook up two paragraphs of your mother tongue that would defy any human intelligence."

"They have done worse than that to me," he said ruefully. "They have lost me my season's job. The party I was to take out read them laws same as you did, and they stayed back East and made other plans. That's what I got in last night's mail."

"Well, I haven't stayed back East," I said. "The fishing's about done, but I want an excuse for another month or two of outing. My things can get here in twelve days—we'll hunt and I'll be your season's job. And," I added, "now I shall have time to study those ducks."

We launched then into discussion of horses and camp outfit, copiously arguing what the legislature would let a man hunt, pursue or kill in a season it declared to be open for no big game at all, until from eleven the clock went round to noon; and in the kitchen the voice of Mrs. Culloden was heard calling clearly to her young bridegroom in the corral—calling too clearly.

"Well, Jimsy," the voice said, "are you going to get me any wood for this stove—or ain't you?"

Our discussion dropped; we sat still; it was time for Scipio to be getting back across the river to his own cabin and dinner. He rose, put on his hat and stood looking at me for a moment. Then he took his hat off and scratched his head, glancing toward the kitchen.

"Jimsy, did you hear me telling you about that wood?" came the voice of the young bride, a trifle clearer. "I seem to have to remind you of everything."

Scipio's bleached blue eye and his long, eccentric nose turned slowly once more on me. "My, but it's turrible easy to get married!" was his word. He shoved his hat on again and was out of the door and on his horse; and I watched him ride down to the river and ford it. As he grew distant, my three ducks waddled back from the haystack to the pond. The Duchess led, the Countess followed; Sir Francis brought up the rear. But how could I attend to them while the following reached me through the door from the kitchen?

"If dinner's late you can thank yourself, Jimsy."

"Why, May, I split the wood for you right after breakfast. That corral gate ——"

"Split the wood and leave me to carry it!"

"Well, I've been about as busy as I could be on the ditch; and that gate needs ——"

"Never mind. Wash your hands now. Kiss me first."

At this point it seemed best to go out of the sitting-room door and come presently into the kitchen by the other way, at the moment when my hostess was placing the hot food upon the table. It was good food, well cooked; and all the spoons and things were bright and clean. Bright and clean too, and very pretty, was the little bride. She was not twenty yet; Jimsy was not twenty-four; and as he sat down to his meal I saw her look at him with a look which I understood plainly: had no stranger been there to see, some more kissing would have occurred. Yet, what did she find to say to him—she that so visibly adored him?

"Jimsy Culloden! Well, I guess you'll never learn to brush your hair!"

Jimsy suddenly grinned. "Others have enjoyed it pretty well this way," said he. "Tangled their hands all through it." And his gray eyes twinkled at me. But the little woman's blue eyes flashed and she sat up very stiff. "Before I asked you, that was," Jimsy added.

Have I ever told you how Jimsy became married? I believe not—but it would take too long now; it will have to wait. His bachelor liveliness had not contributed to his mother's peace of mind, but all was now well; the poker-chips had gone I don't know where; our beloved old card-table of past years stood now in the bridal bedroom, stifled in feminine drapery beyond recognition; the bottles that in these days lay empty beyond the corral had contained merely tomato ketchup and such things; and here was Jimsy Culloden a stable citizen, an anchored man, county commissioner, selling vegetables, alfalfa and horses, with me for a paying boarder in that new-established Wyoming industry which is locally termed dude-wrangling. The Eastern dude is destined to replace Hereford cattle in Wyoming—and sheep also.

Jimsy was an anchored man, to be sure; might he possibly some day drag his anchor? I glanced at his blue-eyed May, so fair and competent, and I hoped her voice would not grow much clearer. I glanced at Jimsy, quietly eating, and wondered if a new look lately lurking in his eye—a look of slight bewilderment—would increase or pass.

"Didn't I see Scipio Le Moyne ride away?" he asked me.

"Yes. It was dinnertime."

"Couldn't he stay here and eat?"

"There you go, Jimsy Culloden; wanting to feed this whole valley every day, just like you was rich!"

Jimsy's gray eyes blinked and he attended to his plate. The failure of that little joke about tangled hair was the probable cause of his present silence, and the bride appealed to me.

"Ain't that so?" she said. "You've been here before. You know how folks loaf around up and down this valley and stop to dinner, and stay for supper, and just eat people up!"

She was so perfectly right in principle that my only refuge from the perilous error of taking sides was the somewhat lame remark: "Well, Scipio isn't a dead-beat, you know."

"There!" cried Jimsy triumphantly.

"Mr. Culloden would have fed a dead-beat just the same," returned the lady promptly.

Again she was entirely right. From good heart and long habit Jimsy made welcome every passing traveler and his horse. When Wyoming was young and its ranches lay wide, desert miles apart, such hospitality was the natural, unwritten law; but now, in this day of increasing settlements and of rainbowed folders of railroads painting a promised land for all comers, a young ranchman could easily be kept poor by the perpetual drain on his groceries and his oats. Jimsy's wife was stepping between him and his bachelor shiftlessness in all directions and the propitious signs of her influence were everywhere. Indoors and out, a crisp, new appearance of things harbingered good fortune. Why, she had actually started him on reforming his gates! Did you ever see the thing they were frequently satisfied to call a gate in Wyoming? A sordid wreck of barbed wire and rotten wood, hung across the fence-gap by a rusty loop, raggedly dangling like the ribs of a broken umbrella.

The telephone bell called Mrs. Culloden to the sitting room near the end of dinner.

Mrs. Sedlaw, her dear friend and schoolmate, living five miles up the valley, was inviting them to dinner next day to eat roast grouse.

"Let's go," said Jimsy.

"And you quit your ditch and me quit my ironing?" answered the clear voice. "Thank you ever so much, Susie; we'd just love to, but Jimsy can't go off the ranch this week and I'd not like to leave him all alone, even if I wasn't as busy as I can be with our wash." There followed exchange of gossip and laughter over it, and much love sent to and fro—and the receiver was hung up.

"As for grouse," I said to Jimsy, for his silence was on my nerves, "I shall now go and catch you some trout superior to any bird that flies."

Sir Francis, the snow-white drake, stood by the woodpile as I crossed the inclosure on my way to the river. In the pond the lady ducks were loudly quacking, but I passed them by. I desired the solitude of Buffalo Horn, its pools, its cottonwoods, its quiet presiding mountains; and I walked up its stream for a mile, safe from that clear voice and from the bewildered eye of Jimsy, my once blithe, careless friend.

Unless it be from respect for Izaak Walton and tradition, I know not why I ever carry in my fly-book, or ever use, a brown hackle; it has wasted hours of fishing-time for me. The hours this afternoon it did not waste, because, under the spell of the large day that shone upon the valley, my thoughts dwelt not on fish but with delicious vagueness upon matrimony, the game laws and those ducks. With the waters of Buffalo Horn talking near by and singing afar off, I watched all things rather than my line and often wholly stopped to smell the wild, clean odor of the sagebrush and draw the beauty of everything into my very depths. So from pool to pool I waded down the south fork of Buffalo Horn and had caught nothing when I reached Sheep Creek, by Scipio's ranch. Here I changed to a grizzly king and soon had killed four trout.

Scipio was out in his meadow gathering horses, and he came to the bank with a question:

"Find the eggs them ducks laid in the water?"

"Jimsy wanted to know why you didn't stay to dinner," was my answer.

"Huh!" Scipio watched me land a half-pound fish. Then: "They ain't been married a year yet."

I cast below a sunken log and took a small trout, which I threw back, while Scipio resumed:

"Why I didn't stop to dinner! Huh! Say, when did they quit havin' several wives at wunst?"

"Who quit?"

"Why, them sheep men back in the Bible—Laban and Solomon and them old-timers. What made 'em quit?"

"They didn't all quit. There, you've made me lose that fish. Are you thinking two wives would be twice as bad as one?"

"You'll get another fish. I'm thinking they wouldn't be half as bad as one."

"My, But It's Turrible Easy to Get Married!"

Certain passages in Scipio's earlier days came into my mind, but I did not mention them to him. Possibly he was thinking of them himself.

"Two at once is not considered moral in this country," I said.

Scipio mused. "I'm not sure I've ever clearly understood about morals," he muttered. "Are you going to keep that whitefish?"

"I always keep a few for the hens. Makes 'em lay."

This caused Scipio to look frowningly across Buffalo Horn to where the Culloden ranch buildings lay clear in the blue crystal of the afternoon light. "Marriage ain't learned in a day," he remarked, "any more than ropin' stock is. He ain't learned how to *be* married yet."

Again I thought of Scipio's past adventures and remembered that the best critics are they who have failed in art.

"Did you mean what you said about hunting with me?" Scipio now inquired.

"Sure thing," I returned, "if you're right about Honey Wiggin."

"Oh, I'm right enough. You'll see him come by here Monday."

"Then I'll send East for my things," I said.

"Well, I'll be looking for a man to cook and horse-wrangle," said Scipio.

As I approached the ranch across the level pasture with my fish I could hear from afar the quack of the ducks, invisible in the pond, and could see from afar the snow-white figure of the drake, stationary by the woodpile. Now for the first time the idea glimmered upon me that he had something to do with it. But what? I came to the breast of the little pond and stood upon it to watch the Countess and the Duchess. They were making a great noise; but over what? Sometimes they sat still and screamed together; a punctuation of silence would then follow. Next, one or the other would take it up alone. Was it a sort of service they were holding to celebrate the sunset? I looked up at the lustrous crimson on the mountain wall—a mile of giant battlements sending forth a rose glow as if from within, like something in a legend; birds and beasts might well celebrate such a marvel—but the Countess and Duchess were doing this at other hours when nothing particular seemed to be happening. I looked at the drake by the woodpile. He had not moved a quarter of an inch. He stood in profile, most becomingly. His neat, spotless white, his lemon-colored bill, his orange-colored legs, his benign yet confident attitude, as if of personal achievement taken for granted but not thrust forward—all this put me in mind of something, but so faintly that I could not just then make out what it was. Shouts from the Duchess at the top of her voice hastily recalled my attention to the pond.

I expected to find something sudden was wrong. Not at all. The water was without a wrinkle, the ducks floated motionless: yet there had been a note, a quality, urgent, piercingly remonstrant, in those quacks of the Duchess. She might have been calling for the constabulary, the fire brigade and the health department. And then, without change for better or for worse in anything around us that I could see, the two birds swam placidly to land. They got out on the bank, wiggled their tails, stood on their toes to flap their wings; and, this brief drying process being over, they took their way to the motionless drake.

He stood by the woodpile, stock-still in profile; he had not yet moved a quarter of an inch. It seemed to me—but I was not certain—that his ladies raced as they drew near him. When they reached him he turned with gravity and headed for the haystack. They fell in behind him and the three waddled and wobbled solemnly toward their goal, squeezed under the fence and were lost to view.

I took in my trout to Mrs. Culloden, who praised their size and my skill. On the subject of giving her hens a diet of whitefish, she told me it was her great ambition so to manage that before the moulting fowls should wholly stop laying the spring pullets should have begun to lay.

"Jimsy is real fond of eggs," she explained, "and I want him to have them."

I further learned that whitefish cooked were better than whitefish raw, which often tainted the eggs with a fishy taste. I stood high in the little bride's favor because I was helping her to please Jimsy. Lying abed that night in my one-room cabin I said aloud, abruptly: "That was a protest."

I know nothing about what they call our subconscious workings, save that I am choke-full of them; I meant the Duchess. Apparently my subconscious works had been dealing with her ever since the scene at the pond. Thus a conclusion had popped out of my mouth full-fledged before I knew it was there. "Yes," I repeated; "she was protesting. They both were."

The works, however, must have stopped after that for the night—or turned to other activity—for next morning I went down to the pond with nothing beyond the two theories of yesterday: that it was protest and that the drake was somehow at the bottom of it. But I scored no advance in my knowledge. All three birds were in the water and did not come out while I remained there; nothing more of their plan of life was revealed to me. Still, I saw one new thing. Sir Francis swam about, with the Duchess and Countess in a suite, following close but never crowding him. What they did do was crowd each other. A struggle for place occurred between them from time to time; and, although all the rest of the time they were like sisters, when the struggle was on it was bitter.

I must have stayed watching them for half an hour to make sure of this and I know that there were moments when they would have gladly killed each other. Sir Francis never took the slightest notice of it, though he must have been well aware of it, since it always went on some six inches behind his back. The Countess would attempt to swim up closer to him, at which the Duchess would instantly crook her neck sidewise at her and, savagely undulating her head, would utter quick, poisonous sounds that trembled with fury. To these the Countess would retort, crooking and undulating too; thus they would swim with their necks at right angles, raging at each other and crowding for place. Sometimes the Duchess darted her bill out and bit the Countess, who was of a milder nature, I gradually discerned. The admirable ignorance which Sir Francis preserved of all this testified plainly to his moral balance and filled me with curiosity and respect. Whatever was going on behind him, whether peace or war, he swam quietly on or stopped as it pleased him, with never a change in the urbanity of his eye and carriage.

It came to me that afternoon what his attitude at the woodpile essentially was. He stood there again alone—the ducks were quacking in the pond—and as I looked at his neat white body and the lemon-colored bill and orange-colored legs, all presented in the same dignified profile, I saw that his was by instinct the historical portrait attitude: Perry after Lake Erie, Webster before replying to Hayne, Washington on being notified of his appointment as Commander-in-Chief—you will understand what I mean. And if you smile at my absorption in these little straws from the farmyard you have never known the blessing of true leisure. To drop clean out of my mind for a while the law and investment of trust funds and the self-induced hysterics of Wall Street, and study a perfectly irrelevant, unuseful trifle, such as the family life of

Sir Francis and his ladies, brings a pastoral health to the spirit and to the biliary duct.

There was an error in my conclusions about the Countess and Duchess, which I did not have a chance to perceive for a day or two, because our domestic harmony was mysteriously disturbed. That clear note in May's voice waked up again, this time a tone or so higher; and it was kept awake by one thing after another. It began after a wagonful of people had passed the ranch on its way down the valley to town. I was off by the river when they stopped a few minutes on the road outside the fence. One could not see who they were at that distance. Jimsy left his ditch work and talked to them and when they had gone returned to it. At our next meal Jimsy's eye was bewildered—and something more—and May's voice was bad for digestion. As soon as my last mouthful was swallowed I sought the solitude of my cabin and read a book until bedtime. How should one connect that wagonload of people with the new and higher tide of unrest? Nothing was more the custom than this stopping of neighbors to chat over the fence. May's voice and Jimsy's eye kept me as often and as far from their neighborhood as I could get.

It was Scipio, the next time I saw him, who began at once: "Did you see Mrs. Faxon?"

"Who's she?"

"Gracious! I thought everybody in this country knowed her. She's an alfalfa widow."

"Well, I seem to have somehow missed her."

"She went to town the other day. Awful good-looker."

"Well, I'll try to meet her."

"Her and Jimsy used to meet a whole heap," said Scipio.

"Oh!" said I. "H'm! All the same May's a fool."

"Did she get mad? Did she get mad?" demanded Scipio vivaciously.

"Yes!" said I, thinking of it. I told Scipio how Jimsy had talked over the fence to the scarlet fragment of his past for perhaps three minutes in the safe presence of a wagonload of witnesses, and how in consequence May had gone up into the air. "To love acceptably needs tact," I moralized; but while I expatiated on this, Scipio's attention wandered.

"You saw Honey Wiggin go up the river with his dudes?"

"Oh, yes."

"And two other parties go up?"

"Yes."

"Any further notions about the game laws?"

"Nothing—except it's the merest charity to assume they made them when they were drunk."

"Sure thing! I guess I'll have a cook when your camping stuff comes."

My stuff was due in not many days; and as I walked home from Scipio's cabin I felt gratitude to the game laws for the part they had played in delaying me in this valley, where each day seemed the essence distilled from the beauty of seven usual days. Even as I waded Buffalo Horn I stopped to look up and down the course that it made between its bordering cottonwoods. A week ago these had been green; but autumn had come one night and now here was Buffalo Horn unwinding its golden miles between the castle walls of the mountains. Amid all this august serenity I walked the slower through fear of having it marred by the voice of May. I lingered outside the house and it was the voice of the Duchess that I heard. Yes, I was grateful to the game laws. They, too, caused me to learn the whole truth about Sir Francis.

On this particular evening I saw where had been my error regarding the Countess and Duchess. I have spoken of the Countess' milder nature, which I thought always put her behind the Duchess in their struggle for precedence. It did not. Quite often she made up in skill what she lacked in force and I now saw the first example of it. They were all coming to the pond for their evening swim, the two ducks scolding and walking with their necks at right angles. Sir Francis was in the lead, his head gently inclined toward the water. As he got in the Duchess made an evident miscalculation. She thought he was going to swim to the right, and she splashed hastily in that direction. But he swam to the left. The Countess was there in a flash. She got herself next to him and held her place round and round the pond, crooking her neck and quacking backward at the enraged, defeated Duchess.

Twice in the following forenoon I saw this recur; and before supper I knew that it was a part of their daily lives. Sometimes it happened on land, sometimes in the water and always in the same way—a miscalculation as to which way the drake was going to turn. It was the duck that had been nearest to him that always made the miscalculation and she invariably lost her place by it. Then she would rage in the rear while the other scoffed back at her. Neither of them could have been entirely a lady or they would have known how to conduct their quarrel without all this displeasing publicity. But there can be no doubt that Sir Francis was a perfect gentleman. Not only was he never aware of what was happening but he so bore himself as wholly to avoid being made ridiculous. That the Duchess was a little near-sighted I learned when I took to feeding them with toast brought from breakfast.

My time was growing short and I began to fear that I might be gone hunting before I had penetrated the mystery of the historical portrait attitude near the woodpile and the protests of the ducks in the water. This was going on straight along, only I had never managed to see the beginning of it. Therefore I fed them on toast to draw closer to them and I tried to give each a piece, turn about; but only too often, when toast meant for the Duchess had fallen in the water directly under her nose, she would peer helplessly about and the Countess would dip down quickly and get it. Sometimes the Duchess saw it one second too late, when their heads would literally collide, and the Duchess, under the impression she had got it, would snap her bill two or three times on nothing and then perceive the Countess chewing the morsel. At this she always savagely bit the Countess; and still, through it all, the drake sustained his admirable ignorance. My feeding device triumphed. I did learn about the woodpile.

This is what I saw. They had been swimming for a while after eating the toast. Sir Francis had finally swallowed a last hard bit of crust after repeatedly soaking it in the water. He looked about and evidently decided it was time for the haystack. He got out on the bank, but the ladies did not. He turned and looked at them; they continued swimming. Then he walked slowly away in silence, and as he grew distant their swimming became agitated. Reaching the woodpile, he turned and stood in bland, eminent profile. Then the ducks in the pond began. The Duchess quacked; the Countess quacked; their voices rose and became positively wild. A person who did not know would have hastened to see if they needed assistance. This performance lasted four minutes by my watch—the drake statuesque by the woodpile, the ducks screaming in the water. Then, as I have before described, they succumbed to the power at the woodpile. They swam ashore, flapped to dry themselves and made for Sir Francis like people catching a train. He did not move until they had reached him, when all sought the haystack.

So now I understood clearly that it was he who made their plans, timed all their comings and goings; and that they, bitterly as they disliked leaving the water until they were ready, nevertheless had to leave it when he was ready. Of course, if either of them had had any real mind, they would have realized long before that it was of no use to attempt to cope with him, and they would have got out quickly when he did, instead of making this scene several times every day. But why did they get out at all when they didn't want to? Why didn't they let him go to the haystack by himself? What was the secret of his power? It was they who were always fighting and biting; his serenity was flawless.

I stood on the breast of the pond, turning this over. If you have outrun me and arrived at the truth it just shows once again how superior readers are to writers in intelligence. I was not destined to fathom it. Many a problem has taken two to solve it and it was Jimsy who—but let that wait. Jimsy came across from the stable and spoke to me now:

"What are you studying?"

"I have been studying your ducks."

He looked over at the cabin, where May could be seen moving about in the kitchen, and I saw his face grow suddenly tender. "They're hers," he said softly. "She kind o' wanted ducks round here and so one day I brought 'em to her from town. Then I made this pond for 'em—just dammed the creek across this little gully. Nothing's wrong with 'em?"

"Oh, no. But they've set me guessing."

He did not believe my story, though he listened with his gray eyes fixed on mine. "That's wonderful," he said; "but you've made it up. I'd have noticed a thing like that."

"I don't think you would. You're working all day with your stock and your ditches. Think what a loafer I am."

"It's most too extraordinary," he said and stood looking at the woodpile. He was not really thinking about what I had told him; I could feel that.

"Well, Jimsy!"

We both started a little. It was May who had come round the corner of the house and the setting sun shone upon her and made her quite lovely, where she stood shading her eyes, with a lock of hair floating one side of her forehead.

(Continued on Page 48)

"Well, Jimsy, are You Going to Get Me Any Wood for This Stove—or Ain't You?"

THE THEATER AND MORALITY

By WILLIAM WINTER

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give;
For we that live to please must please to live.

SO WROTE the wise, philosophic Doctor Johnson one hundred and sixty-four years ago, and seldom has so much incisive truth been expressed in so few words; seldom, furthermore, has a felicitous statement of truth been so frequently and so perversely wrested from its meaning, as this couplet has been, for the purpose of justifying and sustaining a radically false and pernicious view of the relation between the stage and the public. If the theater is to prosper, the public, of course, must be pleased; but it does not follow that the theater must please the public by giving the public "what it wants," when it either happens to want or is supposed to want something which it ought not to have. The moral sage who wrote that couplet wrote also:

'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued Nature and reviving Sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid scenic virtue form the list'ning age
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

Garrick spoke those words when he opened Drury Lane Theater in 1747, and "order, decency and decorum," says his biographer, Thomas Davies, "were the main objects which he kept constantly in his eye at the commencement of his administration."

The Church and Stage at Odds

THE duty of the theatrical manager is intellectual. He is not a shopkeeper; he is the administrator of a great art. It is true that he conducts a business: he must purchase plays and employ actors to represent them, and he "must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste," timing his productions so as to catch the favorable breeze of fortune; but he is under an intellectual obligation to manage the public as well as the theater, to promote an educational tendency, and so to foster refinement and so to cultivate the public taste—on which the theater depends and must ever depend—that the community in which he labors will neither "want" nor tolerate any production which, either in subject or treatment, is offensive to decency or corruptive of the moral sense. Failure on the part of many theatrical managers to recognize that obligation and fulfill that duty has been especially manifest and injurious within the last ten or fifteen years, showing itself in the gross obtrusion on the stage, throughout our country, of exhibitions which ought never to have been made or permitted there—exhibitions which have gradually inured a multitude of persons to the tolerance of offensive themes, and largely degraded the theater as a social institution. The theatrical audience at this time is enormous, but, except on rare occasions, it does not in any community comprise a major part of the home or family public—the best public upon which any manager could depend, and the active interest of which is absolutely essential to a pure and intellectual stage.

The theater has long been compelled to withstand the active assaults of ignorance and bigotry, and it has done so with success; but the most injurious enemies of the theater—enemies who, if their pernicious ministry continues unabated, will, temporarily at least, force that institution as low in public esteem as it was immediately before the advent of Edwin Booth (at which time the tide was at an ebb)—are those who menace it not from without but from within: the speculative janitors who, by their abuse and degradation of it, place in the hands of its avowed foes a potent weapon of effective disparagement. Not long ago, because of the conduct of those mercenaries, the ecclesiastical opponents of the stage were stimulated to a fresh attack all round the circle, and, in particular, the tremendous power of the Roman Catholic Church was aroused against the theater, and the archbishop of New York—ruler of the most important see in Christendom, spiritual father and guide to more than a million persons—stood in his pulpit and preached, with uncommon vehemence, against the sinful obtrusion of vile subjects on the stage. It is known, likewise, that the clergy under his control are interdicted from attendance at theaters.

The necessity of active police interference to suppress theatrical indecencies is an ominous sign of these theatrical times, and one that should not be disregarded. In New York, Chicago, Boston, New Haven, Philadelphia, and other cities, theaters have been closed by magisterial authority, and various offensive performances have been thus prevented. The laws are liberal, and closing the theaters could have been done only in cases in which there was distinct violation of the laws. At the same time, in various instances, plays of an obnoxious and infectious character, the vileness of which has been craftily kept "o' the windy side of the law" so as to evade suppression, have been justly condemned by impartial, authoritative censors and the better elements of society.

Degradation and perversion of the theater is, to some extent, attributable to the wrong influence of a corrupt or supine press. Scathing censure of the persons, by name, who are responsible for it, would tend to prevent it; but such censure is seldom permitted. Manipulation of advertising patronage controls newspapers. Furthermore, the prevalent practice in dramatic criticism is the expression of likes and dislikes, without specification of reasons, coupled with a wild, wandering commentary on superficial aspects of theatrical treatment and professional demeanor; and from ebullitions of that sort neither the actor nor the reader can derive benefit. Criticism, in order to be useful, while it excoriates evil and ridicules trash, should expound, interpret, sympathize and help—cheering the actor who is trying to do fine things, and, if possible, winning the public to favor and sustain him. That achievement is possible to it when ably and conscientiously employed. A larger result than that is beyond its reach. It is, of course, desirable that a person who assumes the province of the dramatic critic should possess the advantages of a good education, ample knowledge of theatrical history and biography, wide general reading, experience of life, sound judgment, a richly stored and ready memory, a kind heart, the saving attribute of humor, and a clear, illuminative style. But it is ever to be remembered that the dramatic critic, howsoever well qualified for his vocation, does not, necessarily, possess the specific talent of the stage manager, gifted by nature and educated by experience, to produce a play, or the interpretative talent of the qualified and trained actor to perform in it.

The point at which the service of the dramatic critic becomes essential to society is the point at which the drama directly impinges on social welfare, on the thoughts and feelings, the mental and moral condition of the people, the trend of popular taste and sentiment. Criticism, essentially, is, or should be, for the edification of the public, not the instruction of the actor. The questions, therefore, that properly engage the attention of the dramatic critic are questions of the influence and comprehensive general effect of plays and acting, not questions of technicality and detail; although to some extent those matters can sometimes, incidentally, be instructively considered if the writer happens to possess the requisite technical knowledge. Observation perceives that few writers about the stage, in any period, have possessed expert knowledge of that description. Such knowledge is conspicuously absent from the much-extolled criticisms of Hazlitt. The best of the old English critics, in that particular, was Leigh Hunt. In the contemporary press the critics are of many kinds. Callow collegians, "cub" reporters, sporting editors, college professors, probationary divinity students, office "hacks"—those, and many others, consider themselves, and apparently are considered by newspaper editors, amply competent to write dramatic criticism, and the product of their abortive industry is liberally supplied. Stringent objective criticism has sometimes made itself audible, but usually it has been greeted as "destructive." A foolish disparagement! You cannot make a garden until you have cleared out the weeds, and in no garden do the weeds multiply more rapidly than in that of the contemporary, commercialized stage.

The Unjust Hostility of the Intolerant

THE injury to good repute, which is consequent on managerial misconduct, unhappily does not fall on the individuals who are responsible for the wrongdoing and who ought to suffer for it, but upon the institution of the theater—an institution dear to the people and as inseparable from society as the church itself. But to condemn the institution because it has been abused by immoral persons is not less irrational than it would be to condemn and forbid the manufacture and sale of firearms because pistols have been used to commit murder, or to condemn and subvert the institution of banking because some bankers have been swindlers and thieves. The rational course is the culture of an intelligent, pure, liberal public opinion, propitious to all that is beautiful and admirable on the stage, but inveterately hostile to every exploitation of filth and disease—the base enterprise which would cater to a morbid curiosity or gather profit by pandering to the gross appetites of a vulgar mob.

The theater, directly and indirectly, exercises a prodigious influence. Educational institutions—the colleges and schools of the country—are for the most part rigidly supervised, and an effort is continuously made to augment their practical utility and beneficence; but the institution which is more attractive to the people than any other, the institution which preëminently allures and affects the young, has been allowed to fall largely into the baleful control of persons who are completely unfit to wield its tremendous power—persons whose dominance of the theater is a social contamination; and under that baleful control it is permitted to remain.

The conditions being thus inauspicious, it is not strange that ancient prejudice should be strengthened by modern instances against the dramatic profession. Evidence of its increasing strength has accumulated in the hands of the writer of these words, whose counsel during many

years has been sought by persons of all conditions, in every part of our country, relative to the choice of the stage as a profession. The prejudice is more than unfortunate; it is deplorable. The very fact that the theater has, in specific instances, been abused in its administration provides the most decisive reason why the better elements of the community should turn to it and not away from it. Incessant endeavor ought to be made to insure the prevalence of rectitude, intellect, taste and refinement in the administration of the stage, and to secure the control of it in hands worthy to be intrusted with such a farreaching responsibility. The theater is a permanent institution. It will always remain. The ranks of its professional votaries must be recruited, and they will be; and the more they are recruited from the best intelligence and the finest spirit of society the better it will be, equally for the stage and the public.

Should Women Go on the Stage?

CHOICE of the stage as a profession should rest with the aspirant. The path is a hard one—beset with care, trial, disappointment and grief; but so is every path that leads to good results. Service of the arts is service of the intellect, and that service demands much sacrifice. The way is not strewn with roses. Objection has frequently been made to the choice of the stage as a profession for women, and under some circumstances the objection is wise and right—as, under some circumstances, it is wise and right against various other professions. As a rule, however, it arises against the stage from ignorance and prejudice.

The woman who posseases a comfortable home, agreeable surroundings and a reasonable prospect of domestic happiness should be satisfied with her fortunate lot in life, and should refrain from seeking the toil and strife of professional emulation and the wear and tear of publicity. In most of such cases she is thus satisfied and always will be. But women exist who are not contented, who desire to assert themselves as individuals, who long for an independent career, and there are many women who have no choice but to enter some sphere of professional life. Assuming that a woman possesses the essential qualification of dramatic talent—without which no person, man or woman, is entitled to appear on the stage—she can find in the dramatic profession a better opportunity for honorable subsistence than is provided by most of the vocations that are open to her sex. A most potent legitimate objection to the theatrical profession is that it is overcrowded with persons who are not qualified by nature to act, and whose presence intensifies the strife for place. She must understand, moreover, that the actor is necessarily a rover; and that accordingly she will be compelled to sacrifice home life, with all that it implies.

The objection most frequently urged by censors of the theater is the alleged immorality of the dramatic profession. It cannot be denied that the long history of the stage provides examples of dissolute behavior, as, indeed, does also the long history of the church and of the home. The morality of the dramatic profession, nevertheless, is commensurate with that of the society of which it forms a part. Although I find instances of minor crimes committed by actors, yet, in an examination of the daily press for one year, I cannot find even one instance, implicating actors, of the more serious crimes committed by men in the learned professions. No sane person would, for even a moment, think of holding the church responsible for the reprehensible conduct of some of her ministers. With regard to the theater, on the other hand, there is no such consideration. The tone of contemporary opinion and statement to a very large extent, relative to the theater, is neither just nor rational. The misdeeds of individual actors are pounced upon with the utmost avidity, and widely and very wrongfully are charged upon the institution of the theater itself; and thus much is said and done to lower that institution in the public esteem.

Here again the press of our country is culpable. Every detail of the private lives of persons conspicuous in the theater is eagerly sought, seized on, and exploited by the newspapers with reckless disregard of decent reticence; so that the members of the dramatic profession are habitually shown to the community in a glaring light of publicity such as beats on no other class. Any young woman whose troubles happen to bring her before a police magistrate or into the divorce court, if she chooses to describe herself as "an actress," can be sure that her affairs will be flaunted at length in the press, with pictures, and she will be made the talk of the town. That has often happened—and not infrequently it happens that the interesting female has no more right to style herself "an actress" than a pew-opener in a church would have to style himself a clergyman, or a court doorkeeper to style himself a lawyer. Sensible and liberal opinion relative to the theater would be only justice, and justice is due to that institution not less than to every other respectable institution in society. As to morality in the relations of men and women, in the theater and out of it, the old Spanish proverb is relevant: "The world over they boil beans." Human beings are human beings—neither better nor worse—whether they dwell in hut or palace, parsonage or playhouse, parlor or office.

The aspirant for dramatic efficiency and success would be wise, it may incidentally be noted, to avoid the dramatic school. The art of acting cannot be taught as "the three R's" can. Certain accomplishments which are useful on the stage—such as elocution, dancing and fencing—can be acquired at some dramatic schools; but, in general, they can be more advantageously acquired elsewhere. The most useful impartment of the dramatic school is the art—if, by chance, it happens to be taught—of "making-up" the face and person. But the true school of acting is the stage itself. An indispensable part of the dramatic performance—artistically speaking, as indispensable to the actor as his canvas is to the painter—is an audience. Acting without an audience is, in itself, like practicing the piano upon a soundless keyboard - futile, except to a master, who resorts to the expedient only as a means of technical exercise. The practical way is to obtain employment in a good repertory or stock company, resident or roving; to acquire complete self-command when before an audience, and to profit by careful, continuous observance of the methods of experienced actors.

When the Stage is Not a Clinic

REVERTING from consideration of morality as within the institution to consideration of that institution's legitimate scope and moral influence, and to the specious pleas advanced by those who would extenuate its misuse, it becomes pertinent to remark that insistency upon "order, decency and decorum" in the conduct of the theater is as just today as it was in the time of Garrick, and it does not ask for compliance with a prudish standard of "prunes and prisms." It only asks that the audience shall be respected, and that subjects unfit for discussion in a miscellaneous assemblage shall not be introduced on the stage. That demand, according to one of the ablest and best of English dramatists, Henry Arthur Jones—whose plays of The Middleman and Judah are permanent and valuable additions to dramatic literature—is made in the interest of "silly, rose-pink, wax-doll morality." But in that assumption Mr. Jones is mistaken. It is made in the interest of good taste, good manners and good sense.

The theater is not the proper place for a clinical disquisition or a detailed, literal portrayal of vicious life. Scores of questions arise in general experience which ought to be discussed and answered, and must be discussed and answered; but not in plays and not by actors in their professional occupation. Certain diseases are held to be hereditary. The use of opium is deemed destructive of the moral sense. The commission of hideous, frightful, well-nigh unspeakable crimes, has been found in some cases to proceed from tumor at the base of the brain. The *lusus naturæ* exists. Those matters, and many others kindred with them, properly can and should engage thoughtful attention—but not in the theater. A theatrical audience is composed of all sorts of people, largely inclusive of the young of both sexes. It is in the highest degree absurd, as well as vulgar and insolent, to set before such an audience, for its futile, prattling comment, an inquiry, for example, as to remedies for the terrible miscegenation problem of the South, or for the social evil.

The Stage in Queen Elizabeth's Time

MR. JONES and others who are of his opinion advocate the painting of "men and women as they are"—a proceeding, in some cases, highly inadvisable—and wishes "theatergoers to find their pleasure in seeing their lives portrayed at the theater rather than in running to the theater to escape from their lives"; yet, probably neither Mr. Jones nor any other contender for the verities—certainly no one possessed of sound judgment—would deny that human life, the world over, is burdened with care and sorrow, is hard and sad, is greatly in need of relief, and that the ideal affords the only refuge. The best of all art is not that which copies, but that which transfigures.

Contemporary plays have afforded, in every age since plays existed, at least a partial index to the spirit of the people. That spirit, in England, in the time of Queen Elizabeth and King James the First, so fruitful of drama, was vital,. sensuous, luxuriant, sanguinary, distinctly animal, exultant in prosperity and pleasure. The plays produced in the period extending from about 1550 to about 1625—aside from those of Shakspere, which are exceptional in many ways—when notable at all, are chiefly notable for opulence of imagery and language; some of them are grossly odious in contents. Those of Shakspere tower above all their associates in the respects of action and comparative purity.

In the period of the Restoration, the time of King Charles the Second, general society was reckless, and the English stage was polluted with some of the vilest concoctions of depravity that libidinous mentality has ever provided for the regalement of a profligate public. A natural reaction gradually followed, and with the purification of morals and manners came improvement in the plays and in the theater. Periods have ensued of alternate advance and decline, but the predominant trend has been that of advance in all the institutions that express civilization—the theater among the rest.

Magnificent achievements have marked the progress of the stage. Great genius has flamed upon the scene. Great plays have been written—in this period as well as in that of "Eliza and our James"—replete with beauty and free from offense. The theater, despite all abuse of its powers and all assaults on its intrinsic worth, has not only given much innocent pleasure to millions of persons, but, by its indirect and in that way most effective influence, has largely promoted the growth of intelligence, taste and virtue. It seems strange that a necessity should at this time exist for advocating a just control and administration of it. The necessity does exist, however; it is urgent, and it should be obeyed even at the risk of incurring the appalling reproach—so sure to be invoked and so fatal in its consequences!—of being designated *bourgeois* in mind and nature. The wave now sweeping over the world is that of materialism—beneath which the spirit of romance has been to a great extent submerged. The theater is far too much regarded on the one hand as a bauble, on the other as a shop—a mere instrumentality for gain. All sorts of commercial experiments are tried with it. Excessive luxury being rife throughout the land, and unrest seething in almost every section of society, the appeal is, in some cases, made to any bizarre taste, or any feverous mood of discontent, or any floating whimsey of the public mind that seems likely to yield a response in the shape of good business.

In the theater of France the bars of decent reticence were long ago removed. In the theater of England and

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ON A FIELD SABLE

JUDY MASON SPENDS A DAY IN COURT

By Harry Snowden Stabler

Author of Judy Mason, Muckraker

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

The Cynosure of a Still Smiling Throng

THE case of the State vs. Judy Mason came up in the Corporation Court on October sixteenth, after the preceding two cases had been unexpectedly postponed for one or another of the innumerable reasons that so often seem sufficient to clog the wheels of justice.

And while the crier was calling, "Judy Mason, come into court," young Boulden was on his feet looking over the morbid, idly curious crowd standing around the rail, which, like a bended bow, made a wide half circle across the room. Then, in evident embarrassment, he turned to the long trial table and leaning across it addressed the Judge:

"I beg your Honor's indulgence for a few moments. For some reason unknown to me the defendant is not present. I have sent for her; she ought to be here."

"She will have to give the court a good reason why she is not here now," Judge Latane interrupted curtly. He glanced down from his high seat to the clerk's desk at the end of the long table. "The defendant has been duly notified?"

"Oh, yes, sir," Boulden interposed before the official could assert the duty done. "I think, sir," he added with some hesitation, "that she scarcely realizes ——"

A sudden commotion at the door caused every one to look around and see Judy, preceded by a burly, grinning Irishman in uniform, pushing her way through the crowd.

As though suddenly summoned from her household duties, the huge black woman was attired in a black cotton dress and a blue-and-white checked gingham apron. Topping her six feet was a red-and-yellow head handkerchief, the knotted ends of which, though tucked under, stood out like embryo horns above the low forehead. It made a bright spot of color as she moved through a background mostly dark.

Judy stopped at the low gate opening into the half circle, which was well filled by witnesses in various cases, minor officials and those who could find excuse to be seated inside. The woman's thick features betrayed her anxiety when, instead of Thomas Carter, young Boulden came forward and motioned her to a chair just behind his own. She was yet a little breathless from hurry and excitement, wiping her face with her apron as he stormed at her in an angry whisper. He presently turned away with a gesture of helpless anger and disgust, as Judy complained that the policeman had not given her time to change her clothes.

"Tell him that yourself," snorted the young lawyer with a jerk of his thumb toward the bench, "for I'll be hanged if I will."

For a moment Judy regarded the thin, gray man who sat behind a desk high up in a sort of pulpit between two tall white pillars reaching to the ceiling. She rose, a latent, ingratiating smile upon her dark features. "Scuse me, please, suh; I didn' know 'twuz so late. I tho't I had plenty o' time."

"Is that your only excuse?" interrupted the judge.

"Well, suh"—Judy hesitated—"I—I wuz waitin' three mawnin's han'-runnin' las' week, an' dis is Monday; I tho't I'd have time ter hang er few things out on de line." The bailiff arose like a jack-in-a-box, but the ripple of amusement had subsided ere he could command silence.

"I fine you ten dollars," snapped the judge.

The effect of the words seemed almost dynamic, for the big woman collapsed into the chair behind her, uttering a loud "Whew!" of amazement that was heard all over the room.

"Baihff," ordered the judge, after that official had silenced the laughter, "if there is another demonstration of this kind clear the room instantly."

Staring with all her might Judy suddenly began to realize that the thin, hawk-featured man up in the pulpit was altogether a different being from the kindly, courteous old bachelor whose kitchen she regularly took charge of on certain special occasions. Of all things gastronomic, a stag dinner at Judge Latane's was most to be coveted, and Judy knew one good reason why. She could even now see him come into his own kitchen to inquire solicitously about certain dishes—whether she herself had selected the "tarrypin" or baked the Smithfield ham. So she studied the man on the bench closely, wonderingly; but there was not the slightest sign in manner or feature to indicate that he had ever laid eyes on her before. It looked as if her luck had changed at last, for Mr. Farrell, the prosecuting witness, and Starke, the commonwealth's attorney, were seated farther along the table, their heads close together in smiling, low-toned conversation.

"Are you ready to proceed?" inquired Judge Latane, glancing at them and then at Boulden.

The latter rose, holding a paper in his hand. "If your Honor please," he said, "I request a postponement of this case for the reason that my senior partner, Mr. Carter, who is defendant's counsel, is engaged before the United States Supreme Court at Washington. He writes me that he will be absent at least a week. I have not had time to familiarize myself with the case."

"If your Honor please," said Starke, smiling covertly, "the case is a perfectly simple one of assault, and my learned brother here can be made acquainted with the facts in ten minutes by the watch."

"My brother compliments both the defendant and myself," responded Boulden with quiet sarcasm, "as I take it for granted he knows that I shall look for the facts in the case from my client only. Now ——"

"It is within a few minutes of the dinner hour," said Judge Latane to Boulden. "Do you think it is possible to become familiar enough with defendant's side of the case during that time to do her justice?"

"I can try, sir," replied the young attorney, glancing at the letter in his hand.

"Then do so," ordered the judge. "These constant postponements do much to lessen the law's effectiveness."

Before questioning Judy, Boulden read over again the last half of Mr. Carter's letter, which, written in evident haste, ran as follows: "The woman is a fool. In the single talk I have had with her she persistently evades all but the bare facts concerning what happened in the yard at Miss Byrd's. She will say nothing as to what led up to it beyond admitting that her mistress did actually owe Farrell the money. Miss Byrd is away from home; the woman will not say where or pretends not to know. There is more in the affair than appears on the surface but, unless Miss Byrd can be found, I doubt if either of us can get at it. Farrell has received my personal check for the loan made to Miss Byrd; Judy brought me the money herself. As it stands you can handle the case as well as I. Use your best efforts in the matter, for Miss Byrd is an old and valued friend of mine. The woman, herself, is also. You may rely upon her truthfulness."

"We Got Plenty o' Frien's, an' I Done Got 'Em ter Invite Her Out in de Country ter Stay Wid 'Em"

Judy's impromptu counsel was a brilliant young man, else he had never been permanently associated with a great corporation lawyer like Thomas Carter; but he knew no more about the negro character than he knew about the origin of Sanscrit. He was therefore unfairly handicapped, for, unless it be the lawyer trained to observe the effect of plea and testimony upon the individuals of a jury, there is no human being more capable of gauging the temper and mental attitude of another than the negro.

In a small room in the rear of the courthouse the young lawyer and the black woman had it out. That Starke was right Boulden soon discovered, and for more reasons than one; for Judy instinctively felt his lack of sympathy and understanding. He unwittingly hurt her feelings in a dozen different ways, besides arousing her obstinacy and anger by the offhand manner in which he spoke of Miss Sally.

The fact that Boulden had never seen the little white-haired woman, that he did not even know who she was and was not visibly impressed when told, lent him no favor in Judy's eyes. It simply argued him unknown. And who was he, or she either, for that matter, to be parading Miss Sally's affairs in a courtroom full of strange white men and niggers!

Some inkling of the unique relationship existing between mistress and servant came to Boulden when he demanded knowledge of Miss Sally's whereabouts; intimating at the same time that it was her plain duty to be present.

"We got plenty o' frien's," replied Judy, sniffing contemptuously at the insinuation; "an' I done got 'em ter invite her out in de country ter stay wid 'em, 'cause I bin skeered you-all would wanter mix her up wid dis bizness. She don' know nuthin' 'tall 'bout it."

Boulden was stumped; but the statement gave him a new line of thought. He knew that Farrell was a loan shark of the worst type and that the laws concerning his kind were shamefully ineffective. Therefore, to enlist the sympathies of the jury in behalf of Judy and her mistress was the best trump in a weak hand—if he could play it. He also knew that Starke, the new commonwealth's attorney, anxious for a record, was a politician of some power in the eighth ward and smart as a steel trap, to boot.

Then, too, if the man on the bench was famed and loved for his learning and his justice, he was not a whit less feared as a martinet of the strictest sort in matters legal—one with whom it was not safe to trifle by attempting in one way or another to introduce testimony that was not strictly relevant to the case.

The result was that, beyond an increased respect for the black woman, the young lawyer knew no more about the case at the end of the hour than Mr. Carter had found out in the few minutes he had been able to give her. But Boulden felt that he knew at least as much as his partner—according to the letter. And he so informed Judge Latane when the latter resumed his seat after the recess.

The interval allowed for dinner had been sufficient to spread the news to such an extent that the great room was packed to the doors with a throng of men and women nine-tenths of whom were black.

Every window was opened, top and bottom, to meet the contingency.

In reply to the judge's question, Boulden arose, saying, "Far be it from me, your Honor, to claim the experience and judgment of my senior; but, according to your instructions, I have talked with the defendant and I seem to be as well informed about

the case as he would have been. However, I earnestly request a postponement."

"I see no sufficient reason for it," broke in the man on the bench. "The case will go to trial." And Boulden promptly sat down.

The members of the jury, being sworn in batches of four, took their seats upon a long sofa below the judge's bench. It was an ancient relic of mahogany and horsehair especially designed for the purpose of keeping twelve men awake; for, though there were as many deep, permanent dents in it, no juror ever dozed upon it except at the imminent peril of slipping off its slick, shiny surface.

Before Judy realized that the proceedings had fairly begun she was on her feet, while the clerk perfunctorily droned the indictment; part of which was to the effect that on the seventeenth of September she "in and upon one James Farrell did make an assault with intent to maim, disfigure or to kill the said James Farrell, against the peace, government and dignity of the commonwealth." "What say you?" the clerk demanded finally. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"Nor, suh!" Judy protested vigorously against such a formidable arraignment. "I wan't tryin' ter do none o' dem—yassuh—not guilty," she corrected hastily, as Boulden prompted.

Then, the cynosure of a still smiling throng, Farrell, the prosecuting witness, took the stand. Except for a bandaged wrist he showed no marks of his month-old encounter with Judy, the time having sufficed to restore his fat, piglike face to its usual anemic, unhealthy appearance. As if slightly deaf on the left side, he leaned forward as Starke addressed him. Then, his small, close-set eyes snapping viciously at the recollection, he deposed that, on the seventeenth of September, he and James Ellis, a negro deputy sheriff, together with the driver of a two-horse wagon, had gone to Miss Byrd's house to remove certain furniture belonging to her, which she had pledged for a loan of two hundred dollars. The lady was not at home, although she knew the attachment was to be executed There seemed to be no one present but the woman, Judy, who forbade them entrance to the house. She threatened the negro deputy in such manner that he retreated to the street. He, Farrell, after arguing with the woman, had tried to enter the house, whereupon she had assaulted him viciously, knocked him down and thrown him out of the front gate. It was a rather humiliating tale, and as Farrell concluded it, rather red in the face, Starke questioned him so as to bring out the salient points in his favor.

Then Boulden went at him tooth and nail. "So your occupation after all is simply that of a money-lender, is it not?" he demanded, finally pinning Farrell down as to the exact nature of his business. "Well," he continued, "as a matter of fact, are you not what is commonly called a loan shark?"

The witness flushed slowly as Starke made swift objection to the question as being irrelevant and prejudicial to his case.

The objection being sustained, Boulden went on unmoved. "You say that Miss Byrd owed you two hundred dollars; that she had owed it to you continuously, three months at a time, for a year? Yes? Well, what rate of interest——"

Starke's immediate objection to this question being sustained quite as promptly, Boulden ventured: "Your Honor, these two people have been shamefully imposed upon. And I want to show——"

"There seems to be only one defendant in this case so far," Judge Latane interposed curtly. "Proceed."

Feeling it not only useless but unsafe to proceed farther along that same line, the young attorney took another tack:

"And you say that, after showing the attachment to the defendant, you started to go into the house, when she struck you?"

"Yes," the prosecuting witness replied.

Visibly excited, Judy leaned forward and plucked her counsel's sleeve. He shook off the heavy hand without turning. "But you struck her first," he insisted.

"I did not," said Farrell.

"My Lawd! dat's er——"

"Keep quiet, fool!" Boulden snorted in an angry undertone. "Do you want that man up there to send you to jail anyhow?" Then, to Farrell: "What right had you to enter the house?"

"The furniture was legally mine, because the obligation contained a clause giving me title to it in case the note was not paid at maturity. The note was ten days overdue. The lady was not at home, and I did not know whether the furniture was still in the house or not."

"This loan was paid off afterward by the personal check of Thomas Carter, was it not?"

Farrell admitted it and stepped down to make room for Doctor Winston, who testified that Farrell had been very roughly handled. In addition to a badly sprained wrist, which was still in splints, he had received severe contusions about the head and face, including the rupture—possibly the permanent destruction—of the left ear-drum. The testimony of Jim Ellis, who followed, was wholly in favor of Farrell. He swore that Judy struck the first blow, and wound up by admitting frankly and unblushingly that he considered valor no part of discretion when ordered out of the yard by her.

"And you a deputy sheriff!" sneered Boulden.

Ellis scratched his head thoughtfully. "Yassuh," he replied, a doubtful grin overspreading his coffee-colored countenance. "I'm de father o' five haid o' chillun too. Dat 'ooman tol' me," he continued defensively, "ef I didn't git clean out in de street she wuz gwine ter drive me in de groun' up ter my eyes, dat she did. She's er bad 'ooman, sho, when she gits goin'." His testimony being unshaken by cross-examination, he stepped down without once having caught Judy's eye.

The driver of the wagon, a young negro much obsessed by a little brief importance, testified that he did not hear the words or see the first of the ruction, as there were two large oleander bushes between him and the front door.

"All I know 'bout it, suh," he stuttered, unconsciously pulling an old straw hat to pieces, "wuz, I jumped offen de wag'n an' went up ter de fence whar Ellis wuz, an' de fus' thing I know'd Mr. Farrell an' her come whirlin' offen de steps all mixed up terguther. Mr. Farrell wuz beatin' her wid er stick, an' she grabbed it wid one han', an' den she hauled off an' lammed 'im 'longside de haid wid t'other. He hit de groun'—blam!—right suddenlike, an' she jes' drug 'im down de walk, outen de gate an' drapped 'im in de gutter like er sack o' meal."

Officer Logan confirmed the boy's somewhat dramatic testimony by stating that he saw Judy dragging Farrell across the pavement just as he, the officer, happened to turn the corner. The man appeared completely dazed or half conscious. He had immediately called the patrol wagon and had taken all hands to the station house.

The prosecution's testimony being all in, there remained but one more witness to take the stand; and, as Judy rose behind Boulden's chair and went around to the little box at the end of the long sofa, there was a well-defined stir and a shifting to attitudes of strict attention among the jury and those inside the rail. Those outside the inclosure simply elbowed and jostled one another in their efforts to gain better points of vantage, until the judge's threat to clear the room produced an absolute quiet.

That fine of ten dollars had shaken somewhat Judy's belief in her luck. Taking her seat she glanced covertly at the man above her on the left. But, busied with some papers, the crackle of which was plainly heard across the room, the judge was apparently unconscious of her existence. Perturbed in spirit, Judy gazed over the crowd, packed to the doors—a solid phalanx of black heads and faces

Many of them were her friends, yet there were many, especially those of the Love Grove Alley crowd, who wished her in jail. But, with the mental and physical attitude of one who had burned the last bridge behind her, Judy wrapped her brawny arms in the folds of her apron and stared at Boulden.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Judy Mason, suh."

"You live with Miss Byrd, do you not?"

"Yassuh, Miss Sally Byrd."

"How long have you been in her employ?"

Judy hesitated. "I reck'n you might call it uvver sence she was bawn, suh."

"You have never been in the service of any one else?"

"Does you mean hired out reg'lar? No, suh, not me. I bin wid de same fambly all my life."

"Well, Judy, tell the jury all about this trouble between you and Mr. Farrell. Just tell it to them in your own way; and take your time about it, so as to get it all straight."

Glancing lengthwise along the sofa at the twelve men, the woman moistened her thick lips nervously and began:

"I wuz out in de front yard an' jes' takin' up er few flowers, when dey——"

"Who?" Boulden interrupted.

"Mr. Farrell dar, an' Jim Ellis," Judy replied, surprised at the question. "Dey cum in de front gate same time ez de wag'n backed up 'ginst de pavement. An' Mr. Farrell axed me ef Miss Sally wuz home. I tol' 'im, 'Nor, suh, an' I don' know when she'll be home.' An' Jim Ellis, he pulled de paper outen his pocket an' he sez 'twuz some sorter 'tachment, er sump'n nuther, on de furnicher. An' I axed 'im whose furnicher, an' he sez 'twuz Miss Sally Byrd's. An' I tol' 'im, I sez, 'Go on, nigger; you's wil' in de haid! You done come ter de wrong house.' An' when I went up de steps an' set de spade an' de rake up 'ginst de wall dey follered me—yassuh, Mr. Farrell too—right up on de po'ch, an' dey start ter tell me dey got ter have de furnicher de paper call fer, 'cause 'twuz er law paper; an' Jim Ellis sez he wuz de man ter git whut dey come fer."

"What furniture was it? Come," Boulden insisted as Judy stiffened perceptibly; "you remember, don't you?"

"Umph! I reck'n I does." She leaned forward as if scarcely believing her own words. "Dem two men wanted de fo' cheers in de parler, six cheers in de dinin'-room, de sidebode, de big cheer whut nobody but her daddy uvver sot in, an' de ol' cab'net whut he used ter keep his licker in."

"Is that all?"

"I dunno, suh, 'cause I stopped 'em right dar, an' I tol' dat Jim Ellis, which he call hisse'f er dep'ty sheriff, ter git out in de street an' take de paper wid 'im. An' out he went wid Mr. Farrell cussin' an' dammin' 'im all de way ter de gate, an' he leaned up 'ginst de fence. An' den Mr. Farrell, he cum back up on de po'ch an' sez he wanter see

"An' Den She Hauled Off an' Lammed 'Im 'Longside de Haid Wid t' Other"

ef de furnicher is in de house. An' he start ter bresh by me thoo de front do'. I jes' stood in de way an' when he couldn' git by—my Lawd! he cum nigh cussin' de close off my back; an' fo' I know'd it he drawed back an' bust me in de mouf."

"Well, what then?" demanded Boulden as Judy took a long breath.

"I shoved 'im 'way f'm me jes' like dat," she replied, drawing a brawny forearm from the folds of her apron. "An' he sorter fell over hisse'f in de summer cheer settin' on de po'ch, an' de cheer went over wid 'im in it, an' den he hopped up an' grabbed de rake whut wuz leanin' up 'ginst de wall, an'—an' he jes' nachully bruk it over my haid."

"And then what?"

"I 'clar ter goodness, Mr. Boulden," Judy returned, with an engaging frankness that caused even Judge Latane to smile, "I dunno whut happen' nex', 'cep'n' I seed 'bout er thousan' stars jumpin' an' shootin', an' all uv 'em done turn' red -an'—an' de nex' thing I know'd de p'liceman had me out in de street; an' den," with a concluding gesture, "he tuk us all ter de p'lice stashun."

Then Boulden questioned her along this line and that, but, try as he would, using all his tact, legal knowledge and even more than the average lawyer's ability to split hairs, he was not allowed to get a word from Judy as to the nature of the transaction between Miss Byrd and the loan shark. All of that was simply hearsay. And after a few more questions bearing on the intimate personal relationship between mistress and servant, the young lawyer gave it up. His hand was weak; he couldn't dip into the discard, so he perforce laid it down with the conviction that his client was in dire jeopardy.

"Ellis, here, says you told him if he didn't go out of the yard you would 'drive him in the ground up to his eyes.' Is that so?" was Starke's first question.

"I disremember ef dat wuz whut I tol' 'im," Judy responded with perfect composure; "but," she added truthfully, "I reck'n dat's 'bout whut I did mean."

"And when Mr. Farrell came back on the porch, requesting admittance to the house, you struck him and knocked him over the rocking-chair."

"Nor, suh; nor, suh," the witness protested emphatically. "He sez he wan't gwine ter 'low no nigger ter keep 'im out; he sez he wuz gwine in ennyhow. An' I tol' 'im he wan't gwine ter do no sech thing, an' he drawed back an' hit me in de mouf, an' I jes' shoved 'im. Nor, suh: how is I gwine ter tell how hard I shoved 'im?" she demanded, waving the fool question away. "I ain' tetched 'im 'tel he hit me," she went on with rapid vehemence. "An' I ain' nuvver sassed him nuther. De onlies' thing I tol' 'im, I sez, 'I don' b'lieve Miss Sally owes you no money nohow.'"

"And you found out afterward that she did owe the money; that these men did have the right to come after the furniture—didn't you?"

"You needn't answer that question, Judy," Boulden interposed, glancing at the judge, who merely nodded.

"You are so quick to take the law into your own hands," Starke continued sarcastically, ignoring the interruption; "so quick to meddle in the affairs of your betters. Why isn't Miss Byrd here to take your part?"

"Umph, my Lawd!" Judy replied, a scornful gesture sweeping the room; "dis ain' no place for her."

"That's not answering my question," snapped Starke.

"She's out in de Green Spring Valley makin' er roun' o' visits ter frien's o' hern." Somehow the black woman conveyed by voice and manner the supposed air of a society reporter retailing the doings of the upper ten. "You wouldn' know who dey is ef I wuz ter tell you," she added, chin in air.

"Ah, indeed," drawled the commonwealth's attorney. "I thought this Miss Byrd was a dressmaker."

"An' so she is," retorted Judy, bowing blandly; "she do make dresses, an' good ones too, fer some whut'll nuvver put de skirts uv 'em under her table."

Starke kept his temper, unmindful of the laughter that rippled through the crowd like a breeze in a field of wheat. He let it all die away, staring at the big black woman for many seconds in a silence impressive and portentous. "So you took it upon yourself," he finally commented, grimly emphasizing each word with a nod, "to threaten an officer of the law, to beat this man up and throw him senseless in the gutter, with no more excuse or reason than you have offered here?" As Judy made no answer, the lawyer stared incredulously at the twelve men ranged in front of him and waved his hand to Boulden. "I guess that's all," he said, and turned in his chair to smile confidently at Farrell.

There was nothing for Boulden to do in a further examination but to emphasize such points in Judy's testimony as were favorable. It took little time.

When she had resumed her seat, just back of her counsel, Starke arose and, resting the tips of his fingers on the table, addressed the arbiters of Judy's fate:

"Your Honor, please, and gentlemen of the jury, the case before you is one of such extreme simplicity that I consider it unnecessary to do more than give you a concise connected résumé of the facts; deeming you too fair-minded and sensible to be swayed by any sentimental oratory, in which my learned brother here is such an adept, or any appeal to your prejudices."

Then followed a simple, cold-blooded statement—a recapitulation of the facts as related, not only by the witnesses, but by the defendant herself. They agreed in all essentials except as to who struck the first blow.

"That this woman is a bad negro," said Starke in conclusion, "is evidenced by her manner on the witness-stand. She has been encouraged in it. The action of Justice O'Brien when she threw a policeman into the water was a scandal ——"

"Your Honor," said Boulden, rising quickly, "counsel knows better than to assail the character of the defendant at this stage ——"

"It is a matter of record."

"The character of your witness, there," Boulden broke in hotly, "is also a matter of record."

"Hit Went ter Pay fer de Solid Mahog'ny Coffin Wid Silver Han'les, an' de Bran'-New Black Broadcloth Suit—an' All de Hacks I Wanted"

"What has he to do with it?" demanded Starke angrily.

"Nothing," Boulden sneered; "but I'll land him in jail on a comparison."

"Objection is sustained," the man in the pulpit observed, quieting the rapid exchange with a tap on the desk. "I might add," he continued "that the fact of a negro policeman being thrown into the water, as well as a dusky deputy being overawed by a woman, is due to strange political conditions which were better changed."

Though not so terse or epigrammatic as usual, the caustic comment was one of the many for which the fearless man on the bench was famous.

Starke's political affiliations were well known, and, though the retort was obvious, he had not the nerve to make it, but continued amid suppressed laughter: "Any conditions, political or otherwise, are bad, gentlemen of the jury, which will allow an unprovoked assault of such viciousness to go unpunished. Why, gentlemen, the cool, confident insolence of this woman may be judged by the fact that her employer does not know of this affair to this day. The woman herself admits it. Yet, having nothing whatever to do with the affairs of Miss Byrd, she nearly kills this gentleman here simply because he insisted upon seeing if certain furniture was still in the house. If this negro, bad and vicious as she has been proved, is not to be taught a lesson, I fail to comprehend the law or to gauge the common-sense of this jury."

Before Boulden could uncross his long legs to rise, Judy was on her feet beside his chair. Unheeding the angry, smothered exclamation or the restraining clutch at her apron, the woman stretched out a pleading hand toward the man in the pulpit.

"Scuse me, Jedge, yo' Honner, please, suh," she stammered in a high, strained voice which betrayed intense excitement. "Kin I tell you-all 'bout dis trouble an' whut I got ter do wid it? Mr. Boulden, hyar, he don' know nuthin' 'bout de rights uv it. You know me, suh; you know I ain't no bad nigger."

The woman stopped, quivering from head to foot. She had been willing to run the risk of a jail sentence to keep Miss Sally's affairs and her own from becoming public property. Even a moment ago, though the risk seemed greater and faith in her luck was almost gone, she would have kept silent. But the assertion that she had nothing to do with Miss Sally's business; that she, Judy, was just a common, ordinary nigger, and a bad one at that, was more than she could stand. It aroused all her pride—family pride, if you please—the one thing Starke had touched upon brought her up standing, unmindful of consequences, common-sense flung to the winds.

The rapid, all but incoherent outburst had taken even the experienced judge by surprise. And as Judy gazed at him, her eyes rolling, the thick lips twitching, he wondered if she realized the gravity of her situation or the nature of the request.

"Do you mean that you desire to plead your own cause before this jury?" Judge Latane demanded, regarding her intently.

Half panic-stricken at the question, coming with such studied slowness, Judy was trying to grasp its full meaning, when Boulden, with the quick wit that afterward made him famous, arose beside her and whispered:

"Tell him yes, you fool, and tell them all you know too!"

"Yassuh," she gulped.

Then said he, "Your Honor, the accused wishes to plead her own cause, and, so far as that goes, I retire willingly."

"Proceed," said Judge Latane.

And as one who stood upon a deck whence all but she had fled, the big black woman stared half dazed at the twelve men, at the sphinxlike figure in the pulpit behind them, and then slowly around at the silent, pressing throng, whose eager, intent faces blurred and danced before her—until her distraught gaze suddenly focused upon the fat, piglike features of Farrell, seated not ten feet away. He was grinning, his small black eyes aglitter with malice and derision. The woman's senses cleared instantly.

"De money whut Miss Sally Byrd borried off'n dat man," she burst out, pointing to Farrell, "went ter pay fer buryin' er daid nigger, which he wuz de man I married nigh forty year ago."

Her voice swelled as the picture of that funeral grew in her mind.

"Hit went ter pay fer de solid mahog'ny coffin wid silver han'les, all lined wid white quilted silk, han'-tucked an' sewed, an' de bran'-new black broadcloth suit—an' all de hacks I wanted."

The sudden wideflung gesture of the arms that accompanied this last detail bespoke the crowning glory of that occasion.

"Dat little 'ooman went wid me all de way ter Loud'n County ter drap de fus' clod on de coffin, an' he wuz buried in de groun' her daddy give ter me an' 'im de day we wuz married in de back parlor at ol' Tranquil'ty, wid nigh er hundud niggers scrougin' an' pushin' ter look in at de winders."

Judy paused, breathless, while the drone of a belated "mud-dauber" beating its wings against the high ceiling could be plainly heard in the farthest corner.

"I want you-all ter know I wa'n't nuthin' but goods and chattels dem days, same ez dey wuz; but, bless Gawd! when de preacher axed 'em who give dis 'ooman Cun'l Tip Byrd sez, 'I does; I gives 'em ter each uther, 'cause f'm dis time on dey is free an' lan'owners ter boot.' An' de little gal whut stood 'longside o' him when he said dat is de same 'ooman dat borried dat money. Dey say I ain' got nuthin' ter do wid her bizness!" she went on, speaking over the heads of the jury straight at the man in the pulpit. "Well, ef I ain't Gawd knows who is, 'cause 'tain't nobody lef' in dat family but me an' her. Oh, I know I ain' nuthin' but er nigger, an' er ignunt one at dat; but lemme tell you-all, I done had sponserbil'ty laid on me 'way back yonder. She's Cun'l Tipt'n Byrd's youngest' chile, an' she ain' bin out o' my sight three mont' han'-runnin' sence she wuz bawn, 'cept'n ter go ter school, an' her haid right now is

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MADE IN GERMANY

By James H. Collins

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

The German Salesman at Home is Neither Aggressive Nor Imaginative

Getting Into Germany Right

LAST summer two Americans, with their families, stopped in Berlin on their way home from the Passion Play. One was a manufacturer and the other his sales-manager. The former found Berlin a much livelier place than he had anticipated. The busy cafés, the gay life of the Friedrichstrasse, the bright shops and the solid, well-dressed people, all made a direct appeal to his business imagination.

"Why, say, Bill!" exclaimed the manufacturer. "We'd ought to be selling our goods in this town. These people are spenders. We'll stay over tomorrow, call on our consul-general here and open a Berlin branch."

Uncle Sam's representative received them cordially and sent one of his men out to investigate the field. When the manufacturer came in again, though, the consul astonished him.

"You've got an agent here already," he said.

"The devil we have!"

"Yes; you appointed him three years ago," continued the consul, giving the man's name and address, "and his contract has still four years to run. You gave him exclusive selling rights in Germany, Austria and Russia."

"By Jove! that's so," admitted the manufacturer. "Well, say, do you know, I appointed that fellow myself; but we'd forgotten all about him!"

In the United States we are so familiar with German goods laid down at low prices that we never think of Germany except as a formidable competitor on prices, to be barred out at all hazards by tariff schedules. Not one American in ten thousand knows that we ourselves sell Germany quantities of cheap stuff in return, such as cut pressed glass, silver toilet articles and trinkets generally; and that we might sell much more, together with articles of greater value. Even the American house that has gone far enough in foreign trade to establish a vigorous branch in London, with a salesforce capable of building business right, is likely to have in Berlin only a lonely German selling agent, practically forgotten, or it may be treating the entire continent of Europe as a sort of annex to be covered through its London branch.

Where to Find Home Comforts

GERMANY today is a country full of possibilities for some of our manufacturers. She is growing rich through her own industrial enterprise. The habits of her people are rapidly changing. She will undoubtedly be a better and better customer as time goes on. There are naturally but slender opportunities to enter her home markets with products that lie in the range of her own manufacturing genius, such as chemicals, dyes, electrical apparatus and the like. But when it comes to goods of characteristic American origin, made under our own factory methods and distributed with American selling and advertising methods, the field is large and exceedingly attractive.

Germany has some of the best salesmen in the world in her thriving export trade and her manufacturers back them up with the utmost enterprise and intelligence; but her home trade has not been developed with equal vigor. The German merchant often has small-caliber views in dealing with his own countrymen. He is affronted by the shopper who leaves his store without purchasing. "If you didn't want to buy why did you take up my time?" is his attitude; and he has yet to perceive our broader basis of taking pains with people today so that they will come back tomorrow and the day after. The German salesman at home is neither aggressive nor imaginative, and the manufacturers of the Fatherland have yet to find that universal expression through advertising and saleswork that keeps our own factories busy.

More astonishing than all, to the American in Berlin, is it to find that in Germany, the land which he has always associated with cheapness, few things offered for sale are cheap. A short shopping tour shows dozens of staple commodities that may be purchased for lower prices in New York or Chicago; and many things of inferior quality compared with our own.

Take men's collars as an example.

The German haberdasher will sell a good linen collar at about the same retail price as prevails with us, and it will be marked as to size in both centimeters and inches. A fair proportion of the collars sold through Europe appear to be of German make. Yet the styles are usually copies of American shapes, the quarter-size is virtually unknown, and low-price cotton collars are almost unobtainable. It is certain, say competent collar men, that we might lay down our goods in Berlin, tariff and all, for decidedly less than the German prices. Our ability to do this rests entirely in our factory methods, by which goods are produced in great quantities, advertised and distributed through the collar manufacturers' own wholesale organizations. The German competition would come from the very small manufacturers only and the haberdashers who make men's collars to order.

The American factory system of making clothing for both men and women, under which each part of a suit is made by some one centering the whole attention on that detail and the whole suit produced by teamwork, would lower present clothing cost in Germany to a startling extent. The same is true of many other items of clothing, and German garments sold to the home trade are not only as high in price or higher than our own but the market is not nearly so well supplied with modern comforts as that in even the smallest American town.

Formerly the Chief Form of German Sport Was the Student Duel

An American, studying at a German provincial university, had his washing done at his boarding house. The first time a suit of pajamas went into the bundle the good landlady did them up herself and brought them to him personally, as a fine bit of laundering. She had starched the trousers until they stood alone and had carefully creased each leg down the side seams!

The Popularity of English Pastimes

WHEN an American goes out in Germany to buy a suit of pajamas he will pay twice as much for them as at home. They will be poorly made; and some of his experiences with the native pajamas after coming home from the wash will be simply horrible. This is more or less true of numerous other dress accessories that we have long ago brought up to high quality and down to reasonable prices by factory methods.

Germany leads the world in many forms of metal-working. Yet there are numerous things we could sell her to her own advantage. Nickel-silver was originally a German alloy, but the Germans have never learned to stamp it as we have; and our silverplated spoons, forks, knives, and tableware generally, with floral designs brought up in relief as high as that secured with the more malleable silver, would be a distinct novelty in the German market. Likewise, though our large machine tools are found everywhere in German factories, yet carpenters and other mechanics work with small hand tools that are very crude beside our own. There is a great field for the small hand tools when our manufacturers undertake to introduce them properly, with educational advertising such as has lately extended our own tool market here at home.

Still other opportunities await our makers of sporting goods. Formerly the chief form of German sport was the student duel. But now, with their new wealth and leisure, young people in the Fatherland are going in for football, hockey, tennis, track games and other outdoor sports. The whole idea is so new that the English word "sport" is being used to describe it, there being as yet no equivalent therefor in the Teutonic language.

Two years ago an American athlete was arrested in Berlin for teaching some youngsters to use roller skates on the asphalt. The thing was so utterly unknown that a policeman took him in on general principles; but now the whole city is skating on its miles of smooth pavement. Messengers deliver bundles on roller skates and thousands skate to and from work. The roller skates all come from America.

Ice-skating has also become a popular pastime. There are now two enormous rinks in Berlin where artificial ice is available all the year round, and others are being built.

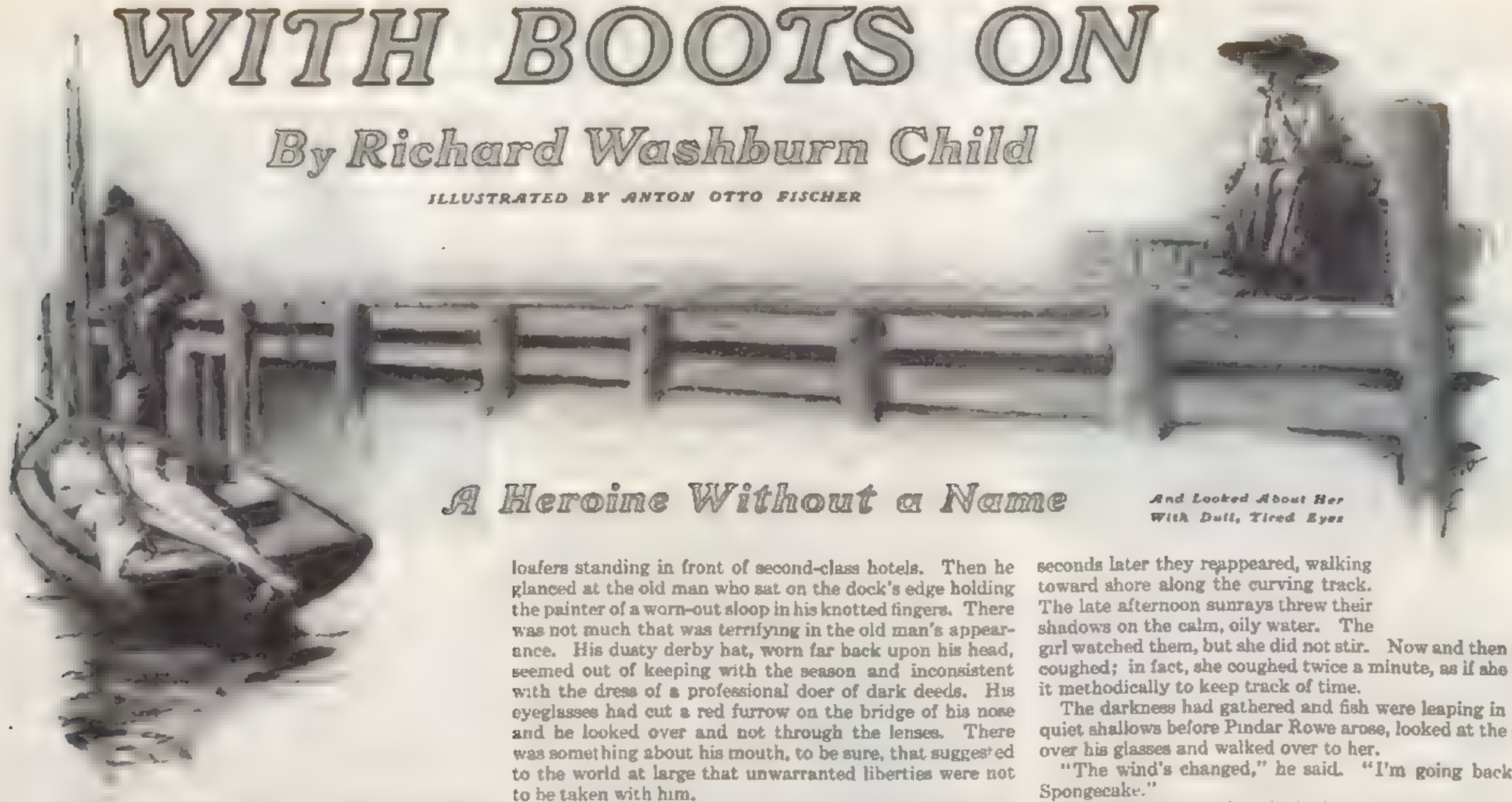
(Concluded on Page 56)

"If You Didn't Want to Buy Why Did You Take Up My Time?"

WITH BOOTS ON

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



A Heroine Without a Name

And Looked About Her With Dull, Tired Eyes

"WHAT next?" said the girl with the perfect complexion.

Having got off the train, with the man who wore a brown derby hat and a sample case and with the chattering Cuban family who carried all their belongings in small bundles, she found herself at the jumping-off place. She leaned her thin elbow on a crate of sponges and addressed her question to the air. She patted a worn-out alligator shopping bag and repeated to herself aloud: "What next?"

Usually the next thing at Knights Key dock is to speak of the heat—if it is summer—and then take the steamer. It is considered important. The snubnosed craft was riding by the dock at the moment; the piles creaked with her fretful movement in the swirling tide. Her whistle blew. Curiously it seemed to cast out in its grumbling blast the odor of cooking steak. Then there was a rattling of chains, a churning of warm water and the vessel slid out, sidling along in the tide streaks, her newly painted superstructure brilliantly white in the glint of the tropical sun. The girl wondered why she had not gone aboard instead of remaining on Knights Key dock with one elbow on a crate of sponges, and twenty-five years left behind, up North somewhere.

The departure of the steamer and the silence that followed her toot of farewell, when she had edged out into the channel, produced the same lonesome feeling that settles on a household when numerous talkative guests have gone down the steps and the front door is closed at last. The engine behind the girl evidently experienced this feeling, for it began to pant again with great gasps of heat and steam, as if it were protesting in a sociable way against the affliction of the tropical summer sun. It was trembling, too, like a nervous horse. One might have supposed that the eternal mosquitoes of the Florida Keys were irritating its iron skin and that its headlight, like an eye, smarted as other eyes with the dance of light upon the expanse of waters. Suddenly the creature grunted as if the place were intolerable and backed away with ever-increasing speed over the trestles and the concrete arches.

The girl sat down on a box of merchandise. She was gracefully thin, but her hands seemed rather bony and colorless. Her waist was travel-stained and starchless. Her straw hatbrim drooped a little; and when she finally rested her sharp chin on her hands and looked about her with dull, tired eyes she did not present an attractive picture.

There were three men on the end of the dock. None of them were looking at her. One of them was a lanky stevedore; another was a discharged soldier who had received his papers at the garrison in Key West—and these two spoke of the third, who could not hear.

"He's killed men in cold blood, I tell yer," came the stevedore's voice. "He eats wire nails, they say. There ain't no heart in that old carcass."

The discharged soldier pretended that he was not interested. He crossed one leg over the other as he stood, so that one foot rested on its toe—in the pose common to loafers standing in front of second-class hotels. Then he glanced at the old man who sat on the dock's edge holding the painter of a worn-out sloop in his knotted fingers. There was not much that was terrifying in the old man's appearance. His dusty derby hat, worn far back upon his head, seemed out of keeping with the season and inconsistent with the dress of a professional doer of dark deeds. His eyeglasses had cut a red furrow on the bridge of his nose and he looked over and not through the lenses. There was something about his mouth, to be sure, that suggested to the world at large that unwarranted liberties were not to be taken with him.

"So that's Pindar Rowe?" said the soldier, hitching up his khaki trousers. He offered a cigarette to the stevedore. "His wife's dead," he announced. "I heard about him from one of them foremen on the railroad work—a feller from Iowa with two fingers gone. He says it's only since Rowe's wife died that he took to livin' alone on Spongecake Key. Have you heard that?" Thereupon he looked at his new acquaintance, the stevedore, as if he had proved knowledge concerning Pindar.

The stevedore, however, would not recognize the claim. He disregarded it. "There he sits," said he. "He came up here to stock up with provisions and there he sits waiting for a wind. You don't know about him. You've been with the army. You know that. You know what that means. Well, the old cutthroat once ran a whisky-still in Maughan County. See? There it is! You didn't know." The stevedore sneered.

The soldier sneered in return.

"There's a man," the stevedore went on, "who was sheriff before the East Coast ran a train; and another man beat him for office and then didn't dare to serve for fear Rowe would shoot him. Why, he went with Joe Bruggle, in '81, filibusterin' off Carácas! Was he taking arms to Cuba and running the blockade in '97? He was, as sure as you're standin' there. He has set false lights in bad weather on Guapa Reef to make vessels think they was running starboard of Sand Key. He's made his money wreckin'. Before you could say skipjack, some German captain would be up on them coral rocks and Rowe would wait four hours and go out with his little tug Julietta for a salvage claim. He's fixed it up with captains of tramps to go ashore on Hawk's Spit in a norther and divide the insurance. He's done more wreckin' than any man this side of Jim Corgan, at Key West!"

"There Goes Your Hat," Whispered Pindar. "We Don't Question Women Here on Spongecake"

The soldier sniffed. "I'm dry," he said. "What do you fellers do up here?"

"Walk the trestle. See that clump of bushes over there beyond?"

"I've just got my pay," said the soldier.

Together they disappeared behind the freight house. A few seconds later they reappeared, walking toward shore along the curving track. The late afternoon sunrays threw their shadows on the calm, oily water. The girl watched them, but she did not stir. Now and then she coughed; in fact, she coughed twice a minute, as if she did it methodically to keep track of time.

The darkness had gathered and fish were leaping in the quiet shallows before Pindar Rowe arose, looked at the girl over his glasses and walked over to her.

"The wind's changed," he said. "I'm going back to Spongecake."

"Yes," said the girl, as if she had known him from her childhood.

"Where you going?" asked Pindar, surprised by her nonchalance.

"I don't know."

"You're sick?"

"I'm seven-eighths dead."

"Yep; I thought so," said Pindar. "You've got consumption."

The girl looked up at him for the first time.

"Where'd you come from?" the old man inquired gruffly.

"New York."

"Got folks?"

"No, I haven't. They're dead, except a cousin in California."

Old man Pindar studied the matter a moment.

"Who gives you money?"

"Nobody does—nor never has. I worked in a shop, trimming hats. Then I caught it. I had something saved up. I tried to make it last as long as I lasted. What do you want to know for?"

"I don't ask nothin'!" answered Pindar peevishly.

"Well, that's it," said the girl; "and it would have carried me along all right if I could have stood it in one place. First I tried cures; then I gave it up. It's always seemed as if I had to have change. Changes are expensive. But I was always hoping for adventure."

Pindar pulled up his coatsleeve. There were tattoo marks on his wrinkled, salt-bleached wrists and to these marks he gave grave consideration.

"No money?" he asked.

"No. I had a dollar and a half left over the fare from Miami."

"Lookin' for somethin' new—adventure?"

"Yes."

"You know me?" he said suddenly. "I'm Pindar Rowe. I've been a filibuster and wrecker. Broke the law and knocked men over with belayin'-pins. See this scar on my neck?—mutiny on a blockade-runner. I've put lead into a turtle fisherman off Yucatan. He tried to leave me on

a spit of sand in the Gulf. He rowed off and forgot I had a gun—the fool!"

The girl's eyes lit up with new interest. "Yes," she whispered.

"You want adventure?"

To make this clear, Pindar pointed with a crooked forefinger toward his sloop.

"Get aboard," he said.

The girl only coughed. She patted her narrow chest, patted her alligator bag, patted her dress, hopped off the crate of sponges and, catching the wire guys on the old man's sloop, jumped down into the cockpit. The old man chuckled—that chuckle that some of us have learned so well since. He pushed the boat off and hoisted sail; the canvas filled—it split a cloud of mosquitoes in the middle; the crazy old craft leaned with the evening wind and the joints creaked as if she were a rheumatic old woman.

Night came up behind them, traveling faster than they. The shadows of little islands and the shapes of tanglebush keys, the warm odors of schools of oily fish, the cool odors of chilly streaks in the salt water, the sound of the rippling over the rudder, the yawk-yawk of strange birds flying home or startled from a resting place—all slid behind, as if the boat, with its curious freight, were nailed to a spot, and time and things were stealthily creeping from the bow to the stern and then to oblivion.

After two hours the girl spoke. "You're old enough to be my father," she said; "but people would see scandal in this."

Pindar pushed the tiller with his foot.

"There ain't no scandal in these keys. Plenty of secrets and ghosts, but no scandal."

Whereupon the girl buried her face in her arms again and, coughing gently, fell asleep.

When she awoke the sloop was rubbing the piles of a little wharf, like a cat rubbing against human legs. The moon had risen; under its white light was an island, which here and there thrust a long tentacle of white sand out into the living, flaming, black-opal waters. It was midnight. The wandering night wind rustled the fronds of swaying cocoanut palms that nodded over a little house on the shore.

"Spongecake," announced Pindar. He was sitting on the edge of the wharf as he had done at Knights Key dock, his black derby hat on the back of his head, his eyeglasses low on his nose.

The girl straightened herself, coughed and sprang with nervous agility on to the wharf. It was then that old Rowe stepped close to her and looked into her eyes.

"What did you come with me for?" he said.

"Because you asked me," she snapped.

"You weren't afraid?"

"Nobody but livin' people are afraid," said she, and laughed. "I'm mostly dead."

Pindar stepped away from her.

"Are you afraid?" she inquired.

He ran his fingers through his thin gray hair.

"No—not of mermaids or the devil," he growled sheepishly. "You should have been a man."

"I was a milliner," said she; and then, as if she were telling of a dream from which she had just awakened, she went on: "I went round and round, like one of the things you wind up. To breakfast at seven in an Eighth Avenue hash parlor; and then to work and sewing them false things on frames, fifty of each style; and then lunch; and then more work and home over the same bricks, and dinner alone; and then I used to read books till I couldn't keep awake—under the gas."

"Books?" said Pindar. "Pilgrim's Progress?"

"No—Captain Mayne Reid and Clarke Russell and Treasure Island and Mrs. Barkis' books—thrillers—adventure."

The old man shook his head and shouldered one of the boxes.

"What did you ask me to come here for anyway?" said the girl.

"For company," he said, grunting under his load. "No; not that either. It was because you was all alone."

The girl, following him up the narrow, shaking wharf, plucked at his sleeve. He turned.

"See here!" said she. "Don't let's have any of that poor-little-girl business. I came with you for adventure. I want to live just once before I die. This is a good place for it too. I've heard about these keys these coral islands

"I Want to Live Just Once"

and pirates—and you're the next best thing to a pirate. You're a wrecker and have seen life—life with ginger to it. Don't let's get any father-and-daughter business in this."

Pindar's face wrinkled up in the moonlight; it showed surprise, as if an old dog, the companion of years, had bitten his hand.

"Well, I've got the name of being pretty cold-blooded," he said.

The girl laughed, fell to coughing and together they trudged up to the group of shanties.

"Hungry?" asked Pindar.

"No," she said.

"Then here's your own cabin. Take this lantern. I'll be back in a minute." He returned with a woman's nightdress, which he handled gingerly as if it were a shroud. "Here," he said, and went away. The girl shut the door, but did not turn the latch. She sat down wearily on the edge of a cot covered with a bright red mattress. In the light of the lantern she could see that the garment he had handed her was of the finest linen, yellow with age. It gave off the faint odor of ancient lavender. She threw herself across the bed and buried her face in the cool folds of the gown; then suddenly sprang to her feet and threw the thing on the floor.

"There isn't any gas here and there ain't any second-hand book stores!" she cried aloud. "I'll go crazy here." With these words she began to pull out hairpins right and left, until the luxuriant mass of her hair fell over her shoulders. Just before she crawled on to the cot she pushed open the door. Pindar was walking up and down under the palms. His figure was black against the descending moon. The light glinted on a blade in his hand.

"What are you going to do with that knife?" she cried stridently.

"I'm going to slice some pineapple," he answered. She believed him. She went to sleep.

The island was boiling in the sunlight when she woke. Only with pain could she keep her eyes fastened on the beryl-green waters and the stretches of sand left by the low tide. The wings and bodies of white cranes feeding in shallow water flashed the light as if they were mirrors. She could see the island, too, as she had not seen it at night. It could be distinguished from the hundreds of others that surrounded it by its rolling stretches of pale-yellow coral rocks, upon which prickly pear and other plants new to her eyes struggled up in patches. A clean, sweet breeze swept in from the south. The old man was nowhere visible.

She wandered down on to the little beach. It was the sort of place that one could imagine would be the scene of a landing of robbers of the high seas, where chests would be dragged up the bank and buried under the palms. The sand disappeared in the still water with a gentle shelving; the girl looked about, took off her clothes and waded in until only her thin shoulders were above water.

When she looked up she could see, twenty yards away, cutting the water like a blade, the black fin of a shark.

She laughed. "Come on, boy!" she cried; but the creature turned and put out to sea.

She returned to the cabin a little later. Old Pindar was sitting on a cracker-box cleaning a long-barreled, old-fashioned revolver. He did not greet her. She sat down to accomplish a long spasm of coughing. Then, after a silence, she spoke to tell him of her swim and the shark. The color came into her cheeks as if from memory of the thrill she had experienced.

Pindar never raised his head except to squint down the bore of the weapon. Finally he said: "Them sharks never touch anybody that's sick with your trouble."

"It's pretty dull on this island," said the girl quickly; and then for a long time there was silence. At last Pindar spoke again. "Weren't you ever fond of anybody?" he said.

"Maybe," said she.

"Men?" asked Pindar.

"No," she answered. "They didn't have any spirit. They were city men. Men in books are my kind."

Pindar seemed to be puzzled by this remark. He closed the breech of the revolver. "I wish I'd had a daughter," he said. "If you were ever going to grow old you'd see. When you'd got tired of excitement and fighting and cursing you'd go back to them tender things."

"Perhaps after it was all over," she said; "but you'd have the memory of real life—now, wouldn't you? You wouldn't have to die like a worm that's been doing nothing but making holes in dirt."

Pindar grinned and looked at her over his spectacles.

"I remember, 'way back in seventy-four, when there weren't any tourists coming down into this country," he said. "I met up with an Englishman named Claiborne. He had a chart of the seas around Dry Tortugas and a cockney sailor that never navigated deep water in his life. They had a place pricked off on the map showing where a Spaniard had gone down. They got me to fit out the expedition. My wife said: 'Pindar, you're a fool!' But I went just the same. You made me think of it, because that Englishman was a thin, delicate feller, and he was always saying: 'A man without money can't have an establishment or even a decent servant to wait on him. When I get gold I'll begin to live. Then I won't be a worm boring in oak plank any more.' You see, he was a worm too."

"Go on," said the girl, her eyes shining. "Tell me. Did he get it—the treasure?"

"No," said Pindar. "We got driven back from the Gulf to Cuba in heavy weather, and when we set out again and sighted Fort Jefferson yellow fever had come aboard of us. The way they went off was surprising." He threw his head back and laughed.

"Tell me all," the girl exclaimed impatiently. "Don't mind my coughin'. You're better than a book, because what you know is real."

So old Pindar told her all the details, even counting on his knotted fingers the number of casks of water he had taken on the schooner and the number of fish the Englishman had caught, leaning over the vessel's rail, in his first delirium—sure that he was raising salt bags filled with gold dust from Guatemalan mines.

It was the beginning of days of story-telling, when hour after hour old Rowe would sit in the shade of a palm tree beside the concrete watertank, watching the sails far out in Hawk's Channel moving north or south, like stage ships moving in grooves; and with his eyes half shut he would piece out the details of his experience. He had a habit of naming Pindar Rowe as if he did not mean himself, but another and different and deceased individual who had lived in constant discontent with peace.

Sometimes, however, he would go off through the bush and be gone for hours. When he returned he would bring with him some wild delicacy, some rare and luscious tropical fruit, yellow and juicy, or pocketfuls of strange shells and corals. She never thanked him for them; in

fact, once she said: "What do you bring things to me for? I ain't that daughter that you're always talking about. And I ain't happy either. I'm going to die like a rat. That ain't what I come here for. I want to live just once. I'd like to die on the deck of a ship, with my body riddled with bullets. I'd be contented then!"

The old man seemed to be hurt by her words; he drew the back of his hand across his forehead. "Ain't there anything I can do for you?" he said.

"Take me where there's danger!" cried the girl.

"You want to die from something else than that disease?" he asked. "Is that it?"

"Yes," said she. "At last you have said something sensible."

Pindar snorted; it was not plain what his feelings were.

After this dialogue he behaved differently; he spent less of his time with her. Three days later he went down to the wharf in the moonlight. There was a motor boat—a greasy, unpainted old craft—beside the sloop. She could see his shadow as he moved about. She could hear the sound of his wrench as he tinkered with the machinery; finally she went into her own cabin, where she stretched herself out, miserable with the oppressive heat of a still, tropical night. The last sound she heard was the coughing of the engine, the barking of its explosions.

At sunrise she prepared breakfast. It was a part of the community work that she had insisted on doing from the very first. Only when the odor of the boiling coffee filled the kitchen did she look for the old man. He did not answer her call. She searched the visible stretches of the island with her eyes. Then suddenly she noticed that the motor boat had left the wharf. The open sea, brilliant blue, and the dark passes between the other keys were as empty of floating craft as the desert of Sahara.

Hours passed without bringing old Pindar home. It was after the sun had climbed to the top of its arch that his boat slid around the corner of the island and with a singing propeller nosed its way up to the wharf, leaving behind it a ribbon of water discolored by the bottom mud. The girl was asleep on the ground under a palm, careless of scorpions. She would have been surprised had she been watching, for Pindar had brought another man with him—a young man who wore a cork helmet, which he took off, disclosing his head of red hair and the red sunburn of his freckled face.

"Doc," said old Rowe, "you've heard me. All I want to know is whether this girl has got to die or not."

"Um-m!" answered the young man suspiciously. "You've said that a dozen times, Mr. Rowe. Still, I'm not sure I understand."

Pindar's eyes reddened, as they usually did when they wished to give a danger sign. This redness served the purpose that is served by the rattles on a snake. Then his wrinkles relaxed.

"I'll tell you why I went down to Hueso to hire you to come up here," he said. "I'm fond of that girl. I ain't got anybody to be fond of except her. I says to her on Knights Key dock, 'You come with me,' and she had nerve and she come." He pulled back his sleeve to study the tattoo marks on his wrist. "You know of me, Doc. You know what I've been," he went on. "But it seems to me that I don't want excitement any more, but a little quiet and them tender, home things; and I'd like to make somebody fond of me—like a daughter might be."

"Yes, yes," said the other pertly.

"She ain't!" said Pindar. "She's not fond of me. She won't even let me wait on her. She has had too much quiet life. Every day has been like last Thursday with her. She don't want any tenderness, nor nothin' women usually want. She and me is on two sides of a fence—so high that neither of us can climb over."

"Well?" said the doctor impatiently. The sun was hot.

"She wants to die with her boots on," said Pindar. "She wants a big adventure before she goes. Now, if she's got to die, Doc, I'm going to see she has what she wants!"

"It's none of my business," said the young doctor. "And I want to start back as soon as I can."

He followed Pindar with a businesslike step up toward the cabins. The girl, who had awakened, met them.

"Here's a doctor," said Pindar with a sneer. "Let him look at you, will you?"

"No," said the girl. "I gave up cures three months ago."

"He ain't a cure," said Pindar. "He only wants to look you over. Let him do it. It will please me."

For the first time she glanced at the medical man and nodded. "Get out your stethoscope," she said pleasantly.

Pindar left them together; he went down to refill the gasoline tank. After a time the doctor joined him there.

"Well," said he, "it's almost over. She has a few weeks. She ——"

"That's enough," the old man growled.

"All right," said the doctor. "She's a strange, silent girl. Where'd she come from? It would be amusing to know her past. I guess she's had one, all right."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Rowe, looking over his spectacles.

The doctor laughed meaningly.

"I wish I had a belayin'-pin," said Pindar; but he used the next best thing—his fist. He struck the younger man squarely in the mouth. The cork helmet flew off as the doctor fell on the boards. It floated in the crystal waters.

(Continued on Page 22)

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES

Making One's Own Market—By Forrest Crissey

ILLUSTRATED BY E. ROSCOE SHRADER

OFTEN the truest guide-post to the door of Opportunity bears the very trite and irritating legend:

"Make the most of what you have."

On the face of it, there are few agricultural outlooks less alluring than a Cape Cod farm from which several generations of thrifty and persistent Yankees have contrived to wrest a near-living. One of these sand-farmers not long ago declared that he was about ready to abandon any further attempt in that direction, as his ancestors had done such an effective job in sucking the soil dry that there was nothing left but the peel, and that had more sand in it than he had. In his opinion the only crops it was fitted to grow were bayberries and beach plums. As he was able to find no one who was willing to take issue with this conclusion his only recourse was to face the fact and make the best of it. This he did in a most literal way, asking himself if, after all, something could not be done with beach plums and bayberries. "If they're good for anything and will bring any money I certainly have the ideal situation for them."

There Was Nothing Left But the Peel, and That Had More Sand in It Than He Had

The idea of finding a market for beach plums, which are comparatively unpalatable and seldom "eaten out of hand," as the natives say, and for bayberries—which, so far as he then knew, were as useless as sandburs—seemed the height of absurdity. However, the notion stuck in his mind with unshakable persistency, and he finally suggested to his wife that she make up a batch of beach-plum preserves from the wild fruit, which he would gather from the thicket along the shore; then he would see if it were not possible to turn them into money. His wife entered heartily into the plan and, as she was an adept at turning this tangy shore fruit into delicious sauce and preserves, the experiment did not seem altogether hopeless, although no one on the Cape had before attempted it, so far as they knew. Their venture with the first little stock of this native delicacy was successful beyond their wildest hopes and so long as the plums lasted the farmer was kept at work, early and late, getting in his harvest. The wife broiled and perspired over the kitchen stove, but she saw a new hope for the old farm in the preserves—the fruit of the wild shore thicket, which she had long regarded as useless and a detriment to the land.

Though it was not altogether easy to get their goods introduced into the stores and homes of private customers at first, every can that was sold seemed to create a demand for two of its kind, and the season's stock was soon depleted.

The unexpected success of this farmer's experiment with beach-plum preserves did not soothe him into forgetfulness of the other useless crop that his thin soil yielded so abundantly. Instead, it only whetted his appetite for further adventures in the fields of experimentation. In an almost shamefaced way he made inquiries among his city acquaintances as to any profitable use to which bayberries might be put. Fortunately he chanced to propose this question to a friend of artistic traditions, who immediately replied:

"Why, of course they're used, and rather extensively too, in the manufacture of bayberry candles. In all the best houses over in England the practice of burning bayberry candles is almost universal, and it is becoming more and more common in America; in fact, it's quite the thing in fine city houses to burn bayberry candles instead of wax, for the reason that they give out a peculiar fragrance as they burn."

"Do they sell for much of anything?" inquired the Cape Cod farmer.

"I should say they do!" was the prompt answer. "You try to buy one at retail in any of the Fifth Avenue shops where they are sold, and you'll have to give up two bits for it."

This was enough for the farmer. He pursued his inquiries still further and obtained, through his friend, a list of Boston shops handling the product of the bayberry. Also, he procured some of the candles themselves, so that his product might be in a form to meet the demands of the market—for he was shrewd enough to realize that, if he was going in for an art product, he must go the whole length and have it conform to the accepted standards in appearance as well as in material. Then he worked as hard and industriously in harvesting this odd and, to him, absurd crop as he had ever worked in his meager little hayfield; and his wife found the task of trying out the fatty substance secreted by the berries as hot and laborious as putting up preserves. Her experience with the beach plums had prepared her for almost any surprise and she entered cheerfully into the work.

Again the farmer's adventuresome spirit was more than justified, for he found a ready and profitable sale for the candles. Acting along the line of his friend's suggestion, he made a special effort to place his candles in the families of English-born people; and this plan of trade-campaigning proved to be a pronounced success.

In a word, that discouraged and disheartened Cape Cod farmer found that he was able to make more money in one year from the waste growth of beach plums and bayberries on the little sand farm than his ancestors had ever aspired to make from its standard and conventional crops.

Occasionally Opportunity appears in the black disguise of Disaster—and it takes a strong and courageous hand to tear the mask from her mocking face. Some years ago an enterprising and progressive farmer in Niagara County, New York, determined to set out a comparatively large commercial orchard of the standard varieties of winter apples. At that time early or summer apples were considered worthless, so far as any demand for them in the open market was concerned. The disappointment, chagrin and anger of this farmer may be imagined when he discovered, as soon as the trees bore their first apples, that the nurseryman from whom he bought his stock had sent him, probably by mistake, the entire planting of the summer variety of apples. He promptly brought suit for damages against the nursery, but lost his case for lack of legal evidence showing that the trees which he planted were the identical ones that had been shipped to him.

Nothing in the World Had Ever Tasted Quite So Good to Her as the Doughnuts and Cake From That Farmhouse Kitchen

Then his only recourse was to make the best of a bad bargain and he set about this unwelcome task with all the determination he could muster. The outlook was discouraging, for the verdict of all his friends and advisers was unanimously to the effect that there was no market for early or summer apples and that he might better make up his mind to the fact that his loss was as complete as it was serious.

Bigger Money in Smaller Potatoes

WITH very little hope, but with the feeling that he must leave no stone unturned to prevent a complete disaster as the result of the nurseryman's mistake, this farmer began to investigate the demands of the market for himself. To his surprise he was able to find buyers who were willing to receive a shipment of summer apples and try them out. Therefore, as soon as his young orchard produced its first full crop he harvested the apples and packed and shipped them as carefully as he would have handled a crop of the best winter varieties. As the returns from his shipments began to come in he could hardly believe his eyes. The sales from his first full crop of those early apples netted him between four hundred dollars and five hundred dollars an acre. In the light of his account-of-sales slips from the commission houses, the dark face of Disaster suddenly changed into the smiling countenance of Opportunity. He had been forced into the discovery that early apples come into the market at a time when the city man is thinking of the country—and of orchards in particular—and has a keen edge on his apple appetite. The nurseryman's mistake, for which he tried to recover damages, coupled with his refusal to accept the universal verdict on the unmarketability of summer apples, has not only made that orchard a source of comfortable fortune to himself but it has also been the means of pointing the road to fortune to many another apple grower—for this farmer was the pioneer of the early apple trade. He found that it is not safe to accept the verdict of common opinion against the marketability of any product that has intrinsic merit.

The history of horticulture bristles with incidents which point with emphasis to the fact that the farmer who carefully and consistently scrutinizes local conditions, both as to production and market, and then adds mature reflection to his observations, is fairly certain to find all the new opportunities with which he can keep pace. A veteran of the Civil War is a strawberry grower up in New York State; and he was fairly successful in following the routine methods of the average strawberry grower of New York. However, he happened to be a man of uncommonly keen observation and studious habits. Facts that were accepted by his fellow strawberry growers as unthinkingly as the sunrise were to him matters for careful reflection. He observed that the local strawberry harvest was almost invariably about twenty days in duration, and it occurred to him that this period was altogether too short and that there should be a means of either extending it or of inducing his strawberry patch to play an encore later in the year. This conclusion was sufficient to spur him into a determination to seek for "an impossible northwest passage" that might lead to this desired goal.

Patiently and persistently, in the fall, he patrolled the rows of his strawberry field and occasionally found a hill that bloomed at a certain time and was able to develop a few berries. These particular hills were marked and the following June he cut the blooms from them and trimmed back the plants, hilling up the soil about them until they were almost buried. By this method, repeated from year to year, he has been able to develop a consistently fall-bearing strawberry plant, which fruits almost up to the first frost. This fall crop of berries now brings its grower thirty to forty cents a quart at the leading New York City hotels; and one man in New Jersey has taken these varieties from the old soldier and put them on the market in large quantities. He is said to get ten dollars a crate for all he can supply in the months of September and October.

Another clear illustration of the fact that Opportunity reveals herself to those who deliberately search for her with sharp eyes and an open mind is found in the experience of a certain potato grower in Maine. This man was not content to look at his potato crop in the mass after it had been dug or to confine his reflections to the receipts that they brought. Instead, he formed the habit of studying hill after hill and considering it individually. This led him to the observation that the potatoes in some hills were much larger and finer than those in others and suggested the idea to him that he might be able to breed up his seed from those hills that yielded an almost ideal product. The experiment was tried with surprisingly satisfactory results. In this manner he increased his yield by fifty per cent and made more money from a fifteen-acre field than his neighbors did from a field of one hundred acres.

Another potato grower in the same state gave a still clearer demonstration of the fact that it always pays the farmer to put in his spare time thinking about the market, and particularly about the ultimate consumer. Whenever he went to the city and took a meal in a restaurant he watched the potato habits of the guests and generally contrived to engage the head waiter or the proprietor in a little talk on the subject of potatoes from the restaurant standpoint. Then, too, he gave serious thought to the question of the particular type of potato that would naturally be most satisfactory to the ordinary family from the viewpoint of economy. The conclusion at which he finally arrived was that the ordinary restaurant and the average family did not demand a large potato of the fancy type, but one of medium size and special smoothness.

Having determined this, he immediately undertook to find a method by which potatoes of this kind could be dependably produced. His aim was to grow potatoes of uniform but medium size and unfailing smoothness. By a painstaking examination of his hills he was able, at the end of a few seasons, to grow this type of potato with reasonable accuracy. The shrewdness of this procedure was immediately justified by the keen demand for his seed, which commanded a high price and which he was unable to supply in large enough quantities. In agriculture it pays not only to keep one's eyes open and to nose around in the general market, but also to analyze the gleanings of one's observations and put two and two together—and follow this with a little practical experimenting.

Not infrequently the farmer finds that he has been missing easy money simply because he has been content to plod along unthinkingly in the well-worn rut of community practice. Certain standards of production, not only in kind but in quantity and quality as well, become fixed in almost every community. Go into almost any locality that has not been disturbed by some progressive and adventurous spirit, and it will be found that common opinion has fixed the number of tons of hay which it is expected that an acre of meadow will yield; and that the man who undertakes to contend that a decidedly higher yield can and should be obtained will be made to feel that he is not only presumptuous but an opinionated heretic. He does not accept the fixed local standards and consequently he is an enemy to accepted traditions! Again, hundreds of communities may be found where certain crops, almost universal in their distribution and absolutely universal in their demand, are neglected to such an extent that the locality is obliged to import that product from outside. This situation is almost invariably the result of a complete absorption of that farming community in the growing of some other crop that has obtained not only vogue but dominance.

Mr. Sandy Backs His Own Horse

DOWN in Old Virginia, in a region where tobacco has been the ruling crop with the farmers for one generation after another, lives Mr. Sandy, a man who some time ago caught the progressive spirit of modern agriculture. One day he awoke to the fact that he was tired of paying a high price for hay brought in from a distance. On reflection, he considered that all his neighbors, or at least most of them, were not raising hay enough for their own use. The result was they were paying heavy tolls of freight and dealers' profits to have hay brought in from the outside and in addition were put to the inconvenience of hauling the hay from the station. Then he asked himself the pertinent question: "Why isn't there good money in raising hay right here and selling it to my neighbors?"

He decided that the experiment was well worth trying and, having reached this conclusion, he went about the matter in a thoroughly systematic and scientific way.

First, he appealed to the Department of Agriculture and secured the benefit of personal advice from an expert; but the plan that was put up to him involved a liberal initial outlay upon his experimental meadow. However, he decided that "it's a mighty mean man who will not back his own horse." He selected ten acres of land and gave it a treatment of lime—one ton to the acre—in the month of March.

The field was then plowed eight inches deep and subsoiled another eight inches, making a total depth of cut of sixteen inches. It was then planted to corn and seeded to crimson clover at the last working of the corn. After cutting the clover in May, it was plowed under in

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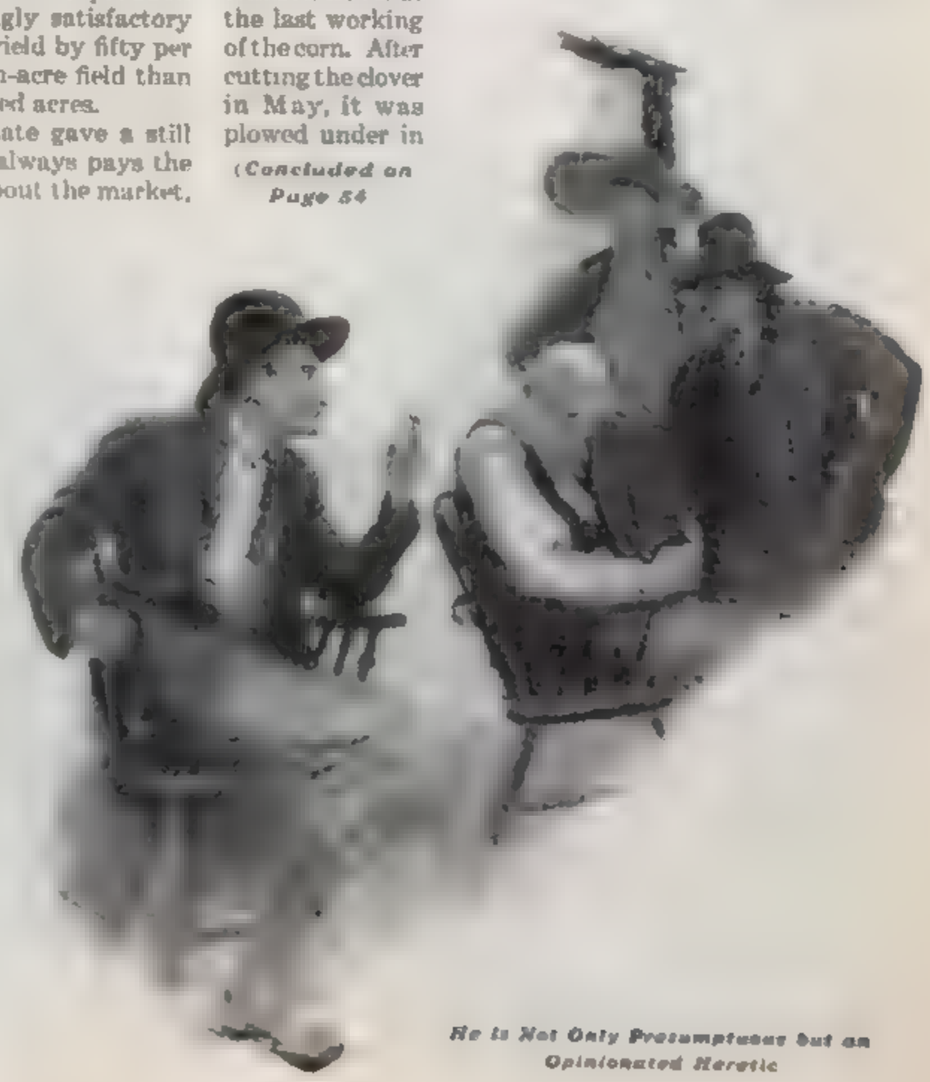

He Is Not Only Presumptuous but an Opinionated Heretic

MR. POTTLE'S PASSENGERS

By ALBERT LEE

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

VI

FOR a considerable time we consulted," the rajah continued. "It was useless to return at that moment. Of what avail could we be, unarmed, against this horde of bloodthirsty, drunken savages? My Tajpuris were dead; I had no way of avenging them. I decided to stay about for an hour or so and then return the priest to his home.

"A gale seemed to be coming up from the east and I told Winslow to put about and ride it on our planes, shutting off the engine. It was only then, when he attempted to put about, that we found our rudder had been shot away by those wretched Cossacks. It had been damaged in such a manner that it was jammed into its guys and our greatest efforts were unable to move it. We tried to steer with the side planes and by the propellers. It was only then that we appreciated the force of the cyclone upon which we were riding. The tachometer showed that, with the negatine shut off and the engine at rest, we were moving one hundred and five miles an hour—carried bodily before the gale. Even if we had had the use of the rudder and could have turned about we could have made but little headway. We tried dropping to a lower level, but only fell into a sea of black clouds—thick, stifling moisture that drove us up into the sunlight again. There seemed little chance of getting back to Gradizsk with our captured priest, and still less chance of a speedy return to Tajpore.

"You will say that we might have come to earth then and there, but in that tempest and with no rudder it would have been suicide to attempt a landing. The very result of our attempt to land this evening in your own country proves this; the merest gust of wind drove us into some trees and we were wrecked! So I told Winslow to put the engines to their highest speed, hoping thus to run into an area of lesser disturbance. In a very few moments the tachometer marked 412! We were flying due west at the rate of four hundred and twelve miles an hour!

"I told the countess of our predicament and she rose to the occasion by making tea and serving caviar.

"We got Father Alexis to his feet; and when he became convinced that he was not going to die immediately, and realized that he certainly would have died immediately if we had left him among his fellow countrymen, he became quite cheerful and imposed a blessing upon our enterprise.

"It was now nearly two hours since we had left the Government of Poltava. We had traveled at least eight hundred miles; perhaps more. We must be flying over Austria, or, if the gale was from east-southeast as Winslow maintained, we might be crossing Poland. The wind still held and the clouds below us rolled in great woolen waves. I persuaded the countess to retire into the cabin and get some sleep. Father Alexis sat down on the floor of the main room, disposing his great bulk out of the way of Winslow's wheels and levers, and asked me a lot of very intelligent questions about flying machines.

"It was while I was explaining one of my theories, drawing diagrams with the tip of my finger on the moist glass of the floor, that I saw a wide break in the clouds below and ordered Winslow to stop, that we might, if possible, find out where we were. It had been so long since we had taken any observation that I felt it well worth the risk of being seen from the earth—and what did it matter now, anyway?—if we could only locate our exact position. As we descended through this opening I could see a city in the distance, but so rapidly did we travel that in a very few moments we were sailing over it. Both Winslow and I recognized it at once as Prague, for I had remained in that city for a month some years ago, and the Karlsbrücke over the Moldau and the Pulverturm were landmarks quite familiar to me. We passed so low that we surely were seen by the people in the streets. No doubt tomorrow the newspapers of Europe will have a Reuter telegram telling of the strange airship that passed over Prague.

Half an Hour Later Mr. Pottle Was on a Train Bound for Atlantic City

"Having satisfied ourselves of the identity of the city, and knowing by the compass that we had been going due west for three hours, it was very easy to calculate that our speed had been about three hundred and fifty miles an hour! Also, knowing now our exact position, we took the sun and got the exact time of day. It was just noonday, local time, when we passed over Prague—twenty hours out from Tajpore. I looked at the tank gauges and computed that, if the wind held in the same direction and forced us, rudderless, to hold the same course, we had enough negatine to carry us back to Tajpore by making the circuit of the globe. If the wind dropped I determined to attempt a landing at any suitable place in western Europe.

"But the gale did not slacken. If anything it increased, veering slightly to the northeast. That storm must have covered all of central and western Europe today. You, in America, felt the waning end of it here this afternoon. We maintained a good altitude as the currents seemed steadier at from three to four thousand feet; but frequently we had to rise even higher to avoid mountain ranges. We had crossed a high range of mountains a little over an hour before, but what mountains they were we did not then know. They must have been the Carpathians, however, for we had been flying almost due west and this would be the only important chain to lie across our path. Their summits were covered with snow and a veritable blizzard was raging on the peaks and in the passes.

"The countess now joined us again and was quite incredulous when I told her that if we continued at an equal speed it was very likely that we should behold Paris in an hour or so.

"When I laid out the maps and showed her our course she was quite delighted and told Winslow that he must be sure to drop below the storm-clouds so that we might obtain a view of the city. Every woman, gentlemen, wants to get as near Paris as she can, even if she is in a runaway airship.

"We now drew upon the lunch basket again and were really having a very jolly time, quite forgetful of our predicament, when Winslow, who had been diving up and down through the atmosphere for the past half hour, shut off power and let the car float before the wind, saying: 'Here we are, Countess Sonia.' Sure enough, about a thousand feet below lay Paris, dull, gray, soaked in a downpour of rain. We were no doubt seen over Paris too, but an airship there is not much of a novelty.

"In a very few moments we were wafted into the clouds again and once more the dull hum of the propellers drove the little pointer of the tachometer up to 398. I must confess I began to feel some slight anxiety at this point, for I knew that in an hour or less we should be leaving Europe and setting forth across the broad stretches of the Atlantic. There was no help for it, however. Kismet!"

VII

"WE SLID off the edge of the continent and out over the Atlantic shortly after one o'clock. The clouds were less condensed than they had been over Paris and I took an observation with my field glasses from the little platform in the rear.

"I saw a river's mouth and a lighthouse, some villages and indications of a larger town which, I imagine, may have been Nantes.

"It is strange—but, as I have said, so long as we were flying over land I felt no anxiety whatever. Now that we were at sea, as one might say, I experienced a certain uneasiness which made me give a most careful scrutiny and close inspection to every part of the car and the engine. Had anything gone wrong over land, we were quite capable of coming safely to earth; but if anything happened over sea, compelling us to descend, I was by no means certain that the car possessed sufficient buoyancy to keep us afloat. I shall remedy this defect in my next construction.

"I announced to my companions that we were crossing the Atlantic. The countess merely smiled and seemed in no way disturbed. It is possible she did not wish to betray her anxiety to me. Winslow laconically remarked that it might have been wiser had we attempted a descent in France and then he expressed some interest in revisiting his native land.

"The pious father offered prayer and accepted the situation with thorough resignation. So far as our rate of speed and our comfort were concerned, however, I could notice no difference from the preceding hours. I calculated that at the rate we were traveling, allowing for the difference in time, we ought to make the American coast by five or six o'clock in the afternoon. We all settled down patiently to await a sight of land or a change of wind and weather.

"It was apparent from the barometer that we were working out of the storm center, and late in the afternoon there were occasional rifts in the clouds, through which we caught glimpses of the vast, dull-gray waters below us. We were traveling almost due west, directly in the eye of the sun, which sank slowly but steadily before us as the hours wore by. When it dipped finally into the cloud mass I depressed the lever. As we shot out under the mist, there lay the dark stretches of coast and trees and hills indistinctly ahead of us. We seemed presently to be

"Why Not Try the Long-Distance Telephone?"

passing over a narrow strip of land with the sea behind us, and a great river or bay between this strip and the mainland."

"Long Island," ventured Mr. Pottle.

"Quite likely," assented the rajah. "Just at this point was where our troubles began. Loud spurts from the engine denoted that our negatine was failing. A quick examination showed that our motive-power tanks were practically exhausted. Winslow climbed to the reserve tanks to connect them and returned with the alarming information that Cossack bullets had pierced the connections, and that a landing would be absolutely necessary in order to unite these tanks with the engine. There was but one course to pursue. We stopped the motor and by means of our side planes soared in a great semicircle, coming slowly to earth. A large field lay directly below us and we made for this. It was dusk, almost dark now, and the landing was not easy. It would have been perfectly simple to accomplish this in a calm, but with the wind and the rain it was dangerously difficult.

"As we neared the earth a squall rebounded from the surface, smote the car on one side and drove us with a crash into a wooded hillside. We sank of our own weight through the little trees and settled to the ground. We were all pretty well shaken up, but the serious calamity was the snapping of a steel guy-rod, which pierced one of the reserve tanks, releasing the negatine, which immediately caught fire. In less than fifteen minutes the flames had completely destroyed the car. If it had not been for the heavy rain that forest would certainly be burning now.

"And then," after a pause, "I found a road near by and stationed myself upon it. Soon Mr. Pottle came; he was kind and generous and brought us to your house, Mr. Dellenbaugh, where you have been kind and generous also."

VIII

A DEEP silence followed this narrative and it was apparent that even Mr. Withers was profoundly impressed. Mr. Pottle was the first to recover. He broke the spell by rising rather awkwardly, glass in hand, exclaiming in a sort of hoarse whisper, heavily tempered with awe:

"Well, gentleman, considering—I think we ought to drink the health of the bride to be!"

This thoroughly tactless performance amused the rajah immensely and he laughed jovially, so far forgetting his dignity as to get up and pat Mr. Pottle on the shoulder. Then everybody toasted and everybody talked at once; and it was not until the rajah exclaimed, "What are we going to do now?" that the company realized some kind of prompt action was called for.

"Of course, we have considered every sort of contingency," began the rajah, looking about at the blank expressions of his companions. "We have had plenty of time to think and plan. What we must really do is to get to New York tonight and then to Washington. Is the railroad near? Baron Veilchen, the Russian ambassador to the United States, is the uncle of the Countess Sonia, the brother of the countess' mother. We shall go to him at once."

"Why not try the long-distance telephone?" suggested the businesslike Mr. Pottle.

"The long-distance telephone?" queried the rajah.

"Yes," explained Mr. Pottle; "it is just as easy to talk to Washington as to New York. Why not call up the ambassador and break the news to him gently?"

"Oh, I think we would better not," objected the rajah, with some hesitation. "I think it would disturb the baron to be called upon in that manner. He would not know——"

At this point, however, Winslow leaned toward the rajah, and he must have said something to him which made him willing to disregard the comfort of the countess' uncle, for the prince then smilingly turned toward Mr. Dellenbaugh and inquired if it were really possible after all to talk from his house to the ambassador's house in Washington.

Mr. Dellenbaugh said that this was entirely possible and then, struck with a sudden thought, he exclaimed, rising from his seat:

"I do not think you will be required to. Let us all go into the library, where the telephone is. I believe I mentioned that, if it had not been for the storm, I had planned to attend the Pan-Slavic Society banquet in New York this evening. The Russian ambassador was to have been a speaker there. It is only half-past nine; we will call up the place where they are to dine and see if we can reach him."

Both the countess and the rajah again made some slight objection to disturbing the baron, but Mr. Pottle had by this time installed himself in Mr. Dellenbaugh's great chair at the library table and had undertaken to act as operator. The others gathered about and awaited the pleasure of the various centrals, upon whose perfunctory labors depended so momentous and exciting an issue.

When Mr. Pottle finally obtained his connection he sent for the manager of the establishment and explained to him very carefully, after being primed and prompted by Winslow, that it was practically a matter of life and death which required the presence of the Russian ambassador at the long-distance telephone. It was useless to give any name, as that would convey no intimation whatever to Baron Veilchen of the message to be delivered.

"If Mr. Pottle said the countess was here," explained Winslow deferentially to those in the library, "the baron surely would not come—for he would not believe it."

The man at the other end of the wire finally promised to do his best; and after a long, long wait—during which the

A Volley of Russian Cast the Rubberneck Centrals Into Despair

anxious little group conversed only in whispers, and countless busybody operators tried to find out if Mr. Pottle was still "waiting"—a man's voice, a foreigner's voice, sounded in the receiver.

Was he Baron Veilchen?

No; he was the baron's secretary. What was wanted? Was he a Russian?

He certainly was, but he was pressed for time and——

Mr. Pottle quickly handed the instrument to the countess and whispered: "Talk to him in Russian!"

After some hesitation the young woman began to speak. She told them all afterward that she was so bewildered that she really did not know exactly what she did say, but she thought she expressed regret at having disturbed the gentleman from the enjoyment of his dinner. The gentleman immediately became extremely courteous, but he was quite firm in his assertion that it would be impossible for him to disturb the ambassador, especially if the lady could not tell him who she was or what she wanted.

The secretary begged to submit that he had been a private secretary too long to go now to his chief with the simple little message that a lady wanted to speak to him at the telephone—even if she was a Russian lady and doubtless very charming and beautiful. Whereupon the countess stamped her little foot upon the floor and fired a volley of Russian into the telephone which cast the rubberneck centrals into the very depths of despair. She informed the secretary that she was the niece of the ambassador—the Countess Sonia Vaniatowsky; that she had just arrived in America quite unexpectedly; that for the honor of the family she must at once see her uncle; that to identify herself she desired the secretary to remind her uncle of how she spilt the milk on his gold-embroidered coat the day he was going to Tzarskoi Selo. Did her uncle still wear the ring with the green dragon on it? And should she recall to her uncle a little trip he once made to Nice when he thought her mother was in Paris?

The secretary said he thought those gentle hints at inside history might help somewhat and promised to report progress if the lady would hold the wire; but he had no occasion to report progress. The ambassador himself came shortly—much more shortly than the secretary had come at the manager's call. Then followed more Russian—questions and answers and little rippling laughs, and many exclamations of "No, no, no!" from the countess, who would not explain to her relative how she got there or where she was—which she really did not know.

Presently with a shrug of the shoulders she smilingly proffered the instrument to Mr. Pottle and asked him to talk. Mr. Pottle accepted the receiver as if it were red hot and, with an expression of countenance betokening extreme concern, moved stiffly up to the instrument as though expecting he might at any moment receive an electric shock.

In reply to a question apparently, Mr. Pottle gave his name and his business, which served little to enlighten the much-confused diplomat at the other end of the wire. In reply to another question, Mr. Pottle hesitated and faltered and was unable to tell where he was, until prompted by Mr. Dellenbaugh. He was almost dumb with confusion when asked to explain how the Countess Sonia happened to be in the company of a hatter—apparently a mad hatter, at that—in a country house somewhere near North Salem, New York, when she ought to be in India.

Mr. Pottle's seeming evasiveness moved the ambassador to bad words, both in English and in Russian. He finally exclaimed fiercely that he was unable to recognize the tone of the lady's voice as that of his niece, but that he was puzzled by her familiarity with certain intimate family matters. He was inclined not to waste another minute of his time! However—he finally growled—he had now given so much time to the matter that he proposed to see it through, and so on; to sift it to the very bottom, and so on; to punish those who might deserve to be, and so on; and he would call the police to his assistance! Then came such a flood of language that Mr. Pottle, mopping his brow, beckoned to the rajah and groaned: "Here; you talk to him a little."

The rajah spoke in Russian. He told who he was and begged the ambassador to postpone any further questioning until they could meet in New York. If the ambassador would calm himself and be so good as to wait at the telephone a very few moments the rajah would let him know just how soon he and the countess and their suite could reach the city.

Mr. Pottle thought, after consulting with Mr. Dellenbaugh and Mr. Withers, that he could make the run to White Plains in an hour and a half. It was now after ten. There was no train at that hour which would do any better for them. Mr. Pottle suggested that the ambassador charter a high-power limousine from a New York garage and send it up to White Plains to meet them, so that the countess might travel the remaining twenty miles to the city in greater comfort.

The ambassador said he would send his own car with his secretary, who would be greatly honored to meet his niece and quite capable of coping with any situation which might arise through any attempt at imposture. The rajah laughingly replied that there need be no anxiety on that score and assured the ambassador that he would be entirely satisfied with any precautions he might wish to take. So, with ceremonious farewells, the interview came to an end.

■

IT SHOULD not be inferred, because the course of this narrative has not been frequently interrupted by references to the vocal effusions of the tiger, that this gentle beast maintained a considerate and proper silence during the telling of the rajah's story and the subsequent telephone conversations. On the contrary, he contributed a very regular accompaniment of jungle comment most of the evening, until Winslow volunteered to thrust some food into his cage if Mr. Dellenbaugh would provide the food. The old gentleman, after consulting with Martha, who admitted that some soup meat and bones were

available, very graciously put these at Winslow's disposal; and just before the visitors departed the captive was temporarily pacified with what he very probably considered a mere mouthful.

Mr. Pottle's passengers were genuinely sorry to bid their host goodby, but necessity ruled and the hour was growing late. The countess made Mr. Dellenbaugh kiss her hand and the rajah had him write down his name and address very fully for him—"for quite immediate future use," he explained. Then they all thanked and thanked again, huddled themselves into their wraps and rugs, which had been well dried in the kitchen, and soon were buzzing off again across Mr. Dellenbaugh's forbidden roads, piloted by Mr. Withers, who had insisted upon showing them safely to the state road.

The storm had completely passed away and a full moon hung like a great arc-light high in the sky. The road stretched ahead of Mr. Pottle like a pointed silver ribbon and the night was so clear that it now mattered little to him that his gas lamps had given out. Every one felt cheerful and the countess occasionally hummed a quaint little tune with a refrain that fell rhythmically to the beats of the whirring motor. In due time the lights of White Plains twinkled in the valley ahead of them and Mr. Pottle called the glad news.

"I did not say anything to the baron about Winslow or the priest," remarked the rajah; "did you, Sonia?"

"I never thought of them," she admitted, with a laugh. "I wonder what that starched-up secretary will think when he sees the reverend father?"

"And hears the tiger!" ventured Mr. Pottle.

"Oh, the saints have mercy on us!" exclaimed the countess. "If the beast will only keep quiet until we have convinced him!"

Broadway, with its great trees and wide grass borders, its solemn white-pillared houses set back like ghosts among the maples and the elms, rolled past them and funneled into a narrow little brick-paved street, as quiet and peaceful as the midnight itself.

"Around this corner just ahead of us," muttered Mr. Pottle as the car rolled easily along Railroad Avenue—"Around this corner, and we will be in Depot Square. The secretary is probably there ahead of us."

"I hope so," whispered the countess eagerly.

The moon beamed its full white glare down upon that deserted forum, where by day the vociferous hackman and the unmuffled chauffeur wage tumultuous combat over their defenseless prey. The long, low, rickety station, flanked by the toy houses of the real-estate dealers, looked dismal and gloomy in the background; but drawn up in front of it was an impressive black limousine, whose lights like golden tentacles reached far out over the muddy roadway. As Mr. Pottle drew near he could see two men walking together up and down the platform—one tall and slim, wearing a long raincoat; the other thickset and broad-shouldered, his hands thrust deep into his pockets. These immediately ceased their promenading and came out into the square as Mr. Pottle brought his car slowly to a stop just back of the limousine.

It may seem tautological to repeat that Mr. Pottle had no tact; but, when there are so many things he might have said, it is painful to be compelled to record that almost before his car stopped he thrust his head out and cried: "Is either of you the secretary?"

The tall man with the long coat raised his hat—for he could see the countess in the front seat—and came nearer. At the same moment the chauffeur of the standing car appeared to take some interest in life and found something to do on the near side, and the broad-shouldered individual came forward very slowly and quietly, puffing rhythmically at a glowing cigar. Mr. Pottle turned and leaned over the back of his seat.

"The tall fellow is the secretary," he whispered to the rajah; "the other is a cop!"

"Cop!" repeated the rajah. "What is a cop?"

"Police," muttered Mr. Pottle hurriedly—"secret service, third section, third degree!"

Even this awful possibility did not seem to disturb the perfect composure of the Indian prince. He had evidently been considering his line of conduct as they rode along, for Mr. Pottle noticed that he had now laid aside his leather cap and Winslow was handing him the jeweled turban out of the opened suitcase. The rajah placed this upon his head, threw off his fur coat, opened the door and stepped out in front of the strangers in the full glory of his crimson and gold and jewels. The little pearls of his headgear twinkled and rippled in the moonbeams, while the great jewel on his breast caught and held those gleams which escaped their play.

The two men were duly impressed. They bowed deeply, and after the rajah had greeted them, the Russian introduced himself as Mr. Pakoloff and asked if he might present Mr. Cavanagh, of the Central Office. The rajah was charmed to meet Mr. Cavanagh and the secretary promptly explained that Baron Veilchen had asked the commissioner of police to send him along to act as escort in case of any untoward event.

"I fear he will be disappointed of that untoward event," remarked the rajah, with a twinkle in his eye.

But, after all, he was not.

The untoward event was right there on four feet. It was the tiger. He let out a yelp that would have cost Mr. Cavanagh his job if Mr. Baker had been on the White Plains station platform that night. With revolver drawn, he came out from behind the limousine as soon as the rajah explained that it was only a caged tiger. The chauffeur returned a few minutes later, when convinced that everybody else was alive. The Russian said something in his native tongue, which the countess pretended she did not hear; and after it was all over he exclaimed aloud: "Oh, I say, now; what a jolly beast to carry about!"

As soon as the temporary confusion had been dispelled the rajah beckoned the two men to him.

"It would take too long to explain to you the full history of our misadventure," said he. "For the present I must ask you to content yourselves with my word that I am the Rajah Dara Nazir, of Tajpore. This can easily be proved tomorrow; in fact, your newspapers tomorrow will surely have cablegrams announcing my sudden disappearance and that of the Countess Sonia. If I were an impostor that could also be easily proved tomorrow. We arrived in America in an airship. We came from India to America in one day. We traveled thirty-one hours, for we were moving with the sun. We were going to Russia to be married. We landed in Russia, but were forced by Cossacks to escape, carrying the priest with us. It is all easily proved. There will be dispatches from Prague tomorrow morning. We were seen there and over Paris. We were driven across Europe by a cyclonic storm. We were wrecked in America. Mr. Pottle found us by the roadside. It is difficult for you to understand about the airship and the great distance traveled, but it is true. It can all be proved, but the important matter now is to get a place of rest for the countess. She has traveled for more than thirty-six hours, with but little sleep. We must reach New York at the earliest moment, gentlemen. Are you satisfied to start?"

The amazed secretary stared at the detective, each man apparently expecting his neighbor to make a reply.

"If you will come this way," continued the rajah briskly, "I will present you to the Countess Vaniatowsky, the future Rahnee of Punjoudh."

The young woman had fully risen to the dramatic possibilities of the moment. As Mr. Pottle told it afterward, she dressed for the part. While the men were talking she had removed her furs—for it was by no means a cold night—and raised her veil; so that, when the rajah came to the car and proffered his hand to assist her to the station platform, she stepped forth in all the glory of her Tajpore garden-party apparel. To complete the picture the huge bulk of the bearded Father Alexis followed; and as he drew to his full height in the semidarkness of the station platform he appeared a very giant. If, up to this time, there had been any doubt in the mind of the secretary as to the trustworthiness of these wanderers, this was now rudely shaken if not wholly dissipated. When the priest talked in the most natural way of having started from Russia in an airship that morning Mr. Pakoloff accepted the unbelievable.

"Let us be starting—shall we not?" suggested the rajah.

"At once—as soon as I can telephone," replied Mr. Pakoloff; and he explained to the prince that the ambassador of the Czar was waiting in New York, at the end of a little wire, for news of this adventure.

The chauffeur was ordered to crank up; the travelers transferred themselves and their baggage to the limousine, while Cavanagh took a seat with Mr. Pottle.

Whether it was the sudden cranking up and popping and throbbing of the two machines, or whatever the real cause may have been, it is nevertheless true that, just as the party were distributing themselves and agreeing to travel in company down Central Avenue, the tiger drew in a long, deep breath and with it fiendishly pierced the quiet of that moonlit night. He followed this long, wailing shriek with a series of staccato yelps that would have justified any one in assuming that bloody murder was being done.

A number of citizens of White Plains certainly acted on that assumption. Distant cries of "Police!"—"What's the matter?"—"Where is it?"—the sound of running and the notes of police whistles were soon waking the night.

"Better get a move on before them rube cops come around here," observed Mr. Cavanagh sententiously, "or they'll pull the bunch. Have you got a permit for lugging this wild beast around the country?"

"Permit nothing," retorted Mr. Pottle impatiently, as he ran alongside the other car. "Follow me!" he cried to the chauffeur, "or we're liable never to get away!"

"Wow!—wow!—wow!—woof!" from the tiger.

A policeman rushed round the corner whistling as if he would explode. Other whistles near by answered. The officer saw the two automobiles beginning to move away.

"Stop!" he yelled, and again: "Stop!"

"Wow! way! woo! wow!"

The guardian of the peace ran toward the cars. These had gathered speed now and that policeman might just as well have sat down; but he did not. He pulled his gun and began to shoot into the air. The procession rushed out of Depot Square and turned to cross the railroad. Two constables were loping down the main street and when they saw the cars turn away they, too, opened fire.

All this naturally pleased or displeased the tiger. It is difficult to tell which. But, whichever it was, the beast expressed his sentiments in tones that must have been distinctly audible for at least a mile. More police appeared in front, on the sides; and citizens too. One would not have thought there were so many people up nights in White Plains. They began to shout.

They would stand on the curb until the cars passed and then they would get out in the road and run. Futile efforts! Cavanagh laughed. Mr. Pottle growled.

"I wish one of those bullets would find that tiger!" he muttered to himself.

They heard one man call out: "Telephone to Connolly to head 'em off on his motorcycle!"

"Surest thing you know," spoke Cavanagh, "they'll get us by telephone!" As he spoke, the limousine, with a burst of speed, swirled by in a cloud of smoke and showers of mud.

"That's right," snarled Mr. Pottle; "sneak ahead and leave me to be pinched with this howling devil on the back! I'll throw him overboard first!"

But that was not the idea after all. Mr. Pakoloff had insisted on taking the lead so that the countess should be out of danger from what she called the bullets of the American Cossacks; and after a few miles of

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There Was No Need for Alarm. The Little Tiger Cub Was Dead

THE GRAIN OF DUST

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

X

THE next day, or the next but one, Dorothy telephoned Norman. He often called her up on one pretext or another, or frankly for no reason at all beyond the overwhelming desire to hear her voice. But she had never before "disturbed" him. He had again and again assured her that he would not regard himself as "disturbed," no matter what he might be doing. She would not have it so. As he was always watching for some faint sign that she was really interested in him this call gave him a thrill of hope—a specimen of the minor absurdities of those days of extravagant folly.

"Are you coming over today?" she asked.

"Right away, if you wish."

"Oh, no. Any time will do."

"I'll come at once. I'm not busy."

"No. Late this afternoon. Father asked me to call you up and make sure. He wants to see you."

"Oh—not you?"

"I'm a business person," retorted she. "I know better than to annoy you, as I've often said."

He knew it was foolish, tiresome; yet he could not resist the impulse to say: "Now that I've heard your voice I can't stay away. I'll come over to lunch."

Her answering voice was irritated. "Please don't. I'm cleaning house. You'd be in the way."

He shrank and quivered like a boy who has been publicly rebuked. "I'll come when you say," he replied.

"Not a minute before four o'clock."

"That's a long time—now you've made me crazy to see you."

"Don't talk nonsense. I must go back to work."

"What are you doing?" he asked, to detain her.

"Dusting and polishing. Molly did the sweeping and is cleaning windows now."

"What have you got on?"

"How silly you are!"

"No one knows that better than I. But I want to have a picture of you to look at."

"I've got on an old white skirt and an old shirtwaist, both dirty, and a pair of tennis shoes that were white once, but are gray now where they aren't black. And I've got a pink chiffon rag tied round my hair."

"Pink is wonderful when you wear it."

"I look a fright. My face is streaked—and my arms."

"Oh, you've got your sleeves rolled up. That's an important detail."

"You're making fun of me."

"No, I'm thinking of your arms. They are—ravishing."

"That's quite enough. Goodby."

And she rang off. He was used to her treating compliment and flattery from him in that fashion. He could not—or was it would not?—understand why. He had learned that she was not at all the indifferent and unaware person in the matter of her physical charms he had at first fancied her. On the contrary, she had more than her share of physical vanity—not more than was her right, in view of her charms, but more than she could carry off well. With many a secret smile he had observed that she thought herself perfect physically. This did not repel him; it never does repel a man—when and so long as he is under the enchantment of the charms the woman more or less exaggerates. But, though he had often seen women with inordinate physical vanity, so often that he had come to regard it as an essential part of feminine character, never before had he seen one so content with her own good opinion of herself that she was indifferent to appreciation from others.

He did not go back to the office after lunch. Several important matters were coming up; if he got within reach they might conspire to make it impossible for him to be with her on time. If his partners, his clients knew! He, the important man of affairs, kneeling at the feet of a nobody!—and why? Chiefly because he was unable to convince her that he amounted to anything. His folly nauseated him. He sat in a corner in the dining room of the Lawyers' Club and drank one whisky and soda after another and brooded over his follies and his unhappiness, muttering monotonously from time to time: "No wonder she makes a fool of me. I invite it, I beg for it, idiot that I am!"

It took only twenty minutes to get from New York to her house. He set out at a few minutes after three; arrived at twenty minutes to four. As experience of her ways had taught him that she was much less friendly when he disobeyed her requests, he did not dare to go to the house, but, after looking at it from a corner two blocks away, made a détour that would use up some of the time he had to waste. And as he wandered he indulged in his usual alternations between self-derision and passion. He appeared at the house at five minutes to four. Patrick, who with Molly his wife looked after the domestic affairs, was at the front gate gazing down the street in the direction from which he always came. At sight of him Pat came running. Norman quickened his pace, and every part of his nervous system was in frantic turmoil.

"Mr. Hallowell—he's—dead!" gasped Pat.

"Dead!" echoed Norman.

"Three-quarters of an hour ago, sir. He came from the lobatry, walked in the sitting room where Miss Dorothy was oiling the furniture and I was oiling the floor. And he sets down—and he looks at her—as cool and calm as could be—and he says, 'Dorothy, my child, I'm dying.' And she stands up straight and looks at him curious-like—just curious-like. And he says, 'Dorothy, goodby.' And he shivers, and I jumps up in time to catch him from rolling to the floor. He was dead then—so the doctor says."

"Dead!" repeated Norman, looking round vaguely.

He went on to the house, Pat walking beside him and chattering on and on—a stream of words Norman did not hear. As he entered the open front door Dorothy came down the stairs. He had thought he knew how white her skin was. But he did not know until then. And from that ghostly pallor looked the eyes of grief beyond tears. He advanced toward her. But she seemed to be wrapped in an atmosphere of aloofness. He felt himself a stranger and an alien. After a brief silence she said: "I don't realize it. I've been upstairs where Pat carried him—but I don't realize it. It simply can't be."

"Do you know what he wished to say to me?" he asked.

"No. I guess he felt this coming. Probably it came quicker than he expected. Now I can see that he hasn't been well for several days. But he would never let anything about illness be said. He thought talking of those things made them worse."

"You have relatives—somebody you wish me to telegraph?"

She shook her head. "No one. Our relatives out West are second cousins or farther away. They care nothing about us. No, I'm all alone."

The tears sprang to his eyes. But there were no tears in her eyes, no forlornness in her voice. She was simply stating a fact. He said: "I'll look after everything. Don't give it a moment's thought."

"No, I'll arrange," replied she. "It'll give me something to do—something to do for him. You see, it's my last chance." And she turned to ascend the stairs. "Something to do," she repeated dully. "I wish I hadn't cleaned house this morning. That would be something to do."

This jarred on him—then brought the tears to his eyes again. How childish she was!—and how desolate! "But you'll let me stay?" he pleaded. "You'll need me. At any rate, I want to feel that you do."

"I'd rather you didn't stay," she said in the same calm, remote way. "I'd rather be alone with him this last time. I'll go up and sit there until they take him away. And then—in a few days I'll send for you."

"I can't leave you at such a time," he cried. "You haven't realized. When you do you will need some one."

"You don't understand," she interrupted. "He and I understood each other in some ways. I know he'd not want—any one around."

At her slight hesitation before "any one" he winced.

"I must be alone with him," she went on. "Thank you, but I want to go now."

"Not just yet," he begged. Then, seeing the shadow of annoyance on her beautiful white face, he rose and said: "I'm going. I only want to help you." He extended his hand impulsively, drew it back before she had the chance to refuse it. For he felt that she would refuse it. He said: "You know you can rely on me."

"But I don't need anybody," replied she. "Goodby."

"If I can do anything ——"

"Pat will telephone." She was already halfway upstairs.

He found Pat in the front yard, and arranged with him to get news and to send messages by way of the drugstore at the corner, so that she would know nothing about it. He went to a florist's in New York and sent masses of flowers. And then—there was nothing more to do. He stayed at the club until far into the morning. He fretted gloomily about all the next day, riding alone in the Park, driving with his sister, drinking and gambling at the club again, smiling cynically to himself at the covert glances his acquaintances exchanged. He was growing used to those glances. He cared not the flip of a penny for them.

On the third day came the funeral, and he went. He did not let his cabman turn in behind the one carriage that followed the hearse. At the graveyard he stood afar off, watching her in her simple new black, noting her calm. She seemed thinner, but he thought it might be simply her black dress. He could see no change in her face. As she was leaving the grave she looked in his direction, but he was uncertain whether she had seen him. Pat and Molly were in the carriage with her.

He ventured to go to the front gate an hour later. Pat came out. "It's no use to go in, Mr. Norman," he said. "She'll not see you. She's shut up in her own room."

"Hasn't she cried yet, Pat?"

"Not yet. We're waiting for it, sir. We're afraid her mind will give way. At least, Molly is. I don't think so. She's a queer young lady—as queer as she looks—though at first you'd never think it. She's always looking different. I never seen so many persons in one."

"Can't Molly make her cry—by talking about him?"

"She's tried, sir. It wasn't no use. Why, Miss Dorothy talks about him just as if he was still here." Pat wiped the sweat from his forehead. "I've been in many a house of mourning, but never through such a strain as this. Somehow I feel as if I'd never before been round where there was any one that'd lost somebody they really cared about. Weeping and moaning don't amount to much beside what she's doing."

Norman stayed round for an hour or more, then rushed away distracted. His sister—Josephine—the office—several clients telephoned for him. To all he sent the same refusal—that he was too ill to see any one. Not until the third day after the funeral did Dorothy telephone.

He took an ice-cold bath, got himself together as well as he could, and reached the house in Jersey City about half past three in the afternoon. She came gliding into the room like a ghost, trailing a black negligee that made the whiteness of her skin startling. Her eyelids were heavy and dark, but unreddened. She gazed at him with calm, clear melancholy, and his heart throbbed and ached for her. She seated herself, clasped her hands loosely in her lap, and said:

"I've sent for you so that I could settle things up."

"Your father's affairs? Can't I do it better?"

"He had arranged everything. There are only the papers—his notes—and he wrote out the addresses of the men they were to be sent to. No; I mean settle things up with you."

"You mustn't bother about that," said he. "Besides, there's nothing to settle."

"I shan't pretend I'm going to try to pay you back," she went on, as if he had not spoken. "I never could do it. But you will get part at least by selling this furniture and the things at the laboratory."

"Dorothy—please," he implored. "Don't you understand you're to stay on here, just the same? What sort of man do you think I am? I did this for you, and you know it."

"But I did it for my father," replied she, "and he's gone." She was resting her melancholy gaze upon him. "I couldn't take anything from you. You didn't think I was that kind?"

He was silent.

"I cared nothing about what people said—so long as I was doing it for him. . . . I'd have done anything for him. It's all over now. I needn't bother about it any more."

"Dorothy, let's not talk of these things now," said Norman. "There's no hurry. I want you to wait until you are calm and have thought everything over. Then I'm sure you'll see that you ought to stay on."

"How could I?" she asked wonderingly.

"Why not? Am I demanding anything of you? You know I'm not—and that I never shall."

"But there's no reason on earth why you should support me. I can work. Why shouldn't I? And if I didn't, if I stayed on here, what sort of woman should I be?"

He was unable to find an answer. He was trying not to see a look in her face—or was it in her soul, revealed through her eyes?—a look that made him think for the first time of a resemblance between her and her father.

"You see yourself I've got to go. Any money I could earn wouldn't more than pay for a room and board somewhere."

"You can let me advance you money while you"—he hesitated, had an idea which he welcomed eagerly—"while you study for the stage. Yes, that's the sensible thing. You can learn to act. Then you will be able to make a decent living."

She slowly shook her head. "I've no talent for it—and no liking. No, Mr. Norman: I must go back to work—and right away."

"But, at least, wait until you've looked into the stage business," he urged. "You may find that you like it and that you have talent for it."

"I can't take any more from you," she said.

"You think I am not to be trusted. I'm not going to say now how I feel toward you. But I can honestly say one thing: now that you are all alone and unprotected you needn't have the least fear of me."

She smiled faintly. "I see you don't believe me. Well, it doesn't matter. I've seen Mr. Tetlow and he has given me a place at twelve a week in his office."

Norman sank back in his chair. "He is in for himself now?"

"No. He's head clerk for Pitchley & Culver."

"Culver!" exclaimed Norman. "I don't want you to go into Culver's office. He's a scoundrel."

Again Dorothy smiled faintly. Norman colored. "I know he stands well—as well as I do. But I can't trust you with him. That sounds ridiculous, but—it's true."

"I think I can trust myself," she said quietly. Her grave regard fixed his. "Don't you?" she asked.

His eyes lowered. "Yes," he replied. "But—why shouldn't you come back with us? I'll see that you get a much better position than Culver's giving you."

Over her face crept one of those mysterious transformations that made her so bafflingly fascinating to him. Behind that worldly-wise, satirical mask was she mocking at him? All she said was: "I couldn't work there. I've settled it with Mr. Tetlow. I go to work tomorrow."

"Tomorrow!" he cried, starting up.

"And I've found a place to live. Pat and Molly will take care of things for you here."

"Dorothy! You don't mean this? You're not going to break off?"

"I shan't see you again—except as we may meet by accident."

"Do you realize what you're saying means to me?" he cried. "Don't you know how I love you?" He advanced toward her. She stood and waited passively, looking at him. "Dorothy—my love—do you want to kill me?"

"When are you to be married?" she asked quietly.

"You are playing with me!" he cried. "You are tormenting me. What have I ever done that you should treat me this way?" He caught her unresisting hands and kissed them. "Dear, don't you care for me at all?"

"No," she said placidly. "I've always told you so."

He seized her in his arms, kissed her in a frenzy. "You will drive me mad. You have driven me mad!" he muttered. And he added, unconscious that he was speaking his thoughts, so distracted was he: "You must love me—you must!"

She drew herself away from him, stood before him like snow, like ice. "One thing I have never told you. I'll tell you now," she said deliberately. "I despise you."

He fell back a step and the chill of her coldness seemed to be freezing the blood in his veins.

"I've always despised you," she went on, and he shivered before that contemptuous word—it seemed only the more contemptuous for her calmness. "Sometimes I've despised you thoroughly—again only a little—but always that feeling."

For a moment he thought she had at last stung his pride into the semblance of haughtiness. He was able to look at her with mocking eyes and to say: "I congratulate you on your cleverness in concealing your feelings."

"It wasn't my cleverness," she said wearily. "It was your blindness. I never deceived you."

"No, you never have," he replied sincerely. "Perhaps I deserve to be despised. Perhaps, if you knew the world—the one I live in—better, you'd think less harshly of me."

"I don't think harshly of you. How could I—after all you did for my father?"

"Dorothy, if you'll stay here and study for the stage—or anything you choose—I promise you I'll never speak of my feeling for you—or show it in any way."

She smiled with childlike pathos. "You ought not to tempt me. Do you want me to keep on despising you? Can't you ever be fair with me?"

The sad, frank gentleness of the appeal swung his unhinged mind to the other extreme—from the savagery of passion to a frenzy of remorse. "Fair to you? No," he cried, "because I love you. You're right. You can't trust me. In going you're saving me from myself." He hesitated, stared wildly, appalled at the words that were fighting for utterance—the words about marriage—about marrying her! He said hoarsely: "I am mad—mad! I don't know what I'm saying. Goodby—— For Heaven's sake, don't think the worst of me, Dorothy. Goodby. I will be a man again—I will!"

He wrung her hand and, talking incoherently, rushed from the room and from the house.

XI

HE WENT straight home and sought his sister. She had that moment come in from tea after a matinée. She talked about the play—how badly it was acted—and about the women she had seen at tea—how badly dressed they were. "It's hard to say which is the more dreadful—the ugly, misshapen human race without clothes or in the clothes it insists on wearing. And the talk at that tea! Does no one ever say a pleasant thing about any one? Doesn't any one ever do a pleasant thing that can be spoken about? I read this morning Tolstoi's advice about resolving to think all day only nice thoughts and sticking to it. That sounded good to me, and I decided to try it." Ursula laughed. "What is one to do? I, for one, can't be a fraud. And if I had stuck to my resolution I'd have spent the day in lying. What's the matter, Fred?" Now that her attention was attracted she observed more closely. "What have you been doing? You look—frightful!"

"I've broken with her," replied he.

"With Jo?" she cried. "Why, Fred, you can't—you can't—with the wedding only five days away!"

"Not with Jo."

Ursula breathed noisy relief. She said cheerfully: "Oh!—with the other. Well, I'm glad it's over."

"Over?" said he sardonically. "Over! It's only begun."

"Now, Freddy dear, listen to me. You know she's 'way, 'way beneath you—that she isn't all that you've got in the habit of picturing her—that it's all delusion and nonsense——"

"I want her," he repeated. "I want her."

"You'd be ashamed if you had her as a wife—wouldn't you?"

He was silent.

"She isn't a lady."

"I don't know," replied he.

"She hasn't any sense. A low sort of cunning, yes; but not brains—not enough to hold you."

"I don't know," replied he. "She's got enough for a woman. And—I want her."

"She isn't to be compared with Josephine."

"But I don't want Josephine. I want her."

"But which do you want to marry?—to bring forward as your wife?—to spend your life with?"

"I know. I'm a mad fool. But, Ursie, I can't help it." He stood up suddenly. "I've used every weapon I've got. Even pride—and it skulked away. My sense of humor—and it weakened. My will—and it snapped."

"Is she so wonderful?"

"She is so—elusive. I can't understand her—I can't touch her. I can't find her. She keeps me going like a man chasing an echo."

"Like a man chasing an echo," repeated Ursula reflectively. "I understand. It is maddening. She must be clever—in her way."

"Or very simple. God knows which; I don't and sometimes I think she doesn't either." He made a gesture of dismissal. "Well, it's finished. I must pull myself together—or try to."

"You will," said his sister confidently. "A fortnight from now you'll be laughing at yourself."

"I am now. I have been all along. But—it does no good."

She had to go and dress, but she could not leave until she had tried to make him comfortable. He was drinking brandy and soda and staring at his feet, which were stretched straight out toward the fire. "Where's your sense of humor?" she demanded. "Throw yourself on your sense of humor. It's a friend that sticks when all others fail."

"It's my only hope," he said with a grim smile. "I can see myself. No wonder she despises me."

"Despises you?" scoffed Ursula. "A woman despise you! She's crazy about you, I'll bet anything you like. Before you're through with this you'll find out I'm right. And then—you'll have no use for her."

"She despises me."

"Well—what of it? Really, Fred, it irritates me to see you absolutely unlike yourself. Why, you're as broken-spirited as a henpecked old husband."

"Just that," he admitted, rising and looking drearily about. "I don't know what the devil to do next. Everything seems to have stopped."

"Going to see Josephine this evening?"

"I suppose so," was his indifferent reply.

"You'll have to dress after dinner. There's no time now."

"Dress?" he inquired vaguely. "Why dress? Why do anything?"

She thought he would not go to Josephine, but would hide in his club. But she was mistaken. Toward nine o'clock he, in evening dress, with the expression of a horse in a treadmill, rang the bell of Josephine's house and passed in at the big bronze doors. The butler must have particularly admired the way he tossed aside his coat and hat. As soon as he was in the presence of his fiancée he saw that she was again in the throes of some violent agitation.

She began at once: "I've just had the most frightful scene with Father," she said. "He's been hearing a lot of stuff about you downtown and it set him wild."

"Do you mind if I smoke a cigar?" said he, looking at her unseeingly with haggard, cold eyes. "And may I have some whisky?"

She rang. "I hope the servants didn't hear him," she said. Then, as a step sounded outside, she put on an air of gayety, as if she were still laughing at some jest he had made. In the doorway appeared her father—one of those big men who win half the battle in advance on personal appearance of unconquerable might. Burroughs was noted for his generosity and for his violent temper. As a rule, men of the largeness necessary to handling large affairs are free from petty vindictiveness. They are too busy for hatred. They do not forgive: they are most careful not to forget; they simply stand ready at any moment to do whatever it is to their interest to do, regardless of friendships or animosities. Burroughs was an exception in that he got his highest pleasure out of pursuing his enemies. He enjoyed this so keenly that several times—so it was said—he had sacrificed real money to satisfy a revenge. But these rumors may have wronged him. It is hardly probable that a man who would let a weakness

carry him to that pitch of folly could have escaped destruction. For of all the follies revenge is the most dangerous—as well as the most fatuous.

Burroughs had a big face. Had he looked less powerful, the bigness of his features, the spread of cheek and jowl, would have been grotesque. As it was, the face was impressive, especially when one recalled how many, many millions he owned and how many more he controlled. The control was better than the ownership. The millions he owned made him a coward—he was afraid he might lose them. The millions he controlled, and of course used for his own enrichment, made him brave, for if they were lost in the daring ventures in which he freely staked them, why, the loss was not his, and he could shift the blame. Usually Norman treated him with great respect, for his business gave the firm nearly half its total income, and it was his daughter and his wealth, prestige and power that Norman was marrying. But this evening he looked at the great man with a supercilliousness that was peculiarly disrespectful from so young a man to one well advanced toward old age. Norman had been feeling relaxed, languid, exhausted. The signs of battle in that powerful face nerved him, keyed him up at once. He waited with a joyful impatience while the servant was bringing cigars and whisky. The enormous quantities of liquor he had drunk in the last few days had not been without effect. Alcohol, the general stimulant, inevitably brings out into stronger relief a man's dominant qualities. The dominant quality of Norman's nature was love of combat.

"Josephine tells me you are in a blue fury," said Norman pleasantly when the door was closed and the three were alone. "No—not a blue fury. A black fury."

At the covert insolence of his tone Josephine became violently agitated. "Father," she said, with the imperiousness of an only and indulged child, "I have asked you not to interfere between Fred and me. I thought I had your promise."

"I said I'd think about it," replied her father. He had a heavy voice that now and then awoke some string of the lower octaves of the piano in the corner to a dismal groan. "I've decided to speak out."

"That's right, sir," said Norman. "Is your quarrel with me?"

Josephine attempted an easy laugh. "It's that silly story we were talking about the other day, Fred."

"I supposed so," said he. "You are not smoking, Mr. Burroughs"—he laughed amiably "at least not a cigar."

"The doctor only allows me one, and I've had it," replied Burroughs, his eyes sparkling viciously at this flick of the whip. "What is the truth about that business, Norman?"

Norman's amused glance encountered the savage glare mockingly. "Why do you ask?" he inquired.

"Because my daughter's happiness is at stake. Because I cannot but resent a low scandal about a man who wishes to marry my daughter."

"Very proper, sir," said Norman graciously.

"My daughter," continued Burroughs, with accelerating anger, "tells me you have denied the story."

Norman interrupted with an astonished look at Josephine. She colored, gazed at him imploringly. His face terrified her. When body and mind are in health and at rest the fullness of the face hides the character to a great extent. But when a human being is sick or very tired the concealing roundness goes and in the clearly marked features the true character is revealed. In Norman's face, haggard by his wearing emotions, his character stood forth—the traits of strength, of tenacity, of inevitable purpose. And Josephine saw and dreaded.

"But," Burroughs went on, "I have it on the best authority that it is true."

Norman, looking into the fascinating face of danger, was thrilled. "Then you wish to break off the engagement?" he said in the gentlest, smoothest tone.

Burroughs brought his fist down on the table—and Norman recognized the gesture of the bluffer. "I wish you to break off with that woman!" he cried. "I insist upon it—upon positive assurances from you."

"Fred!" pleaded Josephine. "Don't listen to him. Remember, I have said nothing."

He had long been looking for a justifying grievance against her. It now seemed to him that he had found it. "Why should you," he said genially, but with subtle irony, "since you are getting your father to speak for you?"

There was just enough truth in this to entangle her and throw her into disorder. She had been afraid of the consequences of her father's interfering with a man so spirited as Norman, but at the same time she had longed to have some one put a check upon him. Norman's suave remark made her feel that he could see into her inmost soul—could see the anger, the jealousy, the doubt, the hatred-tinged love, the love-saturated hate. Burroughs was saying:

"If we had not committed ourselves so deeply I should deal very differently with this matter"

"Why should that deter you?" said Norman—and Josephine gave a piteous gasp. "If this goes much farther I assure you I shall not be deterred"

Burroughs, firmly planted in a big leather chair, looked at the young man in puzzled amazement. "I see you think you have us in your power," he said at last. "But you are mistaken."

"On the contrary," rejoined the young man, "I see you believe you have me in your power. And in a sense you are not mistaken."

"Father, he is right," cried Josephine agitatedly. "I shouldn't love and respect him as I do if he submits to this hectoring."

"Hectoring!" exclaimed Burroughs. "Josephine, leave the room. I cannot discuss this matter properly before you."

"I hope you will not leave, Josephine," said Norman. "There is nothing to be said that you cannot and ought not to hear."

"I'm not an infant, Father," said Josephine. "Besides, it is as Fred says. He has done nothing—improper."

"Then why does he not say so?" demanded Burroughs, seeing a chance to recede from his former too advanced position. "That's all I ask."

"But I told you all about it, Father," said Josephine angrily. "They've been distorting the truth, and the truth is to his credit."

Norman avoided the glance she sent to him; it was only a glance and away, for more formidably than ever his power was enthroned in his haggard face. He stood with his back to the fire and it was plain that the muscles of his strong figure were braced to give and to receive a shock. "Mr. Burroughs," he said, "your daughter is mistaken. Perhaps it is my fault—in having helped her to mislead herself. The plain truth is, I have become infatuated with a young woman. She cares nothing about me—has repulsed me. I have been and am making

(Continued on Page 63)

"He Has Tried to Degrade Me! I am Done With Him"

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A Reminiscence for Mr. Hitchcock

THE first strong hint of disunion came when the Constitution was barely a dozen years old. Kentucky and Virginia adopted resolutions, drafted respectively by Jefferson and Madison, which contained the spirit of nullification. The occasion of these resolutions was the alien and sedition laws that the Federalist party had forced through Congress. The obnoxious feature of those laws consisted in giving the Administration arbitrary power to crush any publication the criticisms of which were offensive to the Administration. Men of the Revolution cherished a free press, and popular indignation against the alien and sedition laws utterly wrecked the Federalist party, although it had performed great services in organizing the Government.

The amendment to the Postal Appropriation Bill, which the Senate committee reported February 9, 1911, at the dictation of the Postmaster-General, says that on "periodical publications other than newspapers," as described in two acts of Congress, the postage shall be quadrupled as to any sheet containing advertisements—which, in practice would mean as to the greater part of the whole issue. Admittedly there is no precise rule for determining what is a "newspaper" and what an "other publication." Would the bulky magazine sections of Sunday editions be one or the other? Would the inclusion of a few telegraphic dispatches make THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a newspaper? Into which class would a weekly publication containing a good deal of farm news fall? A great many such questions would arise, and the Postmaster-General would decide them.

As to a considerable section of the press, it would rest with the Postmaster-General to say whether the postal rate should be one cent a pound or four cents. Suppose it rested with a functionary at Washington to say whether the cost of some prime necessity of your business should be increased fourfold. That sword over your head wouldn't be exactly calculated to inspire free speaking, would it? This arbitrary power in the hands of a Washington bureaucrat is as obnoxious in principle as the old alien and sedition laws. We cannot escape a powerful suspicion that it was intended to be as obnoxious in principle, by giving the Administration an arbitrary club over an important section of the press.

Couldn't Children Beat This?

NOW and then comes to notice some instance of the treatment of children at the hands of organized society that makes us think that if the world were run by children they would certainly manage it with greater kindness and perhaps, on the whole, with greater intelligence.

Our Government, it seems, intrusted a special delivery letter to a twelve-year-old boy. By some exercise of childish curiosity he discovered that this letter contained five dollars. Unmindful of the awful responsibilities that rested upon him as an agent of Government, he pocketed the money. Whereupon the ponderous machinery of acts of Congress, Supreme Court decisions, executive orders, marshals, prosecuting attorneys, grand juries and judges that has been provided to keep agents of Government firm in their duty was solemnly set in motion against him. He was duly indicted, tried, convicted and sentenced to serve five years in a reformatory institution a thousand miles from his home.

Boys of twelve usually accept their elders with unquestioning and fatalistic innocence; so probably it didn't occur to this boy that if he instead of his elders were running the Government, his interpretation of justice wouldn't, at any rate, be so stupid as theirs.

The Politer Crimes

SMUGGLING, also, is a crime against the Government. The same formidable statutes under which postal thieves are sent to jail declare similar pains and penalties for the smuggler. The same array of marshals, prosecuting attorneys, grand juries and robed judges that crushes the thief stands equally committed to the punishment of the smuggler. But smuggling is a polite crime. Fashionable ladies indulge in it. The law treats them with paternal consideration, chiding them with a fine, which they easily pay. The other day, after long warnings, a Federal judge created something of a sensation by committing a lady smuggler to jail for three whole days. "Everybody will sympathize," observes a contemporary, "with his reluctance to attach the stigma of imprisonment to a woman in a kind of case that has hitherto been let off with no punishment beyond a fine"—that is, to treat a polite crime as though it were a vulgar crime.

About the same time another judge created a sensation by committing two college youths to jail for five days, because they had amused themselves by assault and battery—also a polite crime when indulged in by undergraduates. Not long before that a negro who snatched a woman's purse containing a few dollars was sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary—not that purse-snatching is a more serious offense than assault and battery, but because the crime and the criminal were exceedingly vulgar.

Tips and Philanthropy

WE WISH every well-meaning critic of the tipping system would pause and consider whether he isn't trying to discourage philanthropy in its most widely diffused form.

The waiter has served our dinner with diligence and discretion. We know very well that by universal custom we owe him his wages for that service. Long usage entitles both the landlord and the waiter to expect this payment from us. Knowing the usage, we have no more right to accept the waiter's service without paying for it than we have to eat the landlord's food without payment. If ten per cent for service were added to the bill it would become merely the prosy matter of discharging an admitted debt. But the tipping system enables us to discharge this obligation with a fine glow of generosity, as though it were an act of pure benevolence. In other words, it makes philanthropists of us, which tickles us and satisfies the waiter.

If the tipping system is to be abolished what will become of many of our public libraries, many of our hospitals and most of our higher education? These institutions are supported by million-dollar tips that make even the honorarium of a Fifth Avenue waiter look pindling.

Democracy and Education

A WELL-INFORMED friend objects to our statement that the endowed colleges have been largely aristocratic institutions. He points out that at Harvard, Yale and so on a large part of the undergraduates come from families in modest circumstances and constitute a really democratic body. That is exactly what we had in mind. The body of students has become, in good part, democratic but the institutions themselves have remained, in good part, aristocratic—teaching very much as college taught when higher education was almost exclusively an interest of the upper classes, and its main object was to fit students for some genteel position in the world which was more or less assured to them by the simple fact that they had been fitted for it. College education was a comparatively simple problem so long as it was part of a dominating social system that could say: "We will teach Greek in the colleges because we will give the best jobs afterward to students of Greek." What difference, in particular, does it make what a boy studies so long as a job goes with the diploma? It is exactly the rising tide of democratic students—devoted, theoretically at least, to the proposition that every job shall go to whoever can win it in a free fight—that provokes questioning of the old standards. In tending to destroy gentility as an occupation, democracy tends to play hob with genteel education.

The Minority-Stockholder Pest

THE profession of minority stockholder used to be quite a flourishing one, and perhaps it still is. To practice this profession one has simply to discover that some big corporation contemplates some important move, then buy a few shares of its stock and rush into court with a bill to enjoin the corporation from taking the intended step. The step may be greatly to the advantage of the corporation, it may be heartily approved by nearly all the stockholders, it may be in no wise inimical to public interests. Yet the minority stockholder will often be able to entangle the corporation in prolonged and exceedingly vexatious litigation, and he may discover some clause in statute, charter or by-law that will enable him to block the move altogether—until he is bought off. In the practice of this profession a number of gentlemen have accumulated snug fortunes, and every corporation dreads this sort of professional minority holder. Some corporation charters provide that an obstructing minority holder who seeks to thwart the wish of the great majority may be foreclosed—compelled to surrender his stock when paid its worth and get out.

All public bodies, too, are more or less vexed by tiny obstructive minorities. Two or three property-owners, for example, by vexatious litigation, have prevented Chicago from building the great Marshall Field Museum on public land where, probably, three-quarters of the citizens wish it to be erected. There should always be some practical way of foreclosing little obstructive minorities and getting rid of them.

Per Cent on Per Cent

PEOPLE hear, as a matter of course, that business in some big lines increases six per cent or ten per cent a year, but probably many of them scarcely realize what this piling of increase on increase and per cent on per cent comes to in a few years. For example, gross earnings of railroads in the last calendar year increased, roughly, nine per cent. The year before they increased eleven per cent. Six to ten per cent has been the usual thing year after year through the last decade, with two exceptions. But a decade ago ten per cent meant only a hundred and twenty-five million dollars. Now it means over two hundred and fifty million dollars. In 1909 and 1910 together the ratio of increase was twenty per cent; but the amount of increase was over half a billion dollars. Railroad mileage, meanwhile, increased rather less than five per cent. Gross earnings of the railroads last year amounted, in round numbers, to three billion dollars—double what they were in 1900. Railroad mileage in the ten years has increased about twenty-five per cent. The simple increase in earnings in the last two years amounted to half as much as total earnings in 1895. In other words, measured simply by volume of revenue, the growth of 1909 and 1910 equaled half the growth of more than fifty years prior to 1896. In volume of output also the iron and steel industry has doubled in a decade, the make of pig-iron in 1910 being over twenty-seven million tons against less than fourteen millions in 1900; and last year's make of iron, like last year's railroad earnings, was the largest ever reported.

Our Great Insurers of Peace

THE Economist, of London, offers an interesting explanation of the world's feverish competition in building battleships. When the last Naval Appropriation Bill was under consideration, it observes, the Admiralty declared that Germany would have seventeen dreadnoughts afloat in 1912 and twenty-one in 1913, whereupon Parliament increased the appropriation for British dreadnoughts by some twenty-seven million dollars. It developed later, however, that the Admiralty estimate was quite wrong and that Germany would have only eleven dreadnoughts afloat in 1912 and seventeen, instead of twenty-one, by the end of 1913.

For estimates the Admiralty, of course, depends upon its experts. The construction of dreadnoughts is a special industry, which, both in England and in Germany, is mostly in the hands of some big firms. Between these firms and the experts there is a rather close community of interest. The more information the expert can get from the big armament contractors the experter he is. The more ships and guns his government is buying, the more important his job becomes. "He may," remarks the Economist, "look to change his inadequate salary as a public servant for a much more lucrative position in an armament firm."

As for the big contracting firms, the more battleships they can build this year, the brighter their prospects for building still more next year, because every ship that one nation adds to its fleet incites in other nations naval increases, which react upon the first nation. They may use a contract with Brazil to get a larger contract from Argentina, then go back to Brazil and get yet another contract for the purpose of matching Argentina's move.

In short, the Economist opines that, with admiralties in the hands of experts that are more or less in the hands of contractors, the size of naval appropriations is a good deal determined by the people who will get the money. This may sound a bit disconcerting to taxpayers who have been listening to impassioned pleas touching their duty to protect the national honor.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

A Calm Man

WHEN little Oscar Underwood, a fair-haired child with eyes of blue—and such a sweet disposition—was learning to write away back yonder in Louisville his copy-book, although sprinkled liberally with those sterling and elevating maxims, "Virtue is its own reward" and "Honesty is the best policy," held a certain other page that fascinated him and over which he worked most diligently.

At the top of this page, in that infernally-correct script that has made ache the hearts and fingers of generations of boys and girls, there was the precept, "Always be calm." Day after day little Oscar, a chubby rascal with a seraphic smile, traced this admonition, struggling with the light up strokes and the heavy down strokes—that was before the days of this vertical stuff—but assimilating the advice. Day after day he inked himself to the hair in earnest endeavor to follow those cursed curves which that foe to youth, named Spencer, once managed to put across as all that is correct in chirography. And day after day he inked into his receptive mind that serene counsel, "Always be calm," until, rising in the class one sunny afternoon, he announced in a loud, but unimpassioned, voice, "I'm agoin' to." And, true as the needle to the pole, he displayed naught but tranquillity when the teacher yanked him to the front and larruped him for this grave breach of the proprieties.

Here then we have the beginnings of the unruffled Underwood. You may say what you like about him—and a good many advocates of the sacred cause of high protection will be saying what they like and dislike about him ere long—but there are several things that cannot be affirmed. One is that he was ever caught without that placid smile, and another is that there ever was a time, no matter what the circumstances, when his hair was mussed. Trifles, you say. Ah, yes; trifles light as hair, but indicative of the whole; for there comes a time in the life of almost every statesman when his poll is mussed, except Nick Longworth and Ollie James and Richmond P. Hobson and Dr. Gallinger, who have nothing to muss.

You stroll nonchalantly out to Statuary Hall and observe the heroes and patriots perpetuated and perpetrated there, and you observe they are calm, remarkably so; but they have nothing on Oscar Underwood, so far as that goes, and he has a whole heap on them, being alive. The point is that, calm as they are, they are no calmer than he is calm. Not a bit. Nor do I mean to imply that Oscar is marbleized or fossilized; not that; merely that he is calm, tranquil, composed, quiet and undisturbed. Statesmen about him may shout and stutter and stammer and stamp and squeak, beat their breasts, ring the welkin, fizz, foozle and fuss, but not Underwood. He remains pacific, peaceful and placid, and when the time comes rises and injects into the situation a few well-chosen remarks, unemotional and unimpassioned, and ordinarily he brings home the bacon.

He Remains Pacific, Peaceful and Placid, and Ordinarily He Brings Home the Bacon

The Treasonless and Taciturn Typewriter

MEN have come and gone in the halls of Congress since Underwood first walked in some sixteen years ago, men who have blown up regularly, men who have howled and yowled, who have passionately pleaded for this and calumniously condemned that, noisy men, declamatory men, tonitrous men, immorigerous men, and sitting back with gentle smile and unmussed hair has been Underwood, the calm, participating quietly, civilly, impressively in what has been going on. Hence, what? Hence, this: When the Sixty-second Congress convenes he will be chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, the greatest and most powerful House committee; he will be floor leader for the majority and, by virtue of his position as chairman, will also be chairman of the committee on committees that will have the naming of the members of the various House subdivisions.

Champ Clark will be Speaker, the show window of the Democratic majority, but Underwood will be the stock of goods in the store. Far be it from any person to say he will be a bigger man, more of a potential force than Champ. No such treason shall escape my typewriter, but—and if this be treason shake well before using—Champ will be presiding and Underwood will be running the show. Champ will be loud, resonant and handsome. Underwood will be calm, concentrated and continual.

One of the tasks that this new Democratic House will have will be the making of a new tariff bill, the revision of the tariff according to the multitudinous Democratic ideas as to what a tariff should be. The Constitution says that all revenue bills must originate in the House of Representatives, and in the Ways and Means Committee is where tariff bills are framed. The chairman of the Ways and Means Committee is a most powerful person. Although he will have in the next Congress thirteen associates from his own party he will be largely in a position to have his way in most matters in connection with the revision.

Thus, the tariff views of Underwood are of importance. He comes from Birmingham, Alabama, the biggest steel and iron center in the South. The steel men and the iron men are two of the greatest beneficiaries under the Republican tariff system. Notwithstanding, he has always been consistent in his tariff views, has advocated the Democratic theory as he believed it, and has been elected eight times to Congress, three times without opposition. In a recent statement of his tariff position he said:

"There never has been a tariff bill enacted into law by the Democratic party that has not favored the doctrine of tariff for revenue as opposed to a tariff along free trade lines, such as the revenue laws of Great Britain. The most distinctive Democratic tariff law that has ever been written on the statute books was the Walker tariff, of 1846, and although the duties levied under that tariff did not exceed thirty per cent ad valorem they were levied on competitive articles, such as woolen, cotton, iron and steel. Sugar and coffee, non-competitive articles, were placed on the free list, which clearly demonstrates that the Democratic party in preparing its tariff bills has favored duty for revenue and also has stood for the incidental protection that might arise from the levying of such a duty."

Any person who runs to tariff may read from the foregoing lines that Underwood is a tariff-for-revenue young man, and that his position is more than likely to be upheld when the Democrats get at their thankless job of making a law to suit all hands. There is this about it: It may fall out that Underwood cannot have his way in the matter, for the Democratic party, even as represented in the House, contains all sorts of tariffites, from free-traders to high protectionists; but if he does not his opponents will not win without a fight with this quiet, determined person that will leave a lot of scars.

You would think to see Underwood that he was president of a very conservative bank, a methodical, detail-loving, particular man; and indeed when he talks to Congress he talks just about as the president of a bank would talk to a board of directors, without flourishes, without oratorical embellishments, plainly, cogently, and with hard sense. Sartorially, he is immaculate. His coat is never wrinkled and his trousers are always freshly creased. His tie is ever in perfect alignment; everything about him is right.

He was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1862, and went to Birmingham to practice in 1884, soon after he had graduated in law at the University of Virginia. Ten years later he was elected to Congress, and he has been coming back continuously ever since. He has been a member of the Democratic minority on the Ways and Means Committee for several years, taking active Democratic part in the opposition to the present Payne-Aldrich tariff law. In the present Congress Champ Clark alone ranked him on the minority side of the Ways and Means Committee, and Clark's elevation to the Speakership for the next Congress brought Underwood to the top, where he was unanimously placed by the Democratic caucus for the Sixty-second Congress and given the presiding responsibility not only in the tariff making but in the committee making.

Underwood is a modest man, with tons of reserve force, companionable, good-looking, suave and, as may have been remarked, calm. His only fad is bulldogs. He has several and loves the breed, which, when you come to think of it, is not remarkable; for the bulldog is a calm and self-possessed sort of an institution, both in repose and after he gets hold.

Fisherman's Luck

JUDGE W. C. ADAMSON, who will probably be the next chairman of the important committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce in the House of Representatives, was brought up on a farm in Georgia. One day his father told him he must go to Atlanta for three days and he set young Adamson a stint to hoe a field of ground peas during the parental absence, thinking to keep the young man busy.

"I went out and looked over the field the first morning," said Adamson, "and decided I could do the work in two days, so I went fishing. I had poor luck and came back feeling mighty bad. Next morning I went out and looked at the peas and decided, if I worked like fury, I could hoe it all in one day and I went fishing again. I had no luck and came back feeling mighty bad.

"Next morning I took another look at the field, decided I couldn't hoe it in a day, and I went fishing again. I had poor luck and came back feeling mighty bad. Then father came home, saw the field and led me to the barn."

"Well," said Representative Hughes, of Georgia, "what happened?"

"Why," said Adamson, "I argued the case, but I had poor luck and came back feeling mighty bad."

The Hall of Fame

℄ Joseph Pulitzer carries a personal pianist with him wherever he goes.

℄ Representative Gardner, of Massachusetts, is an expert on the fishery question.

℄ George Gibbs, who paints pictures and writes books, also asserts violently that he sings.

℄ Arthur Sherburne Hardy, the author and diplomatist, was originally a professor of civil engineering.

℄ Senator Clarence W. Watson, of West Virginia, recently elected, began his career as a mule-boy in a coal mine.

℄ One of the happiest of the retired sea dogs is Rear-Admiral Schley. He has a little granddaughter who keeps him busy.

℄ Eugene Zimmerman, "Zim," the cartoonist, was born in Switzerland. He says he was an assistant fish pedler before he got his first job drawing pictures.

℄ James Speyer, the banker, served in Frankfort-on-the-Main, Paris and London before coming to New York to take charge of his firm's business in this country.

℄ By and large the present Cabinet is the heaviest, sartorially, we have had in years. Secretaries Knox and Wickersham and Postmaster-General Hitchcock are particularly nifty.

℄ There is no chance of the paint-brush whisker fading from the view of the galleries in the United States Senate. Even if Senator Carter, of Montana, does go out on March fourth, Senator John Kern, of Indiana, will come in.

The Home Life of Roosevelt

Personal Recollections of Colonel W. H. Crook

DISBURSING OFFICER OF THE WHITE HOUSE

THEODORE ROOSEVELT took the oath of office at Buffalo on September 14, 1901. On Friday, September 20, returning from Canton, Ohio, where he attended the funeral services of his predecessor, he arrived in Washington and went directly to the White House, reaching there at 9:40 in the morning, accompanied by his secretary, Mr. Cortelyou, and his brother-in-law, Commander Cowles, of the Navy. With little delay he called a Cabinet meeting, and at 1:30 in the afternoon went to Commander Cowles' home for luncheon.

I had seen much of Mr. Roosevelt while he was Civil Service Commissioner, residing in Washington; even in those days he was a remarkable man, absolutely fearless, full of energy, snap and vigor. His coming to the White House as President was cause for more than a little speculation on the part of those employed in the Executive Office. Nobody knew just what would happen; but not one of us had the slightest apprehension, for we all felt that if we tried to do our work faithfully we had nothing to fear. As far as we were concerned there was no need for us to demand a "square deal." It was ours from the moment Theodore Roosevelt stepped into the White House that Friday morning, September 20, 1901, with Mr. Cortelyou and Commander Cowles, and called the first meeting of his Cabinet advisers. And it was ours continuously until he called us together on March 3, 1909, and spoke his farewell to his office force. Three days after President Roosevelt came to the White House Mr. Cortelyou called all of the office staff up to the old Cabinet room, which then was used as the private office of the Executive. Arriving in the room we naturally fell into line, and the President strode toward us with his decisive step. For a moment he looked us over—a single, sweeping glance of his peculiar intensity—and then, his face breaking into a broad smile, he said:

"I'm glad to see you all, gentlemen. . . . But I didn't know I had such a large office force!"

He then shook hands with each one, a hearty, manly grasp that instantly made us all feel that here was a man who would stand back of his friends to the last ditch.

From the day he took possession of the White House Mr. Roosevelt started in to work hard, and this he kept up during more than seven years. Soon after breakfasting with his family he would go to his office, and from the moment he arrived there the office machinery would run at full speed. His record as Civil Service Commissioner, Police Commissioner of New York City, Colonel of the Rough Riders, Governor of New York and Vice-President of the United States had made him known to every hamlet, farmhouse and crossroads in the country. The American people, as a whole, felt a personal interest in him, and they felt that he had a personal interest in them and that he would do all in his great power to right public wrongs, whether national or local. This feeling of personal friendship on the part of the public resulted in his receiving a daily mail larger, perhaps, than that sent to any other individual in this hemisphere. The President had quizzically commented upon the size of his office force that morning when he first came to meet us; but he soon found out that he had plenty of need for the thirty-eight men, eight of whom were stenographers and typewriters. It is something of a task to handle, examine and reply to five hundred letters a day, on the average, for seven or eight years.

Mr. Roosevelt's Thirty-Thousand Word Letter

OF COURSE the President did not read or personally answer all of these letters. That would have been a physical impossibility for any two men; but nothing was kept from him that he ought to see, and his orders were very strict that a proper response be made to every communication that came to the Executive Office. In this connection will be recalled the great flood of letters, telegrams and other messages of congratulation that swept into the White House immediately after Roosevelt's election in November, 1904. Thousands and thousands of them there were, from almost every city, town and village of the land. And I think I am correct in saying that acknowledgment by note or by engraved card was made to every one received.

Theodore Roosevelt, Little Missouri, 1884

I doubt if any previous President ever took more active personal interest in so many public questions, inaugurated more new lines of work for the public welfare, or created so many new lines of business looking toward the facilitating of governmental functions as he conceived them. Nor was there ever a President who considered recreation, daily athletic exercise, as important as did Mr. Roosevelt. He believed that it should be taken as consistently and regularly as is food. Furthermore, if there ever has been another President who was more punctilious about social obligations, who read so thoroughly and enormously, who devoted himself so constantly to wife and children, I do not know of him.

I am well aware that in the case of every President there must be wide divergence of opinion concerning his public life and political and economic policies. In these recollections of the home life of our Presidents I have nothing to do with such matters. Yet it is surely permissible for me to say that the extraordinary enthusiasm with which President Roosevelt threw himself, day after day, into his official duties, was no whit greater than the enthusiasm which he carried into his unofficial life. He was like an ancient Greek in that he was interested in everything and everybody.

One morning in March, 1905, I received a note from a Washington gentleman, introducing a Mr. C. N. Teeter, of Hagerstown, Indiana, "who," the note went on to say, "has a top, made by his son of eight years of age, which he wishes to have presented to Master Quentin Roosevelt." I had a talk with Mr. Teeter, who was a machinist. His little son had become very much interested in reading about Quentin and, being of the same age, thought it would be nice to make a present for him. So he went into his father's shop and after much effort turned out a top—the most remarkable top I have ever seen. Mr. Teeter wanted to know whether the President would allow Quentin to accept the little gift. Not merely would Mr. Roosevelt do this, I quickly ascertained, but he wanted to see the Teeter boy and have a chat with him and find out how the wonderful top could be spun. So, as soon as possible, the Indiana youngster was brought to the White House and taken into the President's private office; and for the time being everything else was laid aside. The President patted him on the head and asked questions, and finally learned, as did Quentin, how the top would go. This interview, of course, took up only a few minutes—but the point is that the interview was granted, and that for those few minutes everything else was put aside.

I have been told of one occasion when the President heard of a certain new book and sent for it. It was a monumental work tracing certain phases of human history as far back as human history is known. Mr. Roosevelt not merely read books but absorbed them. And when he had finished this particular work he sent for a stenographer and started in to write to the author—a foreigner—what he thought of the volume as a whole, and of its historical accuracy and philosophical deductions. Hour after hour he dictated, swiftly, surely; and when the letter was completed—at one single session—my recollection is that it was nearly thirty thousand words in length. At its conclusion Mr. Roosevelt at once sent for another shorthand man and plunged into a matter of government. The stenographer who had taken the letter referred to came out to the general office with a bunch of closely filled notebooks in his hands, and sank into his chair nearly exhausted.

In the early hours of the morning, after disposing of his mail, the President would receive Senators and Representatives and members of his Cabinet; and then, shortly before twelve o'clock, he would step out to the general reception room to greet private citizens from all over the country, who had come to pay their respects. In ability to remember faces and names he was equal to Mr. Blaine, and I have never known him to make a mistake therein. More than once while in that room, crowded with visitors who were being presented to him, I have seen him glance over to a far corner and spy some old acquaintance from a distance—from the Far West or some remote New England village, or from the South or Middle West. And his hand would go high up in the air as he would call out above the sea of heads surrounding him:

"Hello, Jack! Glad to see you. When did you get to Washington?"

"Just came in, Mr. President."

"Well, don't go away—I want you to take lunch with me!"

And later on the friend would find himself one of a dozen or twenty other personal friends of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt gathered around their hospitable table. I think I am within bounds when I say that probably there never was a day during Mr. Roosevelt's incumbency when no guests were asked to take luncheon in the White House. Both the President and his wife were hospitable in the highest sense.

A Quiet Little Twenty-Mile Stroll

THOSE familiar with Washington from 1901 to 1909 will agree with me, I am confident, that no other President ever infused into the Executive Mansion such a spirit of joyousness, gayety and unbounded welcome. And the wife of no other President ever gave anything like the number of private dinners, small dances for the young people, musicales, formal luncheons, teas, "at homes," receptions and garden parties. Of course the usual public affairs were held, the four state dinners each season, and other Presidential requirements of like nature; but to these I am not referring.

The list of private entertainments for which Mrs. Roosevelt sent out invitations would appall almost any American woman. Yet so great was her capacity for carrying through her share of her husband's life, in addition to her own particular duties as wife, mother and home-maker, that she was able to live those busy years without losing her health and strength or the youthful, vivacious, charming presence that made her personality, in its important way, as remarkable as that of her husband.

The White House social list of the Roosevelt Administrations makes record of some one hundred and eighty of these private entertainments, I believe, given during the six months' seasons of the several years.

As chosen representative of a great majority of the American people, President Roosevelt did his best to conduct the business of the Government according to what he thought was for the greatest interests of those whom he served. Though she shunned publicity, it always seemed to me that Mrs. Roosevelt felt a responsibility to the American people in her position as mistress of the White House. This therefore was the ideal spirit in which the social life of the White House was carried out while Mr. Roosevelt was President.

There can be no question that Mr. Roosevelt chafed under the fact that when he went away from home his

advisers deemed it necessary to have secret-service men following him in order that no insane person should do him harm. When he first noticed that he was being followed by such guards he was indignant; he didn't want them. He felt wholly able to take care of himself and any who might be with him. But his advisers insisted that no precaution should be omitted. The public interests in which he was the moving figure were too great; the policies at home and abroad that he was instituting were too serious. His advisers would take no chances with cranks, who are always scheming in their vagaries to get near the President of the United States. He had to accept their judgment, but he never let the presence of such a guard change his plans or affect his intentions in the slightest degree. If they had to accompany him they had to—that was all there was to it. But if the secret-service men thought he would permit their suggestions to hamper in any way the liberty of a freeborn American citizen they were much mistaken. I remember one afternoon in late January, when the proverbial January thaw had made everything soaking wet and miserably uncomfortable, I started homeward from the office and met the President accompanied by two friends—one of them Mr. Pinchot—and by Mr. Sloan of the secret service. All were dressed for a "Roosevelt stroll," which meant a tramp of ten, fifteen or twenty miles, perhaps—straight across country, over hills, through fields and woods, regardless of weather or any obstacles.

How Mrs. Roosevelt Keeps Young

THEY took their "stroll" for about two hours, through the marshes southwest of the Executive Mansion. Pushing vigorously onward, as usual, the President came to an especially soft spot in the soggy surroundings, but looking ahead he thought he saw firm ground. The next moment he sprang upward and forward to this apparently firm ground and he landed in water up to his waist. Undaunted by the ice-cold dip he called out to his companions:

"Come along! We can get through all right!"

Not to be outdone, all three of them instantly followed, with the same result. The President soon saw that it was useless to proceed farther in that direction and unhesitatingly leaped in another, this time coming down into a pool deeper than the first one, and his companions came right along. In a moment or two, however, they all made their way to solid earth again, wet to the skin from armpits to ankles. Instead of returning home for a change of clothing the President laughed at the misadventure and started off at a swinging gait across country. By this time the afternoon was so far advanced that the atmosphere was freezing, and this doubtless aided in drying out their clothing as they walked.

Such considerations as the weather never affected Mr. Roosevelt in the slightest degree. Exercise he would have every day—rain, shine, hail or snow notwithstanding. Often have I seen him start out from the White House in a smashing downpour, disdaining umbrella, mackintosh or other such impedimenta, and go off on a long, hard tramp with the same eagerness and zest and delight he took in everything.

The first time I ever saw Mrs. Roosevelt was on Friday, September 27, 1901, when Mr. Loeb took me to her in the room over the Red Room. She wanted to see me about obtaining a writing-desk and some stationery and inkstands; and I knew at first glance that, with her as mistress of the White House, affairs would run along easily and smoothly. She impressed me as a most charming woman at that first meeting, with a sweet, kind face and a very winsome manner. And the ensuing seven or eight years confirmed my first impression.

Whether she foresaw how great was to be her part in her husband's Presidency I do not know, of course; but she soon proved herself competent to preside over more varied and extensive social activities than the White House had ever known before. Mrs. Roosevelt did not employ a housekeeper, but kept a strict oversight herself upon household matters. It was absolutely necessary, however, for her to have the assistance of a social secretary, and this important position was ably filled by Miss Isabel Hagner. How Mrs. Roosevelt ever managed to attend to her multitudinous affairs has always been a mystery to me; but she did so with a thoroughness unsurpassed. First of all a wife and mother, she was also comrade of her husband and confidante of her children. When the President was going out for a ride in the saddle he would first ascertain whether Mrs. Roosevelt could go with him. If so his delight was unbounded. If she could not go he would send for some men friends. But frequently she went, generally driving with the President in a carriage from the White House out to Park Road, in the far northwest section, where they would find horses waiting for them. Then a spring into the saddle, a word to the splendid animals, and away they would go, flying like the wind out into the country. And let me remark, right here, that Mrs. Roosevelt, when I knew her, was one of the finest horsewomen I ever met, and as much at home in the saddle as was her distinguished husband.

Mrs. Roosevelt, when in the White House, looked after the comfort and health of husband and children just as any other American woman would in private life. The welfare of the boys and girls—their schools, their games and friends and ambitions—was a very important part of life to her. Whether she was listening to a boyish project of Quentin's or Archie's for camping out somewhere overnight, or presiding at a great dinner to fifty distinguished guests, or, later the same evening, receiving five hundred more people at a musicale—as was often the case—Mrs. Roosevelt was always the same: gentle, courteous, gracious and winsome. I have used that word "winsome" several times in referring to Mrs. Roosevelt. I meant to do so. To my mind it describes her more accurately than any other word in the language. Because of her rare character her youthful spirits never changed. Like her husband she was able to meet and mingle on equal terms with people of all ages. When she attended the White House dinner for schoolgirl friends of Miss Ethel, which was given Thursday evening, April 18, 1907, and took part in the dance that followed it in the East Room, the young guests who were present never realized that she was one whit older than they were. She entered into the affair with the single intention of giving the schoolgirls just as good a time as they could possibly have; and it was because she wholly forgot herself and thought only of the others that she seemed as young as they that memorable evening.

The Out-of-Doors Roosevelts

LIKE the President she lived an outdoor life as far as possible, and did not believe in letting weather conditions interrupt plans for riding or walking. In this connection I remember the thirtieth day of January, 1908—the coldest day Washington had had for a year, if not, indeed, for many a year. Everybody in the city—almost everybody, that is—was complaining of the bitter weather, and almost everybody was put to it to keep reasonably warm. In this we of the Executive Office formed no exception. I had arrived in the office rather early that day and was busily engaged in blowing the tips of my fingers and stamping my feet, when, at about fifteen minutes before nine o'clock, I happened to glance through a window and saw the President and Mrs. Roosevelt leaving the White House, neither of them wearing hat or head-covering of any kind. They turned into the south grounds bareheaded as they were, and made two full rounds, he walking rapidly with his habitually long, swinging step, and Mrs. Roosevelt keeping up with him. The keen, biting air, the rays of the winter sun, and the light-blue sky were what they wanted to enjoy; and enjoy those things they did with a vim.

It was only a few weeks before this happened that the children suffered a great loss in the disappearance of a pet dog, a little black-and-tan that they loved dearly, especially Quentin. Search was made, but no trace could be found of it. One day in November word was brought to the White House that a dog answering the pet's description had been seen in the public dog-pound, and without delay Mrs. Roosevelt set out to walk there, accompanied by Quentin and the governess. When they reached the pound they were disappointed to find that the black-and-tan they had been told about was not their lost pet, but it did look very much like him—so much so, in fact, that little Quentin immediately made friends with it and took it in his arms.

Mrs. Roosevelt called the pound-master to her.

"What are you going to do with the dog my little boy is playing with?" she inquired.

"He will be killed if some one does not redeem him very shortly, madam."

"Can I purchase his freedom?"

"Yes, madam, by paying the usual fee of two dollars."

Quentin was asked if he would like this new doggie, and the answer of his bright eyes as well as his words caused Mrs. Roosevelt, as soon as she returned to the White House, to send Anderson posthaste to the pound, with instructions to bring back the black-and-tan without delay.

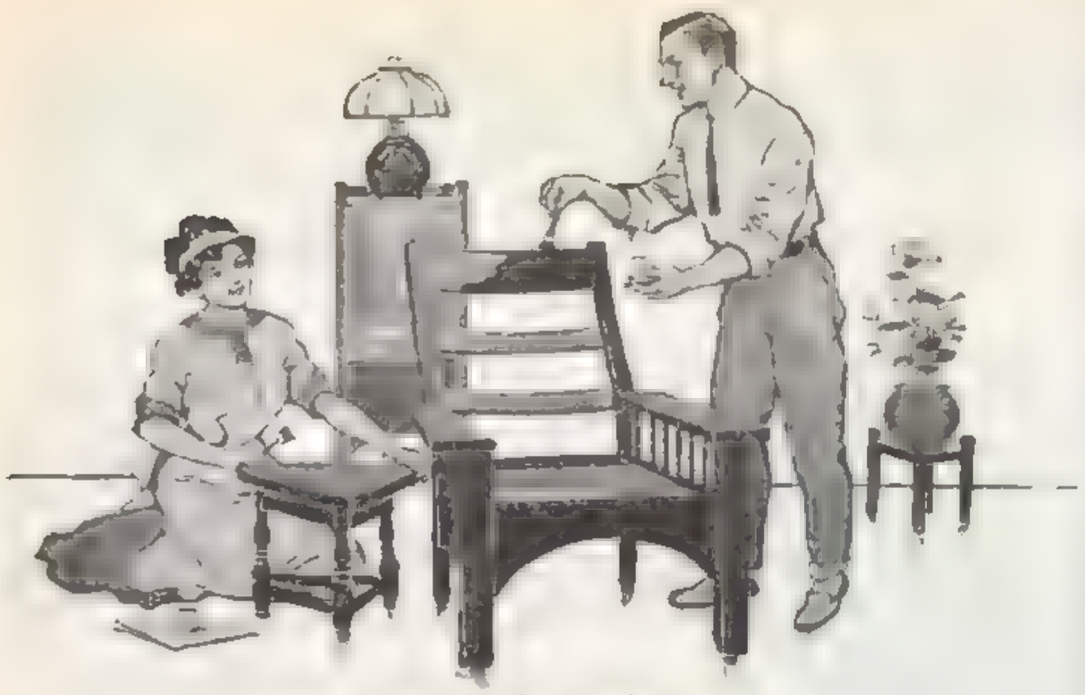
Teaching Sewing in the White House

ONE of the most important social events at the White House during Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency was the wedding of his daughter Alice to Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, which took place on Saturday, February 17, 1906. The marriage service of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States was read by the Right Reverend Henry Yates Satterlee, Bishop of the Diocese of Washington. The day itself was perfect, and the gold and white decorations of the East Room were made even more splendid by the exquisite floral decorations. One of the guests who saw this twelfth bride of the White House advance to the dais leaning on the arm of her father was Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris who, thirty-odd years before, had been married on almost that identical spot. The great East Room was packed to its capacity, and the wedding was one of the most brilliant affairs of its kind that has ever taken place on this continent.

The second great social event in the family life of Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt during their residence in the White House occurred some two years after this wedding, when their daughter Miss Ethel was formally introduced to society. As was well said at the time, this young maiden whose entrance into "Vanity Fair" was made under such auspicious circumstances was one of the most beloved of the girls who have enlivened the home of the Presidents since the days of its first mistress, Abigail Adams. No other girl ever reigned there so long, not even Nellie Grant, and no other entered its portal little more than a child and stayed there until six or seven years transformed her into young womanhood. Brought up in the simplest way at Sagamore Hill and attending an unpretentious school near by, the comrade of two enterprising young brothers and the companion of father and mother, surrounded by an atmosphere of high ideals and living in an environment of gentleness and culture, her preparation for life was far from that usually accorded American girls. Familiar with English, French, German; an accomplished pianist; possessing mental and physical vigor, she also had been taught the high art of housekeeping and home-making by the best of all teachers. It is not generally known, perhaps, that Mrs. Roosevelt is an exquisite needlewoman. The baby-clothes of all her children, it is said, were fashioned by her own skillful fingers. She early taught her daughter to sew and really to enjoy sewing, and during her White House life Miss Ethel more often than not was fashioning some garment, crocheting, knitting or embroidering some fancy article.

The President's two eldest sons, Theodore, Jr., and Kermit, were away at boarding-school during most of the years of their parents' occupancy of the White House, but the two younger boys, Archie and Quentin, attended schools in the city near by. And fun-loving, rollicking lads

Roosevelt at Indianapolis, October 15, 1910



With JAP-A-LAC In One Short Night, You'll Have the Whole Room Spick and Bright

Perhaps you would like to have a *new library*; your old, oak furniture may be somewhat *out of date*, and *dingy* by this time.

All you have to do is *wash* it with *warm water* and *soap* during the *day*, order some *Dead Black* Jap-a-lac (Flemish finish) and when your husband comes home at night, give the bookcases, chairs, tables, and picture frames a thorough coat.

In the morning you will have as *charming* and *pleasing* a room as though you'd gone downtown and bought a complete *new* outfit. It will cost you *so little* in both *time* and money that to *hesitate* is to *waste*.

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JAP-A-LAC

Made in 18 Colors and Natural (Clear)

Renews everything from cellar to garret

For hardwood floors; for restoring linoleum; for wainscoting rooms; for re-coating worn-out tin and zinc bath tubs; for brightening woodwork of all sorts; for coating pantry shelves and kitchen tables; for varnishing pictures and gilding picture frames when thinned with turpentine; for restoring go-carts and wagons; for decorating flower pots and jardinière stands; for re-painting trunks; for restoring chairs, tables, iron beds, bookcases, and for a thousand and one uses, all of which are described and explained in a little book which you can have for a little request on a post card.

For sale everywhere—it wears forever. Look for the name Glidden as well as the name Jap-a-lac. There is no substitute.

THE GLIDDEN VARNISH CO.

Cleveland, O. **Toronto, Ont.**

they were too! From the very first day they arrived at the Executive Mansion they started in to have a good time, and they began by a detailed, careful survey of the entire building—every nook and cranny of it—and of the extensive, wide-reaching White House grounds. Washington remembers yet, with a chuckle, the story of a prank they were said to have indulged in that first day. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the story, but I accept it unhesitatingly, for it sounds just like two enterprising American youngsters. After inspecting their new home from attic to cellar the boys turned their attention to the grounds, and upon examining the wide-sweeping lawns and gardens on the south side they went into the park that fronts on Pennsylvania Avenue. By that time the afternoon was about gone and it was getting dark. The first thing Archie and Quentin spied was the old lamplighter, with his little ladder, scampering up and down the lampposts, lighting the gas which then was used.

Not Afraid to Learn the Truth

An idea for a new game popped into the active minds of Archie and Quentin. As soon as the lighter had turned on and illuminated all the posts on one side of the park and was hurrying to another side the lads would scramble up post after post, agile as a pair of monkeys, and turn out the lights. The man was completely mystified. No sooner would one side of the park be illuminated than the other would be in darkness. Finally a watchman, who had been studying this remarkable phenomenon, saw a light himself, so to speak; and, cautiously moving forward, he detected a wiry youngster in knickerbockers swarming up a lamppost, which suddenly became shrouded in black oblivion. The watchman waited until the phenomenon was repeated a few times, to make sure, and then darted forward to take into custody some young imp who had thus invaded the White House grounds. When he ascertained that he had two youngsters in his hands, and that both were sons of the President, he thoughtfully concluded not to press charges against them.

Every President, of course, receives a great many presents of various kinds from people all over the country, and in this respect Mr. Roosevelt was no exception. Publishing houses and authors, in some cases, sent books by the score. At one period of his Presidency the Executive Office was inundated—if that term is permissible—with Big Sticks, cut from every type of tree. I remember one such that had a butt-end as large as a pumpkin. Crate after crate arrived containing live foxes, live coons and other animals, including dogs without number. One day the newspapers told that a dog the President was particularly fond of had been whipped in a fight. Whether the story was true or not I cannot say, but I do know that a couple of days later a Roosevelt supporter out in Ohio sent to Washington a crate in which stood a big, heavy bulldog. At the same time came a note saying that the President might feel perfectly safe in turning him loose almost anywhere; that the brute had never been licked in a fight; and the man who wrote the letter added that he didn't believe he ever would be.

In addition to his endless official tasks, social entertaining, constant general reading, special studies and family comradeship, Mr. Roosevelt insisted upon keeping informed as closely as possible concerning the opinion of the country at large on all important public matters. In order to do this he saw and talked with hundreds of men where other Presidents have talked with scores. He invited to his office not merely men of education, and of wealth, owners and managers of great industrial plants, but also their workmen. It was a wonderful procession that passed into that office during the seven or eight years—statesmen, captains of industry, leaders of finance, authors, artists, explorers, naturalists, scientific men, labor leaders, ranchmen, governors, generals, political leaders of little way-back country districts, and humble folk of no particular importance whatever.

In addition to seeing all these people and receiving five hundred letters a day the President undertook to keep informed concerning public opinion as it was voiced by the responsible press of the nation. During Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency one of my own duties was to scan, from three hundred to

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Yale Hardware

The selection of hardware is an all-important part of house-building.

Your house must not only be well set off by its hardware—but that hardware must be durable—never require repairs—and be at all times an item of value when you come to sell.

Good-looking hardware also suggests a good house.

To select Yale Hardware is a pleasure.

There are Yale Designs in nearly every school and period of ornament, in many finishes, and at prices to suit every purse.

Every piece of hardware we make carries the Yale Quality.

Our little book "Your Hardware For Your Home" will be found very helpful indeed. We are always glad to send it free in response to a post card

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Makers of Yale Products

YALE

An interesting study

YOU have no idea how much help and satisfaction you will find in Campbell's Soups, until you try the various Campbell "kinds," and see how exactly they suit all the different occasions and different people.

You ought to study the whole list of

Campbell's

SOUPS

Some of them are just suited for your elaborate dinners. Some are precisely the thing for your dainty luncheons. And others you want for the plain every-day meals.

Order a dozen and try them on your table.

When you realize how good they are; how much time and trouble they save; and what zest and satisfaction they add to the entire meal, you'll never want to bother with home-made soups again.

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
Chicken	Ox Tail
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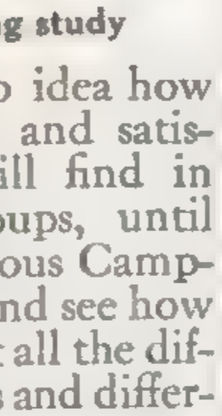
Clam	Pepper Pot
Clam Bouillon	Printanier
Clam Chowder	Tomato
Consommé	Tomato-Okra
Vegetable	
Vermicelli-Tomato	



Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

JOSEPH CAMPBELL COMPANY
Camden N J

Three negatives I've taken
Of that label red-and-white.
And the memories they waken
Are a positive delight

five hundred newspapers each day and to mark every single article, paragraph and reference therein that related to the policies and procedure of the Administration. Nothing was to be omitted, I was told when receiving instructions for this work. Nothing must be kept from the President, no matter how unfavorable, how severely critical, if it would be of the slightest value to him as a guide to the opinion of the people as a whole, whom he was trying to serve to the best of his ability. It is needless to add that I followed my instructions to the letter, and the clippings, of which there must have been tens of thousands, form a most extraordinary compilation.

The American people, always keenly interested in any new phase of life, found an endless field for comment and speculation in the varied activities of this many-sided President. One day the physical director of the New York Athletic Club, Mike Donovan, hopped on a train and came down to Washington at Mr. Roosevelt's personal request. In all probability neither of them thought anything about the matter one way or the other. Mr. Roosevelt merely wanted to make sure that after a protracted residence at the White House he had not lost any of his alertness of body or elasticity. So he sent word to Donovan to come down and try him out, and Donovan responded as he would have responded to a like request from any one of a number of his old pupils. But when the newspaper correspondents got hold of the fact that Mike Donovan, a famous trainer of athletes, was actually in Washington for the avowed purpose of putting the President of the United States through a series of athletic stunts which were to take place in the White House itself, the whole country rang with the stories sent out about it. Such a thing had never taken place in the White House before, and that was excuse enough for the prominence given to the affair. But looking at it from a common-sense viewpoint, there was every reason for such a visit.

The President called Donovan to Washington to test the power and efficiency of his physical self, to see if the bodily engine were sound, working true, and not in danger of slipping a cog anywhere. And during his Presidency Mr. Roosevelt had Donovan come down for the same purpose twice each year on the average.

In the White House Gymnasium

For a long time, also, Mr. Roosevelt engaged in wrestling bouts and in boxing contests with "Joe" Grant, champion of the District of Columbia, and these exercises took place two or three times a week during the winter season, when it was not expedient to go for a horseback ride or a long walk. We of today remember, of course, the arrival in Washington of the distinguished Japanese instructors in jiu-jitsu, who visited the White House at various times during two seasons until Mr. Roosevelt became proficient in their remarkable art. It was not only with such expert professional athletic teachers, however, that the President practiced various forms of self-defense. Wrestling bouts, boxing contests and broadsword encounters were indulged in with close personal friends—notably General Leonard Wood—and with the President's sons and their friends. At one time the newspapers were filled with stories about the famous wrestling exhibition given in the East Room by the heaviest, most powerful and most proficient wrestlers of the Empire of Japan.

It would be possible to keep on writing almost indefinitely of such incidents as I have thus far set forth concerning the home life of President Roosevelt in the White House, but enough has been said, I think, to give my readers some idea of his many-sided personality, and his manner of facing the problems, great and small, that constantly came up for attention. All who were employed in the Executive Office during his Presidency worked hard, perhaps harder than under any other President in fifty years; but every man of us knew that Mr. Roosevelt worked harder than we did; that he knew what each of us was doing, and that he appreciated to the full our efforts to aid him in transacting the business of the Executive.

Author's Note—I beg to express my indebtedness to Mr. Henry Edward Rood for his services in connection with these Recollections, of which this paper is the last.

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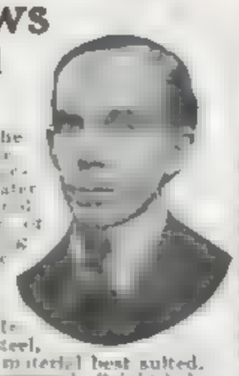
Andrews
The Man and His Boiler



CLOCA ANDREWS, the [illegible] is Mr. Andrews' belief that steel, [illegible] was the material best suited. [illegible] he "right boiler" [illegible] or patrons are convinced he has attained the nearest to perfection of any boiler in the world.

Mr. Andrews is a leader in Hot-Water Heating. He was first to increase the heating [illegible] Piping; first to ship [illegible] direct to users in all parts of [illegible] to include tempera [illegible] Heating plants [illegible] Guaranteed by [illegible] of [illegible] Heating [illegible]

Coal Cost is a Yearly Cost

The Boiler Carries The Burden

[illegible] le so designed as to enable each part to do its [illegible] most perfectly, and to be easily cleaned

$15.00 a Year for 10-Room House

[illegible] ebrated by users of our Locomotive Steel Boiler [illegible]

Examine the Sectional View of Boiler

[illegible] these boilers are [illegible] other boilers and [illegible] contact of fire and water enables it to heat quickly on [illegible]

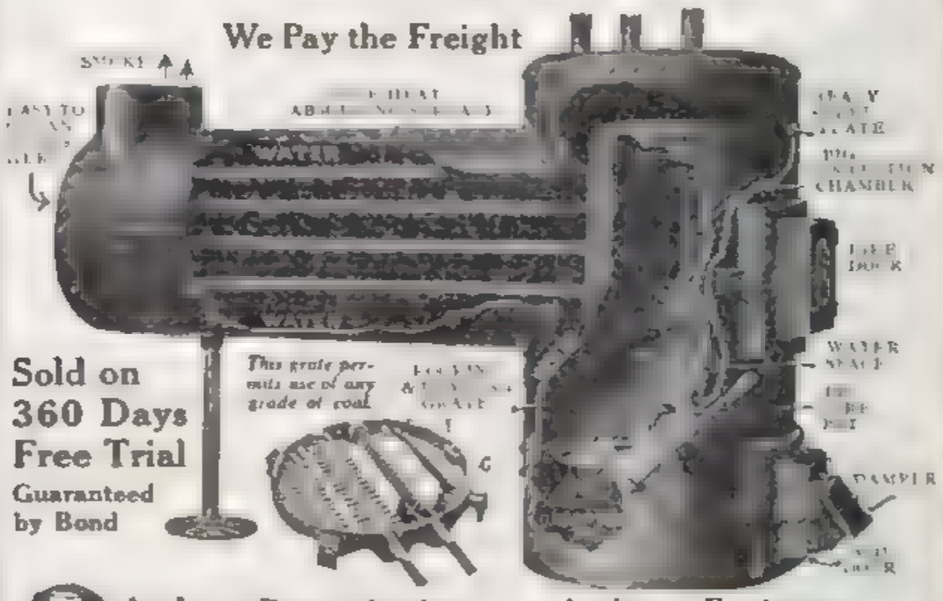
Read What Two Users Say:

[illegible] year and other like it. I have not had [illegible] W. L. ANGELL, Minneapolis, Minn.

[illegible] Water Heating [illegible] the longer it [illegible] H. A. KROLL, Winnipeg, Man.

The Andrews Locomotive Steel Boiler

We Pay the Freight



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This wonderful device is an Andrews patent [illegible]

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Andrews Engineers are [illegible] experienced [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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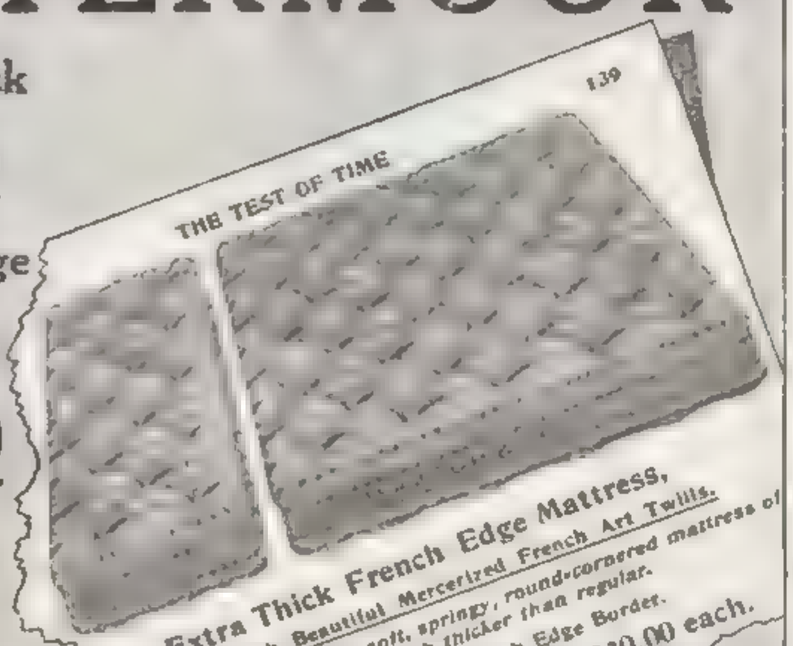

Extra Thick French Edge Mattress,
Covered with Beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills.
An exceedingly luxurious, soft, springy, round-cornered mattress of extra weight, much thicker than regular.
Five inch inseamed French Edge Border.
4 feet 6 inches wide, 60 lbs., $30.00 each.

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Catalogue mailed Free if you wish

In the course of our enormous business, hundreds of ticking remnants accumulate. We take this annual opportunity to move them. You get the financial benefit—we clear our stock.

These mattresses cost $30, regularly, and are in every way as great, if not greater bargains than those sold last year at the special price of $18.50. If you were fortunate enough to secure one, you will fully appreciate the present sale.

Mattresses are all full double-bed size, 4 ft. 6 in. wide, 6 ft. 4 in. long, *in one or two parts*, round corners, 5-inch inseamed borders, French Rolled Edges, exactly like illustration. Built in the most luxurious possible manner by our most expert specialists.

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Weight, full 60 lbs. each, 15 lbs. more than regular.

Coverings, beautiful Mercerized French Art Twills, finest quality, pink, blue, yellow, green or lavender, plain or figured. High-grade, dust-proof Satin Finish Ticking, striped in linen effect or the good old-fashioned blue and white stripe Herring-bone Ticking.

Price $18.50 Each

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From your Ostermoor dealer; or, if he has none in stock, we will ship direct, express prepaid, same day check is received by us.

We pay Transportation Charges anywhere in the United States.
Offered only while they last, first come, first served. The supply is limited.
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The Senator's Secretary

ROBERT BRUCE MACON, member of the House of Representatives from the First Arkansas District, modestly seeks to conceal his fame by printing the shortest biography in the Congressional Directory. He says: "Robert Bruce Macon, Democrat, of Helena, was elected to the Fifty-eighth and to each succeeding Congress," thereby scoring heavily on Henry Algernon du Pont—he omits the de Nemours part of it in his biography—Senator from Delaware, who uses almost a page to recount the various battles and skirmishes and engagements he took part in in the Civil War, and on such other verbose statesmen as Henry Cabot Lodge, Doctor Gallinger and J. Warren Keifer, who use up a great deal of space in detailing the various battles in which they gallantly served or the various offices they have gallantly held.

Still, Robert Bruce Macon cannot remain thus undistinguished, for, at some pains, I have discovered other vital facts in his illuminating career. It seems he was born near Trenton, Arkansas, and has always lived in his native county, moving to Helena at a later date. At the tender age of nine he was left an orphan and without resources. He worked on a farm and attended local schools, adding home studies to the curriculum. He was admitted to the bar in 1891, was a member of the Arkansas House of Representatives from 1883 to 1887, clerk of the circuit court from 1892 to 1896, prosecuting attorney for the first judicial district from 1898 to 1902, and has been in Congress since.

From this it will be seen that Robert Bruce has rarely been dissociated from the payroll of his grateful district since he left the farm and, mayhap, before, for he was in the legislature prior to his entrance into the legal profession. Hence the activities of Mr. Macon in Washington, especially during the closing months of the Sixty-first Congress, have not been devoid of interest, inasmuch as his principal concern seems to have been to separate others, especially clerks and bureau chiefs in the Government departments, from the payroll.

Mr. Macon may be classified as a set and acidulous statesman who has a congenital aversion to having any money appropriated except for the benefit of his district and his state. In the latter cases his liberality knows no bounds. An inquiring member of the House, glancing through the record of bills of the past few years, discovered, he says, that Mr. Macon has been sponsor for bills appropriating about fifty millions for his own district, and a mere bagatelle of a hundred millions for the state of Arkansas, but woe be unto the clerk whose salary it is proposed to raise from twelve hundred dollars to fourteen hundred dollars a year if Mr. Macon happens to be on the floor when this iniquitous proposition is presented.

List to a Fearsome Tale!

His method is automatic and symptomatic. Whenever he feels a fit of economy—as regards clerks—coming on, he gets a copy of the particular appropriation bill that happens to be under consideration, plants himself firmly in his chair and impales the items in that bill with his glittering eye. Instantly when a raise comes along, or a provision for more clerks, or a new chief, or an extra stenographer, he rises and squeaks: "Mr. Speaker, I make a point of order against that item." That is all that is necessary, for under the rules such items go out of an appropriation bill when the point of order is raised.

Oftentimes his Democratic colleagues plead with him, but he is as adamant. He refuses to respond. His duty is there, plainly before him, and he does it. Once a Democratic colleague, exasperated at Macon's objection to a perfectly reasonable proposition, addressed a few words to him which in broad general terms compared him to a certain domestic animal that uses its time and endeavors for exploring the ground with its snout and never looks up, but Macon was imperturbable. He calmly raised another point of order.

Still there was a moment when he became excited, and it is a fearsome tale. In order that the extreme parlousness of the situation in which he found himself may be appreciated at its true worth it is necessary to state that Mr. Macon is not exactly a heavyweight physically. He is small, not to say slight, with a predilection for the kind of coat known as the Prince Albert and for a black string-tie, a most suitable garbing for a statesman as well as for a suffragette. Mr. Macon's voice is high and raspy and so is his Adam's apple. But beneath his brow there burns an ardent eye—or a pair of them, to be exact—and underneath his waistcoat there beats an intrepid heart.

It so fell out that on a certain day not far back an article appeared in an afternoon paper concerning some of Mr. Macon's activities in the matter of repressing those avaricious clerks who want to get as much salary as they can for their work, thereby differing materially from the rest of mankind, according to Mr. Macon's view. The article was written by Walter Fahy, a Washington newspaper correspondent, who does the Capitol for his paper. It wasn't so much the article that attracted the attention of Mr. Macon as the headlines. These stated, in effect, that it had been said on the floor of the House that Mr. Macon was not friendly to the clerks, a mild enough pronouncement in view of the facts.

Near-Carnage in the House

When Mr. Macon lighted on that headline he promptly blew up. It has been a matter of comment for many years that when little men blow up they blow up with much more noise and general confusion than big men. Mr. Macon had all the trimmings on his blowing up. He trembled with excitement, his voice quivered with rage, his eyes shot forth lightnings, his brow was knitted into a portentous frown, his form swayed under the stress of his emotions, his fierce gestures denoted his disturbed frame of mind—in short, he did everything the chap in the best-seller does when he gets good and mad.

Well, it was a terrifying moment. The whole House suspended its work and looked on in awe, mingled with curiosity. What was to happen? Nobody knew, but all hoped for the worst. Rising to a point of personal privilege, Mr. Macon put forth a fine line of denunciation concerning Mr. Fahy, in which he intimated that Mr. Fahy was a good many things a gentlemanly member of the press gallery should not be, including a wart. Presently Mr. Fahy strolled into the gallery. Now it so happens that Mr. Fahy himself is no Brobdingnagian in so far as stature goes. He is a small man, also, who wears eyeglasses, smaller than Mr. Macon, in fact. Probably he never weighed much more than a hundred and twenty pounds in his life.

However, Mr. Fahy is not a wart and he resented that appellation. It was almost as bad as if he had been called a bunion, a term of reproach no member of the press gallery would stand. Hence he waited as patiently as might be until the House adjourned. At that moment he was without the doors, and as the Speaker's gavel fell announcing that this great deliberative body had concluded its labors for the day Mr. Fahy bolted in on the floor and reached Macon's side. Then he spoke of his intention of licking Mr. Macon. Carefully laying aside his eyeglasses and removing his overcoat with some deliberation, Mr. Fahy told Mr. Macon to put up his hands or be prepared to get a biff on the jaw.

It so happened that various of Mr. Fahy's colleagues in the press gallery, having heard Mr. Fahy express a determination to wallop Mr. Macon, arrived on the floor of the House as soon as he did and restrained him. Also some of Mr. Macon's colleagues stepped in front of him, notably Ollie James, who resembles the rear end of a hack in general architecture, effectively concealing Mr. Macon from the view of all and sundry concerned and making it quite impossible for Mr. Fahy to hit Mr. Macon without the aid of a stepladder or a vaulting pole wherewith to overcome the bulk of Mr. James. Whereupon the friends of Mr. Macon and the friends of Mr. Fahy, by aid of considerable conversation, persuaded Mr. Macon to withdraw his remarks from the Record temporarily, at least, and led Mr. Fahy away, and there was no carnage.

This happened on a Saturday afternoon. On the Monday following Mr. Macon rose to a question of personal privilege and desired to know whether members of the

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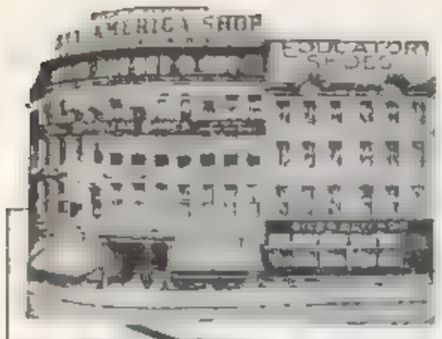
1866 1911



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FROM one little shop in which shoes were made with painstaking care by primitive methods, has grown a shoe industry which today is known throughout the world—this organization of RICE & HUTCHINS.

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That the policy formed at the inception of this business "to make honest shoes at honest prices," was right, is attested today by a demand so large that eight modern factories, beside tanneries, and distributing houses in this country and abroad are required.

Such evidence speaks for growth, success and the appreciation of wearers of RICE & HUTCHINS' shoes—made in New England of New England quality—worn everywhere.

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The distributing power of RICE & HUTCHINS, through its many branch houses in large buying centers, benefits the local stores which serve their respective communities, by prompt deliveries of styles and sizes needed, which the local dealer may order at his pleasure.

The geographical location and conditions have been studied, the distributing agencies so divided that RICE & HUTCHINS in New England are in constant touch with every city in the Union.

Wearers of RICE & HUTCHINS' shoes benefit by this system of distribution, because no matter where they live, men, women and children can obtain a RICE & HUTCHINS' shoe suitable for their feet.

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For forty-five years of shoemaking we have studied carefully the lines, proportions and demands of the normal foot. Our shoes are scientifically right, embodying style, comfort and elegance of finish

Producing as we do, shoes in large volume and infinite variety, we aim for quality as well as quantity, so that wearers of RICE & HUTCHINS' shoes are assured when purchasing from any RICE & HUTCHINS' dealer of getting shoes that are dependable and economical in price

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DEALERS THE MOST UP-TO-DATE STYLES IN STOCK AT THESE POINTS

To sell Rice & Hutchins' shoes is to sell the best.
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FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

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and be distinctively attired on the foremost fashion day of all the year. Have your choice of our elegant assortment of new Spring Woolens

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and secure all that correct quality of style, fit and fabric, and that snappy individuality, so much sought after by all good dressers—within a price range of

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Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes
Price Building Chicago, U.S.A.

(Concluded from Page 30)

House can be protected for words spoken in debate, whether they are protected under the Constitution of the United States or whether they must protect themselves with shotguns. He recited the thrilling facts of the encounter with Mr. Fahy—which, it appeared then in the revised version, was entirely conversational—and speedily got to his point, which was to inquire of the House for what purpose the correspondents who came in with Mr. Fahy arrived in such remarkable numbers at that time.

This was the nubbin of his contention: "Mr. Speaker, if a policy is to be pursued whereby a newspaper reporter can write articles that would be a practical assassination of character for a member, and then, because the member saw fit to denounce the action of the reporter, the reporter would be allowed to collect about him a host of his associates and come upon the floor of the House while the member was unsurrounded by friends, when he was absolutely alone, to do him violence, and then be permitted to go unpunished therefor, I say there is no longer any kind of a guarantee of life or liberty left to the members of the House, and it will not be long before there will be an intimidation permeating the very air of the House that will, indeed, be detrimental to the best interests of this great Government of ours. Mr. Speaker, I prefer death to that condition."

Of course, it was quite beyond the possibilities of the situation to kill Mr. Macon, so they did the next best thing and provided for an investigation for Macon to discover whether the horde of revengeful, bloodthirsty, murderous correspondents, who came in with Mr. Fahy and stood between him and Mr. Macon, were intimidating Mr. Macon or protecting him. And the funny part of the whole affair is that Fahy had nothing to do with the headlines on his article, did not write them, knew nothing about them, as they were written in the office, and, apparently, Macon never got any farther than the headlines before he blew up. All of which is an illuminating commentary on whatever you think it is an illuminating commentary on.

A Choice of Evils

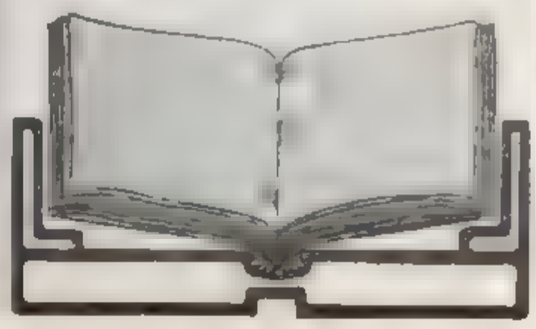
No person would ever pick Senator Burton, of Ohio, for a humorist, and yet he put one over in the Senate a few days ago that made a good many of his hearers laugh. He was speaking on the Lorimer case and showing why it would be necessary to exclude Senator Lorimer from the Senate because of the bribery that is alleged to have occurred at the time of his election by the Illinois legislature. Senator Burton referred to the cases of bribery that have been discovered in Adams County, Ohio, and admitted they were bad, of course, but, he said, it is a county more remote from lines of communication than any other in the state, close politically. In explanation of the acts of the voters in selling their votes he announced: "Their greatest error was in the very prevalent idea that a different standard of honesty obtains in politics from that which should govern in commercial or domestic life. Also their land is very poor."

A man who was very active in the Taft Presidential campaign, who raised a large sum of money to help pay expenses, and who had an official position with the Republican National Committee in 1908, strayed into the White House not long ago. It was the first time he had been in Washington since the inauguration.

The President came forward with outstretched hands to greet him.

"Why, hello, old fellow!" said the President. "I haven't seen you in a long time. Why haven't you been down here before?"

"Mr. President," said the visitor, looking the President in the eye, "this is the first Republican administration since President Grant's that I haven't been asked to."



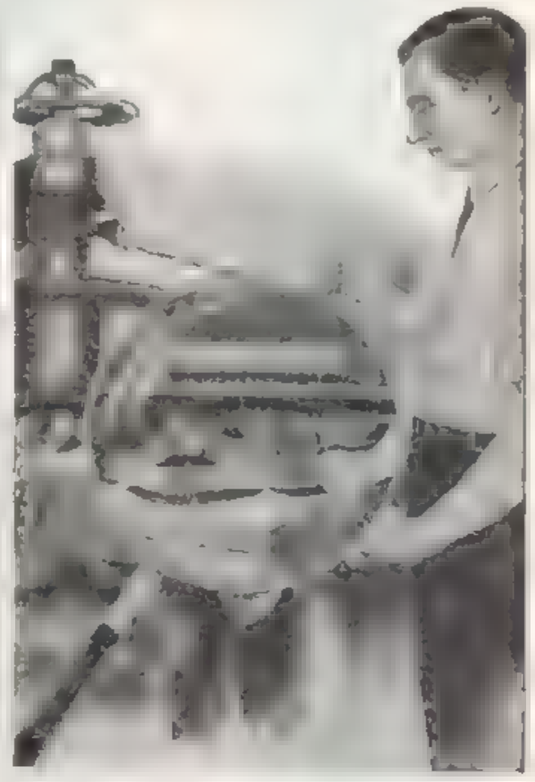
Expert Shoe Making

Under the Magnifying Glass

YOU'RE becoming interested perhaps in this series of factory-photographs showing how really *good* shoes are made.

The pictures mean something to you because, maybe, you have never had a chance to visit our big work rooms and see for yourself what it is that makes the shoes as near perfect as human ingenuity and skill can make them

This illustration of the "clicking machine" shows the dies laid on the leather. The arm is brought over by the operator, and acting like a hammer it cuts out the leather required in the upper of a "White House" Shoe.

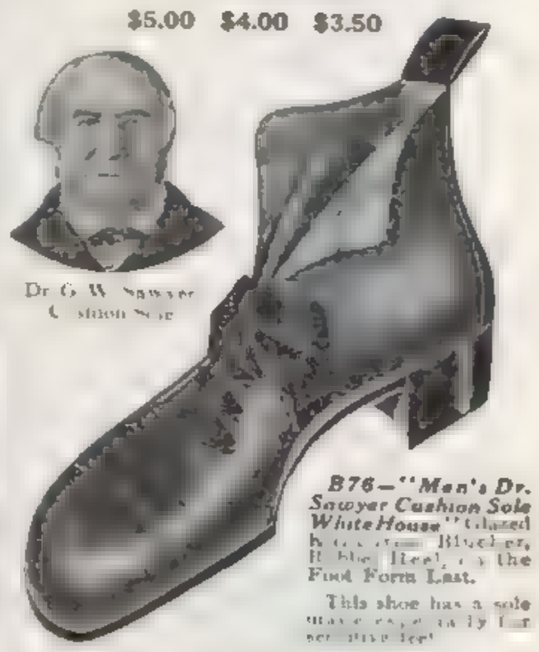


It requires skill to produce the high quality, beauty, style and comfort found in

White House Shoes

For Men — For Women

$5.00 $4.00 $3.50



B76—"Men's Dr. Sawyer Cushion Sole White House" Glazed [illegible] Blucher, [illegible] Heel, on the Find Form Last.

This shoe has a sole [illegible]

And we who know the factory end, can tell that—

Buster Brown Shoes

For Boys

For Girls

[illegible] principles [illegible]

Ask your dealer for "White House" Shoes or "Buster Brown" Shoes, as the case may be. If he cannot provide them write us and we will see that you are supplied.

The Brown Shoe Company
St. Louis U S A

"A Pleasing Reflection"

"This suit suits me to a T!"

"Style, fit, fabric—everything. And the price puts me dollars to the good!

"It fits *me* because it was cut to *my* measure—nobody else's; and *fitted* to me *in the making*. That's the beauty of tailor-made clothes.

"I know that all these *Shackamaxon* styles are exclusive. You can't get them in ready-made goods. I know that the *Shackamaxon* fabrics wear well and *keep* their shape and finish and color, to the last thread.

"My tailor guarantees them. The Mills guarantee them.

"I know they are better than many imported fabrics that would cost me a lot more money.

"In fact I'm suited right down to the ground."

That is a mighty pleasing reflection for a self-respecting man.

Will *you* have such reflections about *your* next suit? And *will they last as long as you wear it?*

That's the thing to think of. Almost any fabric can be made to look well for a little while. *Shackamaxon* fabrics *stay* right.

They are all pure long-fibre wool. And no fabric made anywhere is better-woven, nor more perfectly shrunken, finished and dyed.

If any fault develops in any *Shackamaxon* fabric, at any time, write to us and we will make it good.

Write us now, while you think of it, for the name of a tailor near you who will show you the handsome new *Shackamaxon* Spring Styles.

We'll send you the *Shackamaxon* Spring style-book and Correct-Dress chart, too, if you'll ask for it

J R Keim & Co. *Shackamaxon* Mills
Philadelphia

Look for this trade-mark on every yard of the fabric.

"Shackamaxon"
Guaranteed fabrics.

THE COUNTRYMAN

Solving Riddles in Rations

TWO stock farmers of the Ohio Valley went down to the Louisville stockyards and each bought twenty head of beef-feeder steers. These cattle were shipped back to the blue-grass pastures, fed in feed lots during the winter and finished on blue grass for the fall market. When the two lots were sold last fall, and the accounts balanced, one farmer had cleared just fifty dollars, while the other barely broke even, allowing nothing for his work. The method of feeding made the difference. "What shall I feed?" is the eternal question of the stockman. What crops to grow, what supplemental feeds to buy and, more important than all else, what combinations to use, even of the choicest feeds, are some of the riddles that the herdsman must solve. The old German adage, "The eye of the master fattens his cattle," is all right as a guide to good management, but is a pretty poor rule by which to balance rations. A definite knowledge of what a feed contains and what use the animal can make of it is essential to successful feeding.

The science of feeding is full of contradictions. Nature gives the beast of the field but a single ration, grass—either succulent in summer or dry in winter; yet no practical feeder would think of attempting to grow prime beef or maintain a heavy milk flow on grass alone, except for limited periods. The difficulty of modern production lies in the demands for more rapid growth and a larger yield of milk and butter-fat than formerly satisfied the farmer. Hogs were often two or three years old before they were butchered; now the year-old shoat is preferred by the packer. Beef was grown on grass alone, with a little hay or straw in winter; and a so-called finished steer was often five or six years old before he was ready for the block. Now baby beef, or prime finished two-year-olds, are market-toppers at the Chicago and Kansas City yards. The old brindle cow of our grandfathers reared one calf a year, gave one gallon of milk a day for about eight months and then went dry for three or four months a year. Now our well-bred dairy animal must produce six thousand to eight thousand pounds of milk a year, containing three hundred to five hundred pounds of butter-fat, and keep up her work, with barely a month's vacation, for six to ten years. The mania for high records and speed in the production of animals is quite as evident as in the sports. Little wonder that the problems of stock feeding grow intricate and hard to understand! The high pressure under which our animals are required to perform induces unusual conditions that complicate the whole feeding problem. The food problems of the stockman approach the food problems of man in importance; in fact, they are inseparable, since the feeding of dairy and beef animals is but one step in the feeding of man.

Corn Heads the List

Cheap stock foods have passed. Free range, twenty-cent corn, mill by-products to be had for the hauling, are no longer known. Even the garbage collector must pay liberally for the privilege of using this by-product for feeding purposes. The greater cost of feeds has compelled the stockman to keep close check on results. Fifty-cent corn is not scattered in the hog lot with the prodigal freedom that it was when the market price of corn was twenty cents a bushel. Steers are no longer fed on prime timothy hay in the Connecticut Valley when hay sells for twenty-five dollars a ton, as they once were; nor are dairy cows very profitably kept on dry corn fodder, with no grains.

The balanced ration is proving decidedly unbalanced in the light of new evidence submitted by the agricultural chemists. The very foundations upon which the principles of feeding livestock are based are being questioned, and the truth is being sought in altogether new channels. The old balanced ration was based upon the chemical analysis of the feedstuff alone. It was merely a matter of figuring out how many pounds of each of the essentials for growth—protein, carbohydrates and fats—were needed by the animal, and then giving the required mixture of feed. This has been done with great benefit and good results, being a decided improvement over the old hit-or-miss method of feeding; but today it is evident that some feeds are not worth quite what the chemists' analyses show. The essentials for the growth and maintenance of the animal from different kinds of plants have different values. The attention of the agricultural experiment stations is now directed to discovering just what the real worth of the protein of one fat is compared with that of another. To work this out is a long and tedious scientific process and requires the greatest skill on the part of the investigator.

Over at the Pennsylvania State College they designed and built a respiration calorimeter for the express purpose of getting at the truth of what happens in the animal body when a certain feed is used. The results have shown that the scientists are on the right track toward useful information. Other careful experiments are being made at a dozen experiment stations with the common purpose of learning more about the real value of feeding materials. Some of these tests are contradicting long-accepted ideas and promise to revolutionize our method of feeding animals to a considerable degree. Corn, for instance, has been long acknowledged as the premier of all fat-forming feeds, but was widely condemned as a feed for growing animals. The Wisconsin experiment station is showing by a carefully planned series of tests that corn and its feed products are superior to oats or wheat, or even a mixture of these. The vigor of the calves from four lots of cows has shown that corn has first value, oats next, mixed feed third, and wheat the poorest of all. The real cause of the criticism of corn for growing animals was not due to the grain itself, but rather to the combinations in which it was used.

The Cow That Sacrificed Herself

Ground rock phosphate as a stock food sounds impossible and revolutionary and reads like some of the advertisements of magnetic healing minerals that appeared in quack medical circles a few years ago; but ground rock phosphate is being used as a stock feed and it has been proved that the animal body can make use of the phosphorus of this material when necessary. In a number of experiment stations animals have been fed for long periods on rations in which the phosphorus needed for bone formation and other body processes was derived from finely ground rock phosphate or "floats." Pigs have been made to thrive upon it, cows have been able to produce a good milk flow, and other classes of stock can digest it. These experiments do not warrant every stock feeder in immediately adding ground rock to his feed bins, but it gives a glimpse of what the future may have in store in the way of meeting the feed problem.

The minerals or ash contained in feeds are of much more importance than has been generally supposed. The self-sacrificing principle, which is observed by the animal body—namely, to keep the composition of the milk and of the body of the young up to the standard, even if the body of the mother sacrifice the necessary materials—has been strikingly illustrated. At a leading experiment station a cow was fed a ration deficient in lime and it was found that she was robbing her own skeleton of lime to keep the composition of her milk up to the calcium standard. At one time she was only receiving twenty-five grams of lime daily and was giving out fifty grams a day in her milk. Similar tests with swine have shown that the bones of newborn pigs are normal even though the feed of the mother may not have contained sufficient lime to form them. The brittle condition of the bones of the mother, however, gave testimony to her self-sacrifice. The popular but erroneous notion that wheat bran contains a large amount of bone-building material in the ration is often the most serious defect in the feeding practice.

These experimental results have led the fanciful speculator to suggest that we may some time feed stock or even man upon mineral feeds alone and thus escape the

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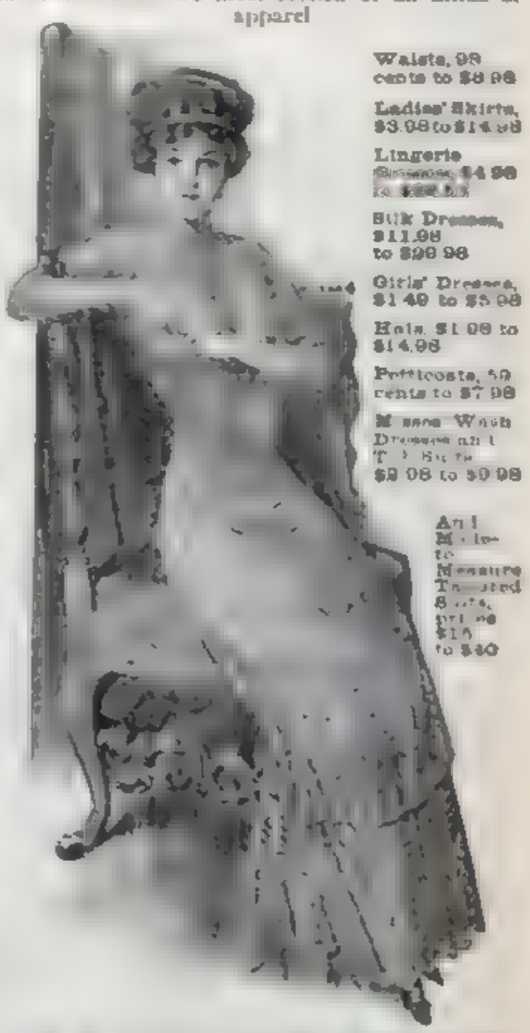

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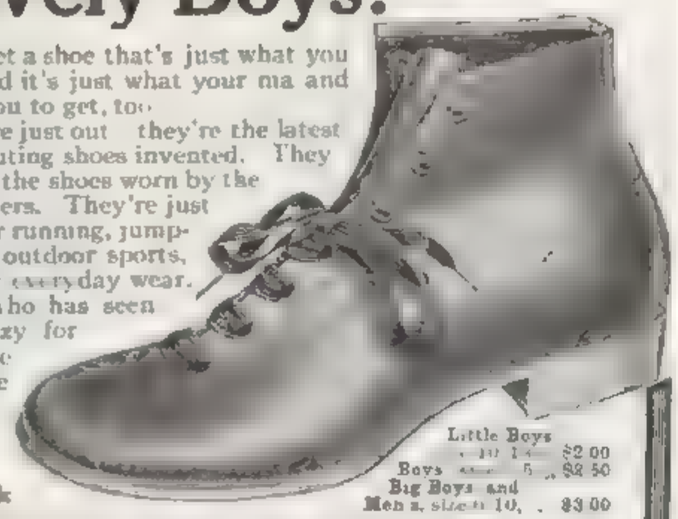
The "NATIONAL" prepays expressage and postage to all parts of the world. Your money refunded if you are not pleased.

NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.
239 West 24th Street, New York City

The Best Shoe on Earth for Lively Boys!



At last you can get a shoe that's just what you want, boys! And it's just what your ma and pa will want you to get, too. "Boy Scouts" are just out—they're the latest and greatest outing shoes invented. They look just like the shoes worn by the big ball players. They're just the thing for running, jumping, and all outdoor sports, as well as for everyday wear. Every boy who has seen them is crazy for a pair. All the boys in your crowd will be jealous of you when you get them—they'll want some just like them.

Colors: Olive, Tan and Black

Little Boys [illegible] $2.00
Boys [illegible] $2.50
Big Boys and Men's, sizes 10, [illegible] $3.00

The "BOY SCOUT" Shoe

"Boy Scouts" are the lightest and strongest everyday shoe ever made. They're built on lasts made especially for growing feet. They're soft as a glove and feel easy on the feet the minute you [illegible]

[illegible] -grade Elk Sole Leather. Our special tanning process makes the soles wear from two to three times as long as common soles.

There are no linings to tear the stockings or hurt the feet. "Boy Scouts" are the coolest and [illegible]ful shoes you can find anywhere. [illegible] shoes are put on so good they can't come loose, no matter how rough you are.

Write For Name of Dealer. Just drop us a card and we'll send you the name of a dealer in your town who sells "Boy Scouts." [illegible] If there's [illegible] we haven't any dealer there. If the shoes don't please you, we'll return every penny you sent us, so you don't have to take any chances.

Look For the Good Luck Charm Don't accept a pair of shoes that haven't the "Swastika" Good Luck Charm attached to it. They're not the genuine [illegible] if they haven't it. This charm is made out of a special prepared metal that looks just like gold, and it always stays bright. The charm is a little larger than the picture in the corner indicates. Makes a dandy prize for ball games, races, etc.

Write *today* for the name of the dealer in your town who handles "Boy Scouts" and be the first in your crowd to have a pair.

THE EXCELSIOR SHOE CO.
Dept. 10 [illegible] Portsmouth, Ohio

plant kingdom. This idea is not new to the student of nutrition and, with the first steps already made, who can say that further advance is not possible? Animals have actually been maintained for considerable periods by synthetic feeding—that is, on rations made up entirely of materials obtained from other than plant sources.

The choice of feeding stuffs is no simple matter. Of the common farm-grown feeds, the staples are few. Corn stands paramount, even surpassing grass on the modern diversified farm, where permanent pastures are kept down to the minimum. Saving the entire corn plant in the silo has proved so economical and convenient that it promises to be universal in its use. Though gaining most rapidly in popularity in dairy sections with the succulence afforded by silage, which is of prime benefit in milk production, silage is being used for feeding cattle, horses, sheep—and even swine—with profitable returns.

Hay must be provided and alfalfa is at present the favorite, by long odds, among those who are acquainted with its merits. Timothy hay is rapidly resolving into a commercial product for city consumption and must in time give place to its leguminous sister, which has the dual advantage of forming an ideal stock food and also improving the land upon which it is growing.

The buying of grains or concentrated feeding stuffs offers the real riddles for the stockman. The grains on the ordinary market are comparatively few, but commercial feeding stuffs now number into the thousands and vary extremely in quality. So serious has become the opportunity for fraud and deception in this particular that most states now have feedstuff laws, which provide for the annual inspection of all feeding stuffs sold in the state and licenses for the manufacturers or agents. The buyer is hereby safeguarded, provided he secures the reports of these state feeding-stuff inspectors and informs himself as to the nature of the commercial feeds. These feeds offer every possible material and combination designed to meet the needs of any class of animals. Economy in their use is another question which must be determined by the individual feeder. The advantage of supplementing home-grown roughage and grains with a moderate amount of commercial feeding stuffs is universally recognized.

How to Cater to the Cow

Among the factors that the countryman who feeds animals, whether for growth or for product, finds of basic importance are the following:

Individual preference on the part of the animal must be catered to if the best returns are secured. The animals must be satisfied, and their likes and dislikes are almost as pronounced as in the human family. Early stockmen, and particularly those handling large numbers of animals, entirely ignored this factor; but, under modern high-pressure conditions, it is a profitable practice to take the question of individuality into consideration. In the successful dairy each cow must be fed according to her individual needs and humor, because only a contented, satisfied animal gives the maximum growth or milk flow.

The second fundamental is palatability. Experiments have conclusively proved that feed the animal likes will do it the most good. There must be variety to the ration to keep up the appetite and to stimulate digestive processes. This is where corn silage has its great merit. As a salad with a pungent odor and characteristic sharp flavor, it is especially an appetizer and keeps the digestive processes in vigorous working order.

In the third place, the feed must be ample in every particular. A deficit in one of the essentials for growth or production, whether protein, carbohydrates, fats or ash, is a weak link in the chain, which may make the entire feeding system ineffective.

Nothing is doing more to improve the methods of feeding than the increasing cost of feedstuffs. The stockman must get larger returns from the feeds he uses; and this will compel him to study the science of animal feeding and put his practice upon the right basis. Though there are many unsettled questions, there is plenty of information that will greatly aid the stockman if he will put it into practice. After all, the whole question of results in animal feeding, as well as in everything else, is limited by the factor of human intelligence.

28 Delicious Surprises

Attractive tempting variations for your menu—that cut your butcher's bills in half—in our little book, "True Food Economy,"—just out.

Free for the asking

Tells the best ways of cooking and serving codfish—simple recipes that will surprise you and the family with dainty, tempting dishes, produced at a great saving on the cost of high-priced meat.

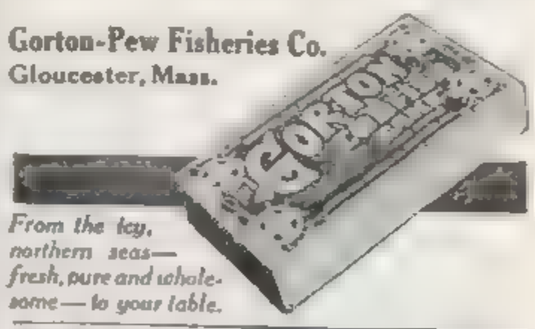
Gorton's Codfish

"No Bones"

according to Dr. Wiley, the famous Government food expert, contains 60% more nutrition than choicest beef. It is much easier to prepare—far richer—more tender and delicious. Prepared in the world's largest, most complete fisheries. Packed in neat, convenient-sized, sanitary packages.

See if your grocer has it. If not, give us his name when you send for the booklet. Send today—save money—surprise "the family."

Gorton-Pew Fisheries Co.
Gloucester, Mass.



From the icy, northern seas—fresh, pure and wholesome—to your table.

$8,000-$10,000 YEARLY

is frequently made by owners of our famous Merry-Go-Rounds. It is a big paying, healthful business. Just the thing for the man who can't stand indoor work, or is not fit for heavy work, and has some money to invest in a money maker. We make everything in the Riding-Gallery line from a hand-power Merry-Go-Round to the highest grade [illegible]. They [illegible] and [illegible] to operate. Write to-[illegible]

HERSCHELL-SPILLMAN CO.
172 Sweeney St., North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home—express prepaid.

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft	$3 50
9 x 7 ft	4 00
9 x 9 ft	4 50
9 x 10 ft	5 00
9 x 12 ft	5 50
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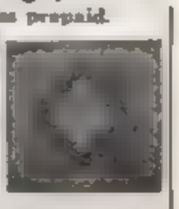
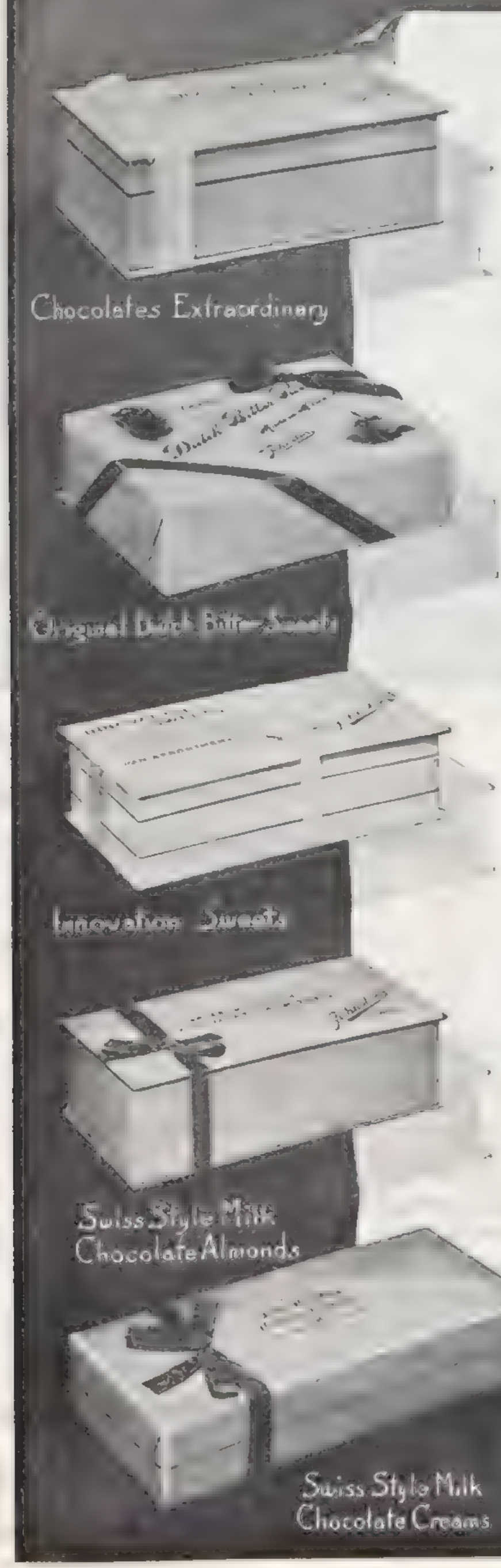
[illegible] Straight from the makers and so it [illegible] at one profit. Money refunded if [illegible] satisfactory



Send for new Catalogue showing goods in actual colors—free.
ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 934 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia



CHOCOLATES
FOR EVERY TASTE

Tastes differ!

But opinion as to the quality of Johnston's Chocolates is universal. The Johnston name is supreme for every style of Chocolates.

Ever since '47 we have improved upon our Chocolates, about every so often creating a new delight. Our capacity has increased constantly and although our output has doubled many times still the demand has set the pace.

Last year our capacity was again doubled, yet there were not enough Johnston Chocolates to go around. Many candy lovers have had to go without. But by the time this announcement is before you there will undoubtedly be an abundance to supply all.

It's a great source of satisfaction to realize the popularity of Johnston's Chocolates. Their overwhelming success is probably due to our unceasing efforts to excel—our knack in blending flavors—in making them just enough better than other chocolates.

We DO talk quality, QUALITY, QUALITY. It is our hobby, we confess. We want you to feel, when you lift one of these enticing chocolates from its dainty package, that it couldn't be more pure and wholesome.

Good dealers everywhere sell Johnston's.

Special Offer

For a limited time, to introduce our newest assorted box, INNOVATION SWEETS, we will enclose a card in each package. This card will entitle you, with our compliments, to a reduced facsimile package of any of Johnston's Chocolates shown here.

Johnston's

MILWAUKEE

T-R-I-A-D

Painted for The Royal Tailor by James Montgomery Flagg

Your dealer takes the measures — and gives us a virtual blue-print of your body

SIX BIG FEATURES of ROYAL TAILOR CLOTHES
- Made To Your Measure
- All Pure Wool
- A Legal Guarantee With Each Garment
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"Think of it, Mother! This Se
order in this very town, the
5th Avenue and Broadway,-as easi

You may live a thousand miles from the debonair splendor of Broadway or Michigan Boulevard.

Yet in your own home shopping district—perhaps along your daily way to business—there's a Royal dealer's store, waiting to link to your wardrobe at any time, than the price of "tak

There you can select a design of suit or overcoat, to be built to your individual body requirements, that would be authentic and complementing in any gathering of well-dressed men.

But because this service is in 5,000 stores instead of in one—because its cost is shared by a nation of buyers instead of a single tailor's small community—it gives to you the best in tailoring at often *half* the small tailor's prices; and *no more*,

But more than this—Royal Se
It makes satisfaction in clothes-bu
hazard. The cloth you pick is gua
wool and impervious to shrinking
construction, the workmanship pu
anteed; the fit and shape-holdi

Royal Tailored To Your Order Clothes

The Royal

Chicago

Look for the Royal Tiger Head trade-mark on all woolen samples you are shown. Beware of substitutes.

Joseph

President

Over 5,000 Royal Dealers

ervice means that I can e built-to-order Clothes of sily as the clubman in New York!"

the needlework and craftsmanship of a master New York or Chicago tailor.

There, in that store, the cream of the richest and rarest Spring woolens to be found in the most exclusive big-city tailor shops are on display—ready for your delectation and choice.

The best in all the world of Style and Fabrics—placed within your easy reach

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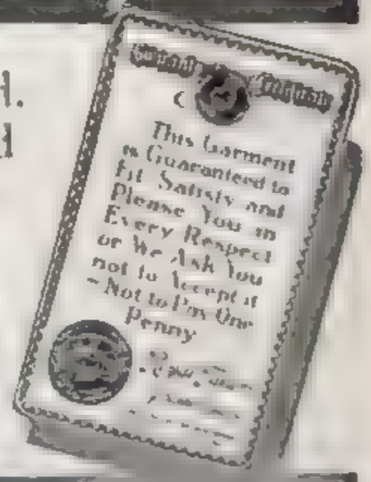
And even the very day for delivery itself is guaranteed. For if a Royal suit or overcoat is not completed on scheduled time, we forfeit to you $1 a day in cash for each day's delay.

Through your local Royal dealer the utmost in custom-made clothes may be yours for $20, $25, $30, or $35. A call on him will pay you big clothes dividends. If you do not know your local Royal dealer, let us send his name.


This Garment is Guaranteed to Fit Satisfy and Please You in Every Respect or We Ask You not to Accept it —Not to Pay One Penny

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The Clothes that Real Men Wear

148 Branch Royal Stores

In the finished garment, the Royal Silk Label, with the Tiger Head woven in, is your safeguard.

Faultless
NIGHT Shirts
You probably know that we are the largest producers of MEN'S
Sleeping Garments
in the world.
While it is generally known that for over 30 years we have held the reputation of producing the very best, not everyone has grasped the fact that we produce the very best at so nominal a price. Examine, and you will find that we do.
Whether a man is tall and stout—tall and slender—short and stout—short and slender—short and [illegible] no brand offers so great a variety of [illegible] Hundreds of Styles. Fit, Fabric and Finish Fully Guaranteed.
E. Rosenfeld & Co.
Dept. E. Baltimore Md
The Material is ALWAYS of THE BEST In Wide Variety of Staple and Exclusive Designs.
The Cut Offers the Greatest Certainty of Correct Style and Comfortable Fit.
The Make is Standard — Every Proven Up-to-Date Sanitary Method is employed.
The Washing Proves the Lasting Colors — by Severest of Tests.
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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Timber Cruiser

THERE are some out-of-doors men without whose services many indoors men would not be able to remain in business. Deprived of the physical hardihood, the mental training, the personal skill and honor of the timber cruiser, we should have no lumber industry as we know it today. Some of the largest investments of capital ever known in any business have been made on the reports of men whose skilled labor and good judgment were bought at not more than five to ten dollars a day. The men who have millions tied up in timber lands by no means bought all those lands on their own judgment. At one time and another, every foot of them had been "cruised out" by some silent and solitary expert, who plied one of the most curious and interesting callings known to the business world.

Timber cruising is a business, although at first sight you would not give the name of business man to the stalwart, bearded chap whom you may have seen at some outlying little hostelry, who stalked into the barroom, threw a greasy pack into a corner, leaned an ax against the wall and so went on about his business in the tents of civilization. The average cruiser is not much to look at beyond the beauty of his straight eye, his strong figure, his air of self-respect and self-reliance. His clothes are simply the rude ones of the woodsman who spends months in camp. His skin, although he travels much in the shaded forest, is browned by the glare of the sun. His eyes have at their corners the wrinkles that always mark the out-of-doors man. His hands are apt to be course and hard. No, he is not pretty to look at; but under his slouch hat there is a very fair idea of figures, a very good inkling of applied astronomy, something of a surveyor's education and much of a practical engineer's instinct, not to mention more than an average hunter's experience of life in the open. He is not apt to tell you much of what he is doing or for whom he is doing it, but he is mighty apt to know his own business and to be sure of his own facts.

His facts are large and important ones. Standing timber is worth a lot of money today and it must be measured before it is bought and paid for. Such a task would bewilder the average tenderfoot who for the first time found himself in a trackless forest, where all the trees look alike and where the mere thought of arriving at the board contents of each and every tree would be enough to stagger the unskilled intellect. Yet some one must be able to do these things. Necessity evolved the cruiser. He came up from the ranks. You may be sure he never learned his art in any school; yet once his reputation is established he is sought for and well paid.

A Man With the Sixth Sense

Typically the cruiser is a solitary footman who carries his own supplies on his own back. In very rough and remote country and on a long job he may have a compass man for his companion. In any case his own thews and his own brains must carry him in his work. Especially must he be of good value physically. When he starts out into the woods his stout canvas pack-sack is very apt to weigh close to eighty pounds; and it takes a good man to pack eighty pounds. Sometimes in mild weather he does not require a tent, but usually he will have a small one. Besides that, he must have plenty of blankets and he must have bacon, flour, beans, sugar, tea, an ax, besides the simple tools of his trade, such as compass, tape, memorandum book, pencils and the like.

His clothing is apt to be of mackinaw and his personal kit simple, sometimes to the exclusion of an extra flannel shirt. Socks he will have, for he has a woodsman's education. His short boots are apt to be spiked, because very likely he has run logs in the river before he scaled trees in the forest. If not spikes, then a few hobnails will serve him. In the winter he is apt to use leather-top rubber shoes or—in cold weather—good moccasins for his snowshoeing. Properly speaking, no weather is supposed to stop him. He is a man of the out-of-doors, rugged enough for his work, skilled enough to keep himself comfortable in camp with little more than an ax and a knife for tools. Probably he will carry no rifle, unless he is going very far from supplies, for he does not like extra weight and he has no time for hunting. He is obliged to be an arithmetician, a cook, a guide and a packhorse all in one. The best guides in the world come out of the cruiser class. The cruiser who got lost would promptly lose his job. It is his business to find and know all the original survey lines of his tract, or to make lines of his own if there has been no survey theretofore.

When the cruiser has finished his appointed task and returned to the settlements he is able to report, usually with astonishing accuracy, how many million feet of lumber there are on the tract he has cruised out; all the more important varieties of timber found, the proportion of each to the whole, and the grades in size under each variety. What will be the probable difficulty of getting out the logs and what the proportion of waste from breakage and failing are other things he will know. Moreover, he will have—either on paper or in his head—a map of all the country's more important streams, showing their peculiarities, their difficulties and their availabilities for transporting logs. The salient peculiarities of the country will all be noted in his report. If he is working in mountain country, such as that of the Pacific Slope, he will furnish elevations for all the tracts, setting down readings of the aneroid barometer, which in such case he must use.

The Part the Compass Plays

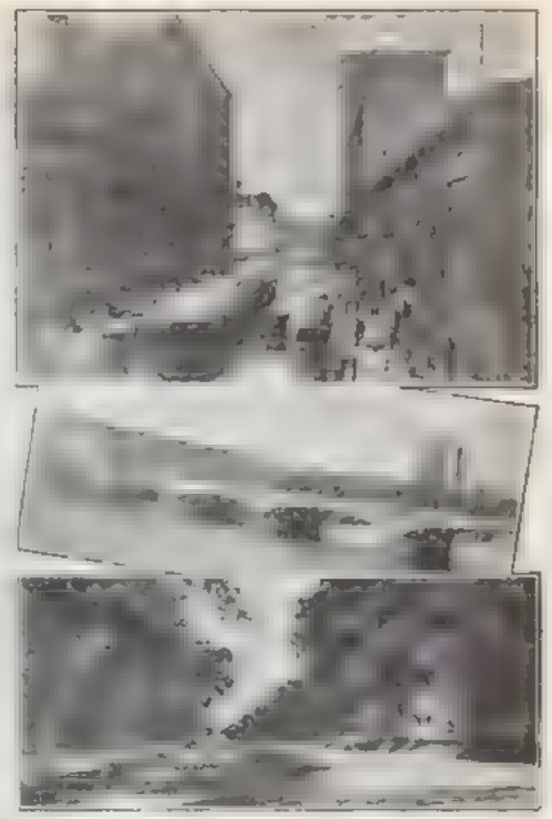
Sometimes he brings out a very good topographical map, if that is required. Between this extreme in requirements and the relatively simple task of walking through a wood and guessing at the board measure of its trees, there are wide divergencies in cruisers and cruising, as may be supposed; but the general principles of the calling remain much the same and the type of men employed in it is fairly definite. It is the report of some such trustworthy man that enables a big timber concern roughly to draft out preliminary plans for an intended logging campaign or an intended purchase. The task assigned a cruiser may be simple or exacting, as conditions demand.

If a very considerable degree of accuracy in estimating standing timber were not possible there would be no such person as the timber cruiser. He must, therefore, have some sort of method and system in his work in order to attain this accuracy. With his wilderness ways not all may be familiar; hence, some sort of interest attaches to him and his trade.

In the first place, the cruiser must know the land descriptions of the tract he is to prove. It may be a thousand miles from where he lives. Cruisers of long experience in Michigan, Wisconsin or Minnesota are often sent to points in the Rocky Mountains, in Arizona, or in the great remaining timber tracts of Oregon and Washington. Of course the cruiser goes by rail to the nearest feasible point, where he outfits for the open and takes the most feasible form of conveyance to his first camp. The first thing he does there is to make himself comfortable in the camp, for no real old-timer delights in being anything but wholly comfortable in camp. He puts up his tent, builds his bed, provides his fuel and arranges for his simple cooking operations. He must have water, but will not camp in a swamp. Neither will he camp where a dead tree is apt to fall on him in a high wind. In short, he will pick much the sort of place an Indian would to build his temporary home. Having made himself comfortable in camp, he finds his first corner of the tract that he intends to examine.

The main implement or instrument of the cruiser is, of course, the compass. This may be something of an affair, provided with a surveyor's Jacob's-staff and sometimes with a man to run it; but usually it is the box compass, with the form of which the average man is familiar and with the

(Continued on Page 40)



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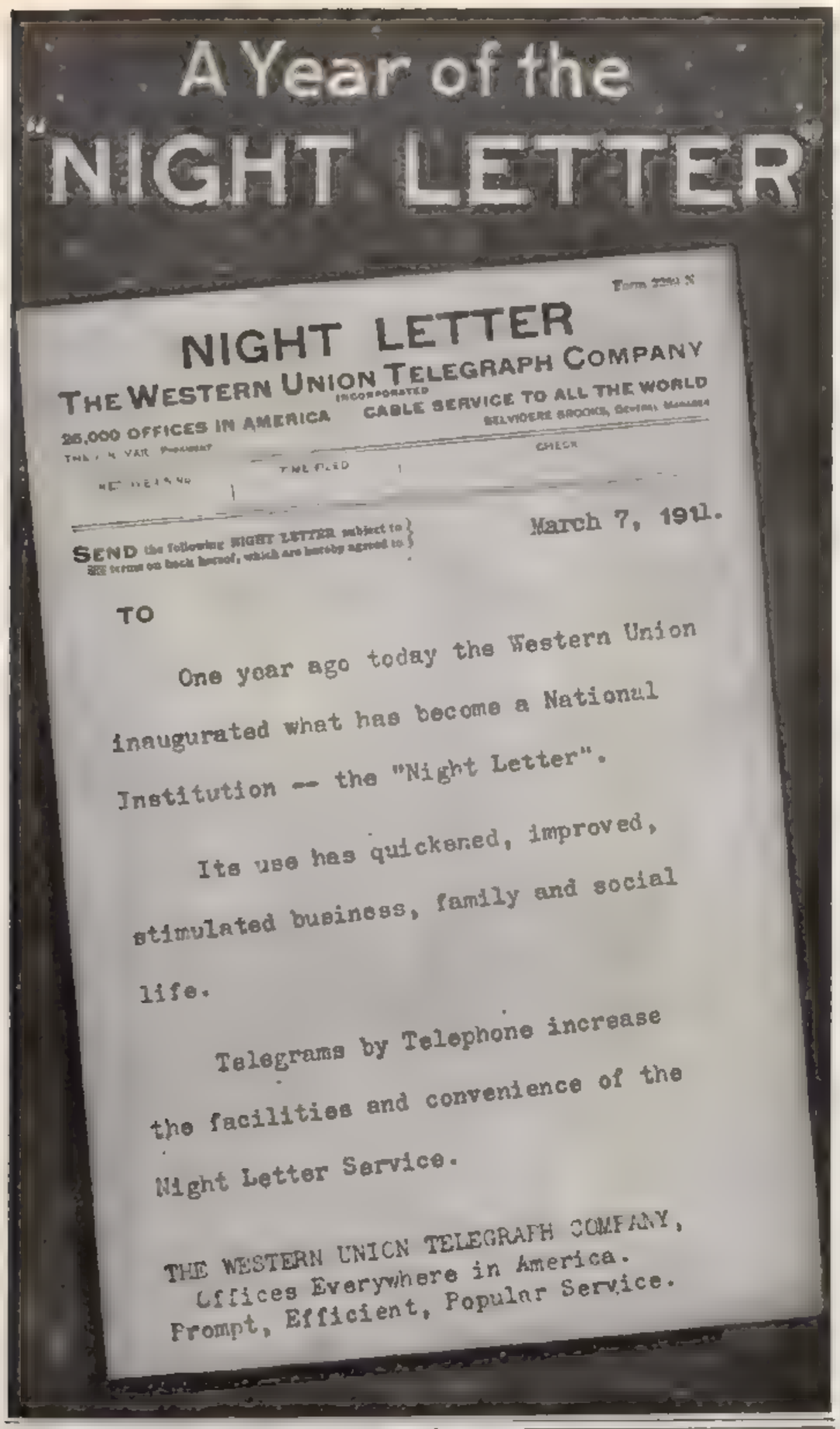
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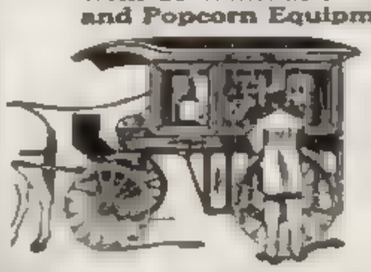
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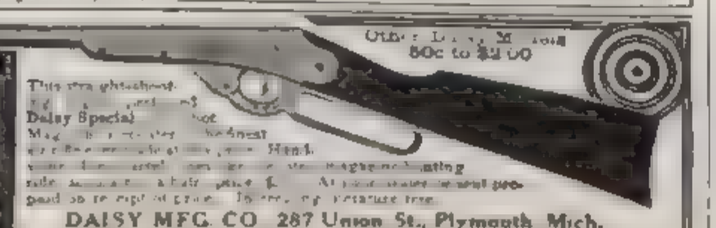
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(Continued from Page 35)

use of which the same man is usually quite unfamiliar. The cruiser knows, if the average man does not, that the lines of longitude are not parallel, but come together at the north and south ends of the earth. He must know the variation of the magnetic needle at the point where he is working. First, the cruiser settles his needle in the instrument and then lays his line. Suppose his variation is fifteen degrees east and he wants to run north. In that case the positive pole of the needle must point fifteen degrees east of the letter that means north on the compass. If going south it will point to the figure 15, east of the letter "S." Running east, it points to 75, fifteen degrees east of the letter "E"; and for the west the same system must be followed. When he has these right-angle directions established the cruiser is ready to begin his work of segregating his tract. His work is all done in straight lines—backward and forward across his tract.

Sighting on ahead, the cruiser picks out some tree on his line—always one that he can keep in view and not mistake for some other one. He takes no chances on this, for he is not anxious to do his work the second time and he does not want to get off his line. To the tenderfoot all trees look alike, but not so to the cruiser. The latter keeps his eye on his chosen tree and then he begins to measure his ground—not with a tape but by pacing. He does not overstride or try to make his pace just three feet, as some suppose. His distance is about 2.64 feet in length. If he is going up or down hill, climbing logs, or circumventing any obstacles, he must keep his paces of even length, for if he does not he never will know where he is going to come out. He counts that in six and one-fourth paces he goes one rod. It takes three hundred and twenty rods to make a mile. The cruiser calls twenty-five paces one surveyor's chain and each one hundred and twenty-five paces he calls a tally. He may have a register for this or he may drop a grain of corn in a pocket if he can do no better; or he may go on farther without marking the tallies. What he must remember is that it takes eighty rods or four tallies to make a quarter of a mile—twice that to make half a mile. Probably he goes on through his line for a full mile. That counts him sixteen tallies. His pacing is usually so close, if he be expert, that he does not miss this section line very far. If the work is difficult the man with the compass has to attend to line and distances, for the cruiser is busy enough looking at the trees.

The Arithmetic of Trees

In estimating a tree, a cruiser asks how many sixteen-foot logs it will cut. He figures rudely what allowance to make for taper. He knows that some kinds of trees have thick bark, while others have thin. All these matters come to him through some sort of sixth sense as he passes on. In valuable timber he may count every tree for quite a while. Certainly he will count an acre or so and after a time will establish in his own mind the look and measurement of the average tree in that acre and the number to the acre. Sometimes he will have his assistant measure several trees at the end of each tally register. It much depends upon the experience and self-confidence of the main workman. An expert will get at the count and the size of the trees—and the grade of them as well—as he slowly passes through the timberland.

Trees do not stand all of the same size. He may, perhaps, classify his timber as of thirty-six inches in diameter and less, thirty-six up to forty inches, and so on, as he thinks the case may require. Again, he must keep account of any fire-killed trees or any sound down-timber that can be saved. He knows that a tree may be worth cutting ten to fifteen years after it died by fire, for instance; that even hemlock will remain sound for three years after it has been scorched. He figures, too, as he goes along, what percentage of loss there may be in his tract through trees broken in felling or broken by other trees that will be felled. Without a doubt he is a busy man as he goes through what the poets call the "forest aisles"—and what he calls his "stuff." He does not care whether the birds sing or not; whether or not the landscape is beautiful. He is the enemy of the forest, the scout and skirmisher of civilization, the thin edge of the wedge of change. All he wants to know is how many logs there are in the average trees, how the average trees will grade and how many of each grade they will average to the acre. If the tall trees whisper to him he does not know it. If those about to die salute him he does not care. He stalks on, choosing those that are to be slain, valuing the spoils.

When he first starts into a tract the cruiser is careful until he gets the feel of it. As he follows his compass man he takes notes on the trees on the strip that he is examining. In general, he wants to get at the board contents of each "forty"—that is to say, each forty-acre tract; that is to say, again, the amount of timber in a square tract bounded on each side by four tallies. The assistant who gets mixed up in his pacings or in his tallies, or in any of the side measurements done by the tape-line, or in any of the measurements or counts of trees assigned by the head cruiser, is very apt to get swiftly and intensely disliked. Of course a man can walk many miles in a day, but he cannot cruise very many miles. Very often the cruiser does not cover two miles in his day's work.

Now, since any man knows how easy it is to get off from a straight line in the forest, how does the cruiser block off all his trees and keep from counting the same trees two or three times, or from missing the count of some, as he goes on upon his line? You may be sure he makes no mistake about that. He manages to avoid error by several different methods. Of these, the one most commonly used is called the "strip method," by which the cruiser divides each forty into blocks of two and a half acres each.

How the Cruiser Calculates

Suppose, in popular terms, we start our cruiser at the lower right-hand corner of a square, which shall stand for the forty-acre tract—that is to say, its southeast corner. First, he finds his corner; then he paces off sixty-two and a half paces to the left from that corner, going west. Then he stops and faces at a right angle to his course. Say he is now going north. He goes four tallies, or five hundred paces, which brings him to the upper line of his forty acres. Now he counts all the timber for twenty-five steps on each side of him, grading and estimating as above mentioned. When he has got to the upper edge of his forty he turns again at a right angle and follows to the left, or west, along the upper line, this time for one hundred and twenty-five paces—or one tally. There he again turns at a right angle by the compass, faces south and paces off his four tallies to the lower line of the forty, making his estimates as he goes along and usually recording at the end of each tally the number of trees of each grade and variety that he estimates are there on the ground. In this "strip method" the cruiser does not count every tree; indeed, he only gets two-fifths of the amount of timber in close estimate. He tries to get a fair average on each two-and-a-half-acre tract that he strips out in this way. If you think this is a simple and easy job try it yourself—and you will begin to realize something of the responsibilities and difficulties of the cruiser's trade.

Sometimes the cruiser will lay out his acres in circles and will count every tree on an acre, establishing that by running a circle with a radius of 44.6 paces. He can lay out sixteen of these circle acres on a forty and so count two-fifths of the timber by this process also; or, if looser estimates will serve, he need count the trees on only a few of these circle acres, as they are called.

There is still another method, called the square-acre system of estimating, in which squares instead of circles are laid out for acre counts. In this the assistant, or compass man, runs strip lines much as in the method first mentioned. In this case the cruiser counts seventy-nine paces to the acre and covers half that many paces on each side as he advances. If he desires to be careful he continues this process, covering all sixteen of his subdivisions, each of which will be two and a half acres. This will give him two-fifths of the timber, pretty carefully estimated; and this is considered a good basis for a sufficiently accurate estimate of the whole.

The cruiser can, if required in giant timber, count and estimate each and every tree of the entire tract. In practice, however, this is rarely if ever done. Indeed, the estimating of an average timber tract is rather simpler than might be supposed from the foregoing description. In most of

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his work the cruiser will double-run his forty and let it go at that—that is to say, he will cross each forty twice, but count only eight acres to the forty. Again, if only a rough idea of the value of the timber is required, he may only single-run a forty. Before beginning his operations the cruiser must know his section lines and stake off the points where his own lines begin and end. He must protect himself, of course, against duplicating his count in any of the timber. In all of this work he must never lose sight of the variation of the magnetic needle.

The cruiser ought to know something about Government surveys. Thus he will learn that some townships are different from others; and that their excess or shortage is, according to practice, established along their north and west boundaries—that is to say, the forty in that corner of a township will be overrun or short, as the case may be. Besides knowing something about traveling by the stars at night and something about practical surveying the cruiser must know how to calculate the contents of oddshaped pieces of land. He must know the difference between a triangle and a trapezoid, a rectangle and a parallelogram. The more acquaintance he has with the methods of the United States surveyors the better it will be for him, because he can the more easily distinguish between the marks of township and section corners and the like, each of which has its own algebra on the earth.

In short, the report of the cruiser, which very likely may be ill-written and misspelled, must tell the story of the timber tracts on which he has been working. In these days of high-priced timber, more and more is demanded of the cruiser by way of detail; and he is expected to be a practical lawyer, practical engineer, practical surveyor, practical arithmetician, practical astronomer, and even a practical farmer.

A Mysterious Profession

It is astonishing how competent these men become in their specialty and scarcely less astonishing what absolute reliance is placed upon their judgment by the men who employ them. The man in a luxurious office in New York, Chicago or Portland may receive a shabby-looking man, on whose judgment he has staked a profit or loss of many thousands of dollars, and whose statements he is ready to back with cold, hard cash. One has heard a canny investor say that he would never be caught buying timber that he himself had not seen and estimated. That is a callow sort of statement when brought to analysis. The average man, not trained to this specialized woodswork, would be wholly at sea in the forest, from whatever point of view. He would know less about the value of the timber tract after he was done with his estimate than he would had he simply guessed at the average of results obtained by other men from tracts somewhat similar. The best thing for him to do would be to hire a proved cruiser—a man who has made a way for himself in his own profession. This man would tell him what sort of timber there was on the tract in question, how much there was of it, what the logging conditions would be, what the fire risk might be and what the fire damage had been, what the distance would be from the timber to the nearest stream or nearest railroad, what the farming value of the land would be when slashed off, what the probable value of it would be for each forty acres—and, indeed, anything else and everything else in which the actual or possible owner might be interested.

The man who can come in with such a report as this, who can calmly back his own judgment to the extent of recommending or disallowing investments of hundreds of thousands of dollars, is a person who has the right to be called a good deal of a man in more than one acceptance of that term. That he, in his best type, must be sober, reliant, intelligent, and in full command of both physical and mental qualities of the higher sort, goes quite without saying. Yet very few of us ever hear of the timber cruiser.

He passes through life silently—almost stealthily—unnoticed and for the most part unknown beyond a limited circle of acquaintances. One of the most responsible figures on the borderline between the wilderness and civilization, he is also one of the most mysterious. He has lived in an interesting past. He faces a future that soon will have no place for him.

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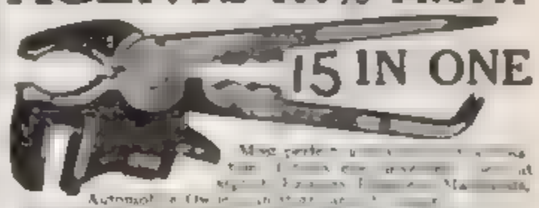


[illegible] Automobile [illegible]
Made of [illegible]
T. THOMAS MFG. CO., 1845 Wayne St., Dayton, Ohio

PATENT WHAT YOU INVENT!

Your Ideas May Bring You a Fortune

Free book gives list of needed inventions and tells how to get [illegible]. Write for it. Send sketch of invention for free opinion as to patentability.

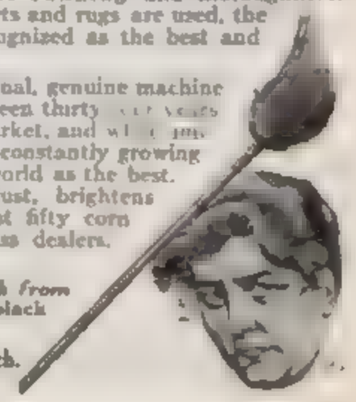
Patent Obtained or Our Fee Returned.

H. ELLIS CHANDLEE & CO.
1361 F Street, Washington, D. C.

The Drudgery of Sweeping

is unknown to the woman using BISSELL'S "Cyco" BALL BEARING Sweeper, world renowned for its light running and thoroughness. In every country on the globe where carpets and rugs are used, the Bissell Sweeper is sold, and everywhere recognized as the best and most efficient carpet sweeper made.

The **BISSELL** is the original, genuine machine that has been thirty [illegible] years on the market, and which [illegible] tated, has always maintained the foremost position, constantly growing in favor until today it is recognized throughout the world as the best. Sweeps easily, silently and thoroughly, raises no dust, brightens and preserves your carpets and rugs, and will outlast fifty corn brooms. Price 2.75 to 5.75. For sale by all first-class dealers. Booklet on request.



Buy now of your dealer, send us the purchase slip within one week from date of purchase, and we will send you GRATIS, a fine quality black leather card case with no printing on it.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO., Dept. 36-A, Grand Rapids, Mich.
(Largest and Only Exclusive Carpet Sweeper Makers in the World.)

THE bell-boy can pick the Roelofs "SMILE" Hat from a row by its emphatic *style-expression*—by its "*satiny*" nap—by the unmistakable lightness and "life" of the superfine furry felt.

Roelofs "Smile" Hats

DERBIES & SOFT HATS

$4 to $20 Each

are for the man who seeks a *treasured individuality*—for the man who not only wants a hat to cover him, but to cover him with *luxurious distinction*.

You can neither *rub off* nor *wear off* the surpassing style-refinement of a Roelofs "SMILE" Hat. It's put in to stay in *by hand*. Sold in more than *two hundred* shapes, which are fashion-foremost.

The Twenty-Dollar Roelofs "SMILE" Hat is the *highest-priced* soft hat in the world. Every other that we make is just as commanding in fashion and just as expressive of Roelofs handiwork.

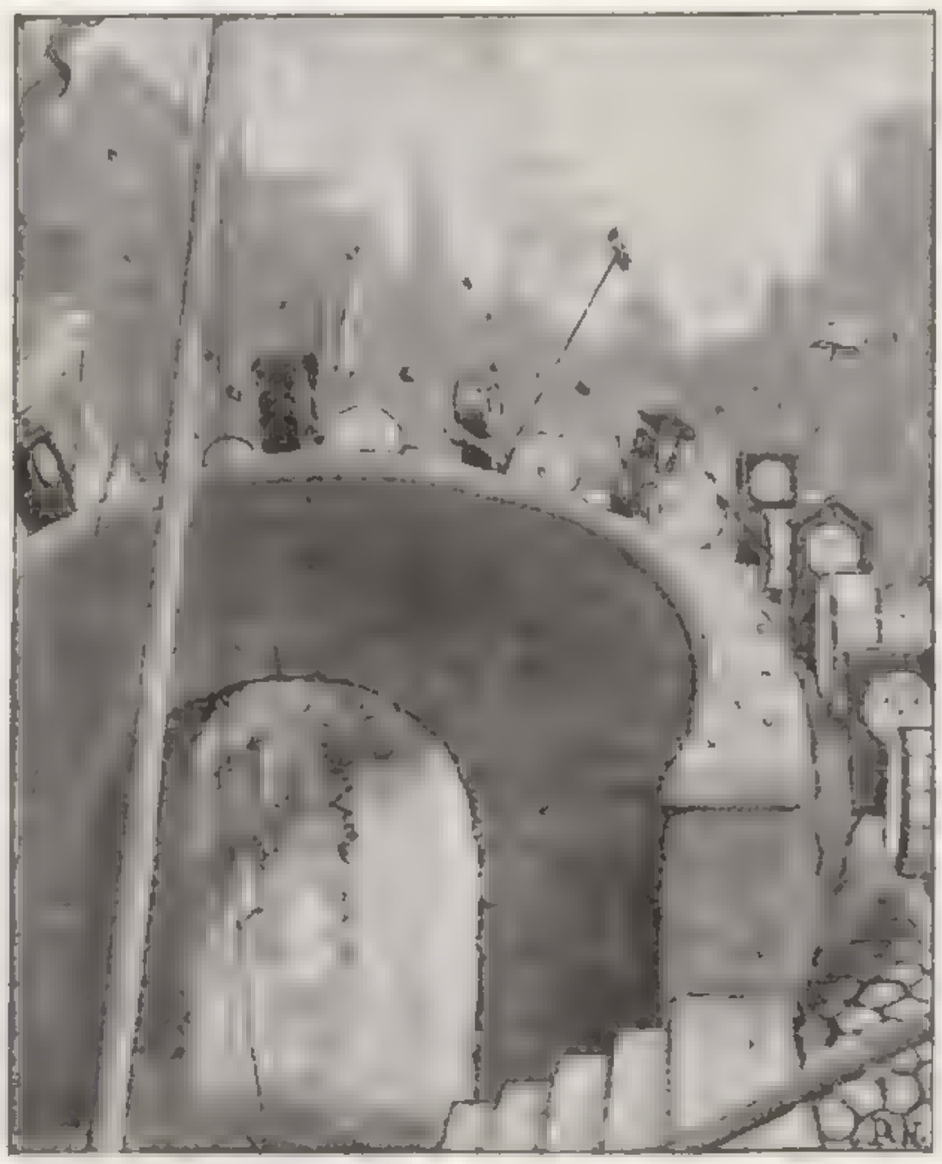
Think to ask *your* hatter for Roelofs "SMILE" Hats and *he'll* think well of your taste.

HENRY H. ROELOFS & CO.
Sole Makers
Brown and 12th Streets, Philadelphia

MEMO.—Write to us for "Smile All The While," a touch-and-go Waltz Song for the whole family. It's free!

"Smile"

Sense and Nonsense



A Sympathetic Strike

The Clock-Tinkers' Union Had Voted a Strike—For Friday at Noon (I Was Stated);
And Most of the Clocks Out of Sympathy Struck on the Day and the Hour Designated.

Some Churning

GEORGE DUDLEY, who lives in Americus, Georgia, is a noted story-teller, with a constitutional aversion to letting any person whatsoever put over a bigger one than he can.

Recently one of his fellow citizens was telling George about a visit he had made to an aviation meet near Washington. The friend was very enthusiastic.

"Huh!" said George. "That's nothing. Why, in the early days of aerial navigation I dropped into Dayton, Ohio, to visit the Wright boys; and Orville, one afternoon when we were talking in the shop, suggested I go up with him for a little flight. I was mighty glad to go and we wheeled out a machine and I climbed aboard.

"After we had gone up about three thousand feet something happened to the rudder and we began climbing straight up in the air at a terrific rate of speed. Up we went—up, up, up! It wasn't long before the earth was lost to view. We were in utter darkness.

"Suddenly the engines stopped and we were suspended in the air. Orville told me to look around and see what was the matter. I examined the engine and when I got to the propeller I found that part of the machine was completely clogged with butter."

"Butter?" exclaimed the friend. "Where in the world did the butter come from?"

"Why," said George, "it was simple enough. We were passing through the Milky Way."

His Master's Voice

MANY years ago, in a New England boarding school for boys, the principal was a learned clergyman—a preacher of long sermons and a strict grammarian.

One night, after ten-o'clock taps when all the boys should have been in bed, he was passing silently through the dormitory when he heard sounds of revelry from a darkened room. He rapped on the door. Silence within. Then:

"Who's there?"

"It's me—the principal. Open the door!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha-a-a! You're a liar! If it was the doctor he would say 'It is I.'"

Seeing the force of this argument the doctor passed on.

The Quitter

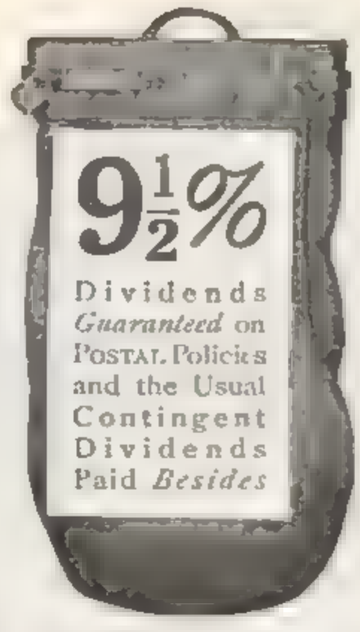
I was a slave, but I am free;
No longer do I heed
The cravings that once governed me
For Cuba's fragrant weed.
The fat cigar, the cigarette,
The plug-cut and the pipe—
I do not feel their fetters fret;
I've broken from their gripe.

I bade them all a fond farewell
In one last gorgeous smoke;
And now they've lost their ancient spell
And I've thrown off their yoke.
I pity devotees who bend
To Lady Nicotine,
Although I found her quite a friend—
Delightful and serene.

It is not very hard to quit
For one whose will is firm;
You simply give your mind to it
For quite a little term.
And there you are—the trick is done;
Tobacco is taboo.
And when the victory is won
You're glad you did it too.

See me! I once smoked like a stack—
I was a living smudge.
Of fat cigars, both light and black,
I stood as quite a judge;
But I am through forever now
And I feel better so—
I took my "no-tobacco" vow
A half an hour ago!

—*Berton Braley.*



Why not *now?*

"*That's the thing to do,*" is what progressive people are saying who wisely decide to arrange their life-insurance *direct*—without the intervention of an agent.

Having investigated carefully they find that they can make a very substantial saving *every year* on whatever form of policy they select.

And they see just how the saving is made, namely, by dispensing with agents on commission, by cutting out all middlemen, collectors, and branch offices, and arranging insurance by correspondence or by personal application at headquarters just as it has always been done by a famous English company—the oldest in the world and the best for policyholders.

In this country there's *just one* such institution and that is the

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

INSURANCE IN FORCE MORE THAN $50,000,000

Full Legal Reserve and Ample Surplus for the Protection of Policyholders

The Only Non-Agency Company in America

"*That's what I ought to have done,*" will be the frequent reflection in the future of those who now fail to arrange their insurance *direct*, since the non-agency POSTAL LIFE thus affords the *easy* and *safe* opportunity.

It has ample resources to meet every demand *now* and *in the future*.

It issues all the standard contracts—Ordinary Life, Limited Life, Endowment, etc.—and all its Policy-forms are approved by the critical New York State Insurance Department.

It supplies sound, legal-reserve protection at *lower net cost than any other company.*

It derives its business in accordance with law from every State in the Union; many Americans residing abroad are policyholders—*satisfied* policyholders too, who speak good words for the Company when occasion serves.

Sooner or later you'll want to find out just what the Company can and will do for *you, personally.*

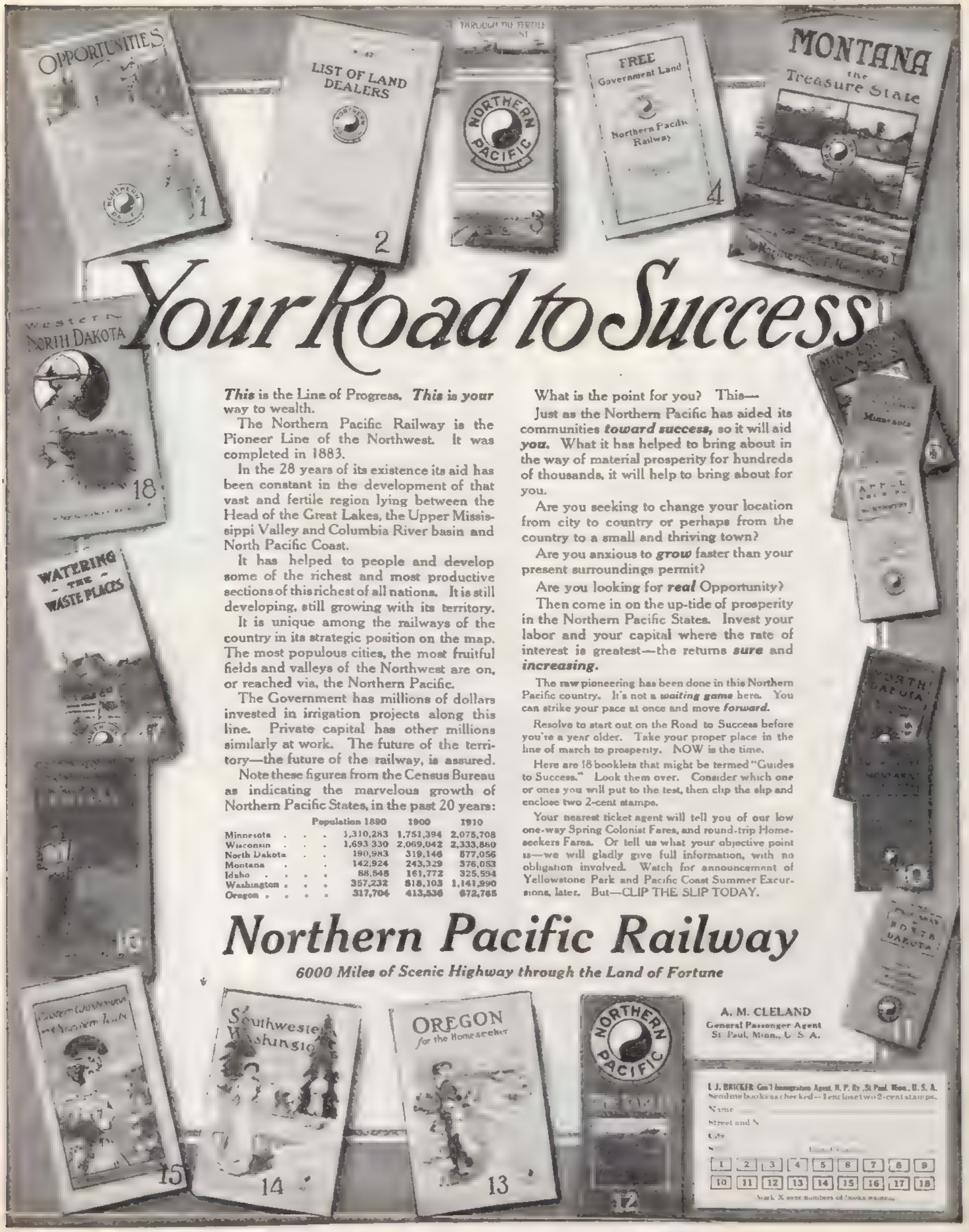
Why not *now?*

Simply say *Mail insurance particulars with rates for my age as per The Saturday Evening Post advertisement*

In your first letter be sure to give:
1st. *Your occupation.*
2nd. *The exact date of your birth.*

POSTAL LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANY

35 Nassau St. New York



Your Road to Success

This is the Line of Progress. ***This*** is ***your*** way to wealth.

The Northern Pacific Railway is the Pioneer Line of the Northwest. It was completed in 1883.

In the 28 years of its existence its aid has been constant in the development of that vast and fertile region lying between the Head of the Great Lakes, the Upper Mississippi Valley and Columbia River basin and North Pacific Coast.

It has helped to people and develop some of the richest and most productive sections of this richest of all nations. It is still developing, still growing with its territory.

It is unique among the railways of the country in its strategic position on the map. The most populous cities, the most fruitful fields and valleys of the Northwest are on, or reached via, the Northern Pacific.

The Government has millions of dollars invested in irrigation projects along this line. Private capital has other millions similarly at work. The future of the territory—the future of the railway, is assured.

Note these figures from the Census Bureau as indicating the marvelous growth of Northern Pacific States, in the past 20 years:

	Population 1890	1900	1910
Minnesota	1,310,283	1,751,394	2,075,708
Wisconsin	1,693 330	2,069,042	2,333,860
North Dakota	190,983	319,146	577,056
Montana	142,924	243,329	376,053
Idaho	88,548	161,772	325,594
Washington	357,232	518,103	1,141,990
Oregon	317,704	413,536	672,765

What is the point for you? This—

Just as the Northern Pacific has aided its communities ***toward success,*** so it will aid ***you.*** What it has helped to bring about in the way of material prosperity for hundreds of thousands, it will help to bring about for you.

Are you seeking to change your location from city to country or perhaps from the country to a small and thriving town?

Are you anxious to ***grow*** faster than your present surroundings permit?

Are you looking for ***real*** Opportunity?

Then come in on the up-tide of prosperity in the Northern Pacific States. Invest your labor and your capital where the rate of interest is greatest—the returns ***sure*** and ***increasing.***

The raw pioneering has been done in this Northern Pacific country. It's not a *waiting game* here. You can strike your pace at once and move *forward.*

Resolve to start out on the Road to Success before you're a year older. Take your proper place in the line of march to prosperity. NOW is the time.

Here are 18 booklets that might be termed "Guides to Success." Look them over. Consider which one or ones you will put to the test, then clip the slip and enclose two 2-cent stamps.

Your nearest ticket agent will tell you of our low one-way Spring Colonist Fares, and round-trip Homeseekers Fares. Or tell us what your objective point is—we will gladly give full information, with no obligation involved. Watch for announcement of Yellowstone Park and Pacific Coast Summer Excursions, later. But—CLIP THE SLIP TODAY.

Northern Pacific Railway

6000 Miles of Scenic Highway through the Land of Fortune

A. M. CLELAND
General Passenger Agent
St. Paul, Minn., U. S. A.

L. J. BRICKER Gen'l Immigration Agent, N. P. Ry., St Paul, Minn., U. S. A.
Send me books as checked—I enclose two 2-cent stamps.

Name _____

Street and No. _____

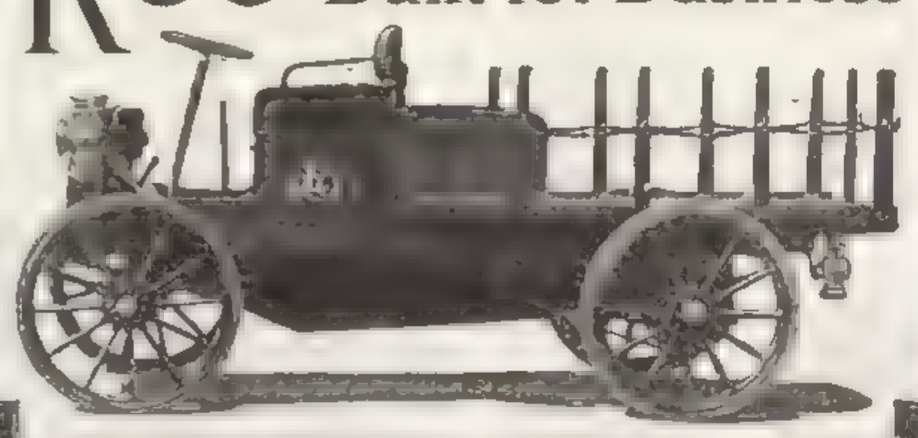
City _____

State _____

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18

Mark X over numbers of books wanted.

Reo-Built for Business



$750 Stake body or Open Express included Tops and other bodies extra **1500-lb**

The motor delivery wagon is altogether different from a pleasure-car, and different things are expected of it.

The essential things are reliability and easy operation. The car must always be ready for work; the driver's mind should be on his delivering, and not on his car.

So the Reo Delivery Wagon has been designed to reduce the mechanism to its utmost simplicity and to eliminate all possible sources of trouble. The comparatively elaborate engine and systems of ignition, cooling, transmission, etc., which are adapted to the smoothness and flexibility desired in pleasure-cars are replaced by infinitely simpler methods in the Reo Delivery Wagon.

Thousands of this type of engine have been built, and we know exactly what they will do.

The Reo will not get out of order. It does not require a man of mechanical intelligence to handle the car.

One Reo and one man will do more work than three teams and their drivers, at one-third the expense. It enables you to deliver farther from home; advertises your business; works 24 hours a day if necessary; doesn't get sick or die; doesn't slip, get lame, or overcome by the heat.

Send for catalogue; and see the Reo at the nearest Reo dealer's.

R M Owen & Company Lansing Mich
Gen'l Sales Agents for Reo Motor Truck Co

You can do it with a REO

THE RIVAL DELTAS

(Continued from Page 6)

If Mr. Adonis And-so-forth lends the money he charges from ten to twelve per cent a year on the cash. A Greek does not advance supplies. If Abdullah owned a feddan or two he would have no trouble whatever in getting money on his simple note, without security.

If the Greek turns him down Abdullah will go to a factor with an oriental rigmarole, at the end of which he says: "O thou Effendi, I desire to sell to you some cotton."

"How much?"

"Praise be to Allah, I shall sell you forty-five cantars—the cotton crop is bad, very bad; the worms have gorged their bellies upon it and the caterpillars eaten their fill. There is no cotton in all the land."

Up speaketh the factor: "Go to, thou worker of miracles! By the beard of the Prophet, how canst thou sell to me forty-five cantars if all the cotton has been destroyed?"

This does not bluff Abdullah. "O thou Effendi, the cotton of my neighbors and my friends has been destroyed; my own is good, most excellent Effendi. May Allah be bountiful to us all." Between these preliminaries and the final frills a bargain is struck: Abdullah sells his growing crop, or part of it, to the factor, and the factor advances one guinea a cantar on cotton that Abdullah expects to gather. Sometimes Abdullah pays interest and sometimes not. The price is fixed afterward and by a settled custom—otherwise the negotiations would never have come to an end. The prosperous fellah never goes to the merchant for money. He can get what he needs at the bank, paying six to seven per cent a year.

When the fellah enters upon a piece of land he never abandons it during that season; he does not leave the plantation and go somewhere else to make a little cash for Christmas. Abdullah hasn't got Wash Johnson's roving disposition.

It does not follow, however, that Abdullah rents the same land every year. He lives in the same village and works in the same neighborhood, but he may rent from another landlord next year. It sometimes happens that the population of one district is not sufficient to work the crops of that district. Laborers must then be imported from another part of the country where the crops have not been so good. This is not so very different from conditions in the South.

The big Egyptian planter who needs more tenants does not send a labor-agent through various sections of the country with money to pay the fare of fifty Abdullahs and their families. A labor-agent of this kind is not reckoned among the seven plagues of Egypt. When Big Harem Bey wants a squad of chocolate-colored laborers he thinks of a village that has not been prosperous and is overstocked with idlers. He sends for their long-bearded Sheik, Mustapha Ed-Din—he with the stripe of green in his turban—for Mustapha is a descendant of the Prophet.

Continuing the Customs of Noah

Sheik Mustapha, being religious adviser as well as general superintendent of the earth, controls all matters celestial and terrestrial. What he says goes. Big Harem Bey fools away no time with subordinates: "O thou most reverend Sheik, may thy days be happy and blessed." After which they traffic for a certain number of dingy Abdullahs. The Sheik delivers them according to contract, then stays to see that they work. Of course he gets his rakeoff.

Egypt is free from the millrun of labor troubles that worry the Southern planter. There is no such thing as a panicky exodus to Kansas. In lieu of these Egypt has Ramadan. Ramadan is not like anthracnose, being no disease of cotton nor yet of beast. It is a religious festival. A certain moon shines into a certain well at Mecca, which automatically touches off the Ramadan. During a month Abdullah will neither eat nor drink from six in the morning until six in the evening. Five times a day he says his prayers, butting his head against the ground and waving his hands—a lot of exercise for an empty stomach. Abdullah may be stouter than his own humpbacked bull, but he cannot go empty and retain enthusiasm for labor. Parching within, vacant as the desert, he swills and stuffs himself after six o'clock. That is the season of sickness and trouble throughout the country—and throughout Abdullah.

The Mohammedan calendar runs a trifle faster than the Gregorian, under which most of the Christian nations live. Accordingly Ramadan comes about eleven days earlier each year. In 1910 it struck the middle of the cotton-picking season—on the sixth of September.

Abdullah plants cotton in March and gets it off the land in September, so that he may plant wheat or grain in October and November. Fodder for stock he plants in January and February. Then the ground is rested for six weeks until cottontime comes again.

Wash Johnson plants his cotton most any old time—whenever the boss says so—in March, April or May. It never gets off the land. Next spring the same old stalks are standing. He begins to pick in August or September and finishes—some time, perhaps, if he finishes at all. Wash has plenty of unpicked cotton until after Christmas.

Abdullah will not use improved machinery. He plows with a couple of humpbacked bulls hitched to a long beam of wood, dragging another beam that is sharpened and shod with iron; or he yokes up a bull and a camel by way of variety. He and his people have plowed the same land in the same way for thousands of years—and far be it from Abdullah to cast shame upon the method of his ancestors.

Some years ago an American thought to revolutionize the cotton industry by American machinery and American negroes, but they didn't work, either of them. All Egypt could be plowed by motor plow. No trees, no stumps, no hillsides—a traction engine could plow every acre in Egypt. There's nothing to prevent this being done except Abdullah, he being a firm believer in the bull-and-camel theory. The pashas are now attempting to use modern appliances with most excellent results, though Abdullah refuses to be convinced.

A Trust in Providence

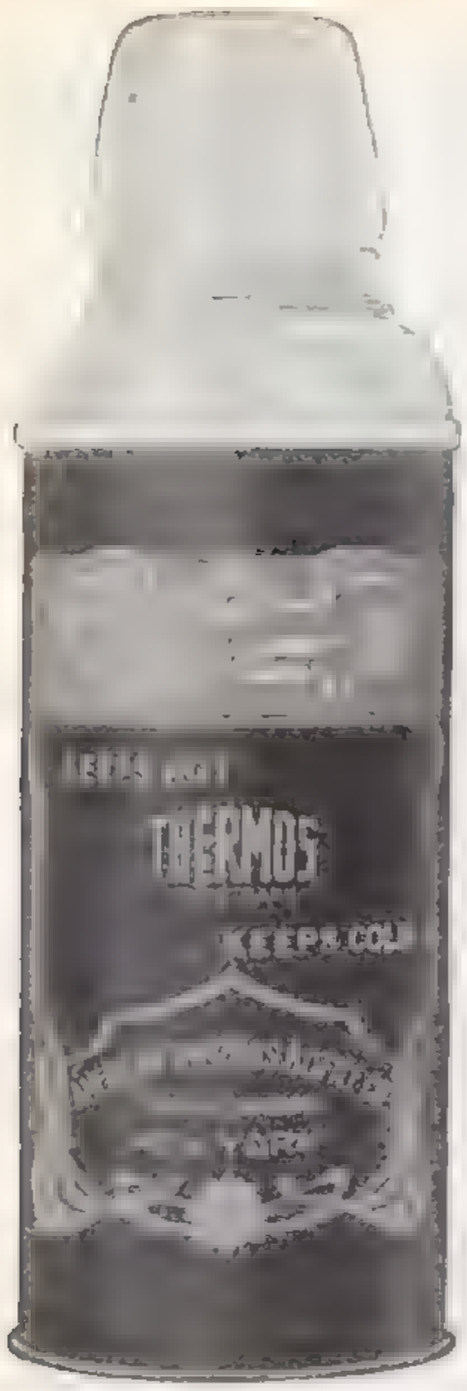
Wash Johnson fires up his mule motor with corn, raises steam with a sapling and jerks the bell-cord over old Beck. If the boss turns up with a newfangled contraption Wash shakes his head doubtfully, tries it a few times; then breaks the "durned thing" when the boss ain't looking.

Wash has got the nigger-luck on Abdullah in the matter of water. He can sit right still and smoke in the cabin while the good Lord sends down plenty of water to make his cotton grow. And this is when he pats his foot and sings: "Mo' rain, mo' rest." Meanwhile Abdullah toils, mother-naked, in the irrigation ditches, bringing the elixir of life to each particular cotton stalk. Water and not blood is the vital fluid of Egypt—so precious that Nature can never afford to bathe her own face and Abdullah dares not use it for other than irrigation purposes; which is the plain reason why Nature and Abdullah look so dingy in Egypt. Abdullah controls the amount of water that refreshes his cotton, while sometimes Providence overdoes the job and drowns Wash out with an overflow.

The inundation of the Nile comes with almost clockwork regularity; the fellaheen know when to plant and when to harvest. As a side line, Abdullah may be raising a few melons on that low island that stands uncovered except at high Nile. Should a stranger inquire: "May not the Nilus rise and overwhelm these fruits of thy labor?" Abdullah might shake his head with certainty and reply: "Allah is just and harm cometh not to his servant. Floods will cover this island on *el talet*, the third day of the month *tlool*,-at the downgoing of the sun."

When Wash plants his cotton he doesn't know whether there is going to be an overflow or not. If the high water comes it may or may not get off the land in time for Wash to make a crop. He and the boss take pot-luck, keep a stiff upper lip and trust in Providence. The boss trusts also in the levees; so he throws up more dirt. The Mississippi overflow, like the Nile overflow, leaves a rich alluvium upon the land of the highest fertilizing value. Lower Egypt is built of this alluvial deposit and so is the Mississippi Valley.

Great damage is sometimes caused by filtration of the Nile, corresponding somewhat to seepage water in America. Many



At Last a Genuine Thermos Bottle for $2

After 3 years' experimenting, we have finally perfected a pint size Thermos Bottle to retail at $2 that keeps hot and cold just as well as our highest-priced bottles.

This new $2 bottle now brings Thermos within the reach of *your* pocket-book, no matter how small your income may be.

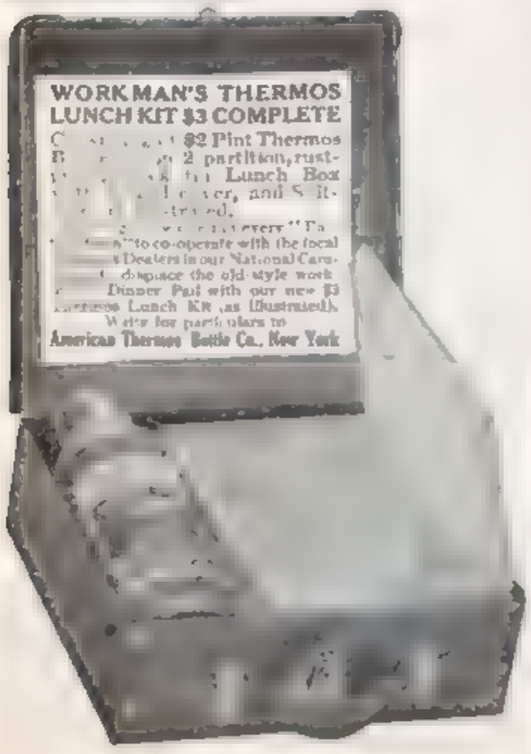
Think of the Comfort and Convenience that $2 will add to your noonday meal at the Office or Store by serving you soup, tea or coffee hot! Then at night, think how it will [illegible] your baby or your invalid mother with [illegible]

So [illegible] and [illegible] School, [illegible] in every [illegible] of Outdoor Life, which you can now buy all this [illegible] two-dollar bill!

See it at any first class store today and take one home [illegible]

Be CAUTIOUS as there are worthless [illegible] Thermos stamped on [illegible]—AND BE SURE [illegible]

Ask [illegible] for Thermos [illegible] Book," illustrating and describing all Thermos Specialties and Prices



people insist that the land was over-irrigated and water soured at the roots of the cotton, which not only decreased the yield but lowered its grade.

Throughout the slowmoving centuries Abdullah has been a water-dipper on his muscle. Once he had his picture placed on a monument, carved so long ago it seems old-fashioned to talk about it. Six or seven thousand years ago there was Abdullah dipping water from the Nile, dressed precisely as he dresses today. There are so many Abdullahs and they dip, dip, dip so persistently that they materially deplete the Nile. Americans could hardly imagine a sufficient number of Wash Johnsons strung out on both banks from Lake Itasca to the Gulf dipping enough water from the Mississippi to lessen its flow.

In pickingtime Abdullah can lie back and give Wash the merry camel-laugh—for it never rains in cotton-picking time throughout all Egypt. Downpours do not beat his cotton into the ground until it becomes a tangle of mud and trash. Abdullah picks out every lock of cotton that matures and the landlord need hire no extra cotton pickers in the fag-end of the year.

At this stage of the game Abdullah turns Jack on Wash Johnson and scores another big point. Just before the last picking he sows bersim between the cotton rows. Bersim is a leguminous plant somewhat resembling alfalfa. When the very last cotton is picked Abdullah pulls up the worthless cotton stalks as he goes along. That gives his bersim a chance to grow a crop that should be worth from thirty-five to fifty dollars a feddan. Oftentimes Abdullah sells his bersim for more money than Wash realizes out of his entire crop.

When the cotton has all been picked Wash and Abdullah employ vastly different methods in their marketing. Wash dumps his seed-cotton in a wagonbed and hauls it to the plantation gin, where the seed is taken out and the lint pressed into a bale. As a rule he delivers that first bale to his landlord on account of the rent; or, if he owes his merchant, Wash may turn it over to him at the market price. They sell to a cotton buyer, who sells to a spinner—which ends a simple transaction.

Egypt's Corner in Cotton

Rent and supplies being paid for, Wash has some cotton of his own; he goes to town and puts it in the compress. There he receives a receipt which he understands is just the same as a bale of cotton. The weigher writes the weight on the receipt; then the sampler slashes a piece of bagging off the side of the bale and pulls out an armful of Wash's cotton. Some of it he wraps in a piece of paper that bears the same number as the receipt. Wash sells on the sample, the weight and that receipt. He trots from one cotton buyer to another showing his sample; and lets it go for cash at the best bid.

That's not the way with Abdullah. He puts his seed-cotton in long sacks—two to four sacks making a load for the camel. If Abdullah possesses a camel he piles that cotton on the hurricane deck thereof and crunches through the sand to the factory; but Abdullah has no camel; so he haggles and bickers with the camel contractors to transport his cotton. Abdullah has sold his crop to a factor as we remember for future delivery at the gin. During the season Abdullah fixed his price in accordance with Egyptian usage, which is done this way: In Abdullah's village there are many shrewd Arabs who have cotton to sell and who watch the future market at Alexandria. By slipping around to the coffee house and listening to the Arabs in the cool evenings Abdullah makes up his mind that the future quotations on a certain day are about as high as his cotton will bring. Therefore he goes at once to his factor: "O thou Effendi, I shall fix the price of my cotton as of today's market"—or Arabic expressions to that effect. Whereupon the price is settled and later Abdullah delivers his cotton at that figure, whether the market goes higher or lower. The factor hedges his purchase by selling against it on the future board. Abdullah has the option to deliver ten per cent more or ten per cent less than the amount agreed upon. They got the better of Abdullah last year. Cotton went higher than fellaheen ever dreamed of—they sold ahead, the factor sold ahead, and far-away spinners reaped a rich harvest on the advance.

When Abdullah gets his cotton to the factory the classifier opens his sack, tests

"Find That Record To-night!"

Fix the blame where it belongs.
Don't blame "the boy" for everything.

DOES this happen in your office? Important records or papers gone—you can't put your finger on them when you need them most!

You probably need a *better system*—one built to fit your needs.

You need to eliminate unnecessary worry, waste of time and embarrassment. You must establish confidence in your own office.

For thirty years we have been helping [illegible] office systems, large and small, and reducing them to smooth running order.

We have [illegible] for [illegible]

For manufacturers, shippers, [illegible] offices, small [illegible] engineers, real [illegible] companies, etc.

We have saved by these *better systems* as much for some concerns as they save on cash discounts.

In our manufacturing of cabinets, it has been this same search for "the better" by which we have built up [illegible] equipment [illegible]

Because "Quality" is the hallmark of every article we make.

Because our customers have found that "Y and E" systems and "Y and E" service give permanent satisfaction.

Our splendidly built cabinets—in many sizes and combinations—make possible the arrangement of any number of individual systems for filing *records, correspondence, orders, bills, stock records, purchase records, prospects, quotations, credit information, card ledgers, etc*

There isn't a manager in the [illegible] who [illegible] and more this subject of "Better Systems" for doing things. And every manager should know the [illegible] of "Y and E" [illegible]

"Y and E" means [illegible] *whatever* you want *whenever* you want—quickly, without waiting.

"Y and E" *Better System* means much more than selling you cabinets and cards and folders. It means real *service*—*ideas* as to the best way to arrange your records and systems—*ideas* which represent the very best of modern office practice [illegible] to get the most out of business.

Will you look into it?

Tell us your case; we will write you specially, or have our man call. (No [illegible] ation)

Read our "Help" column now.

HELP

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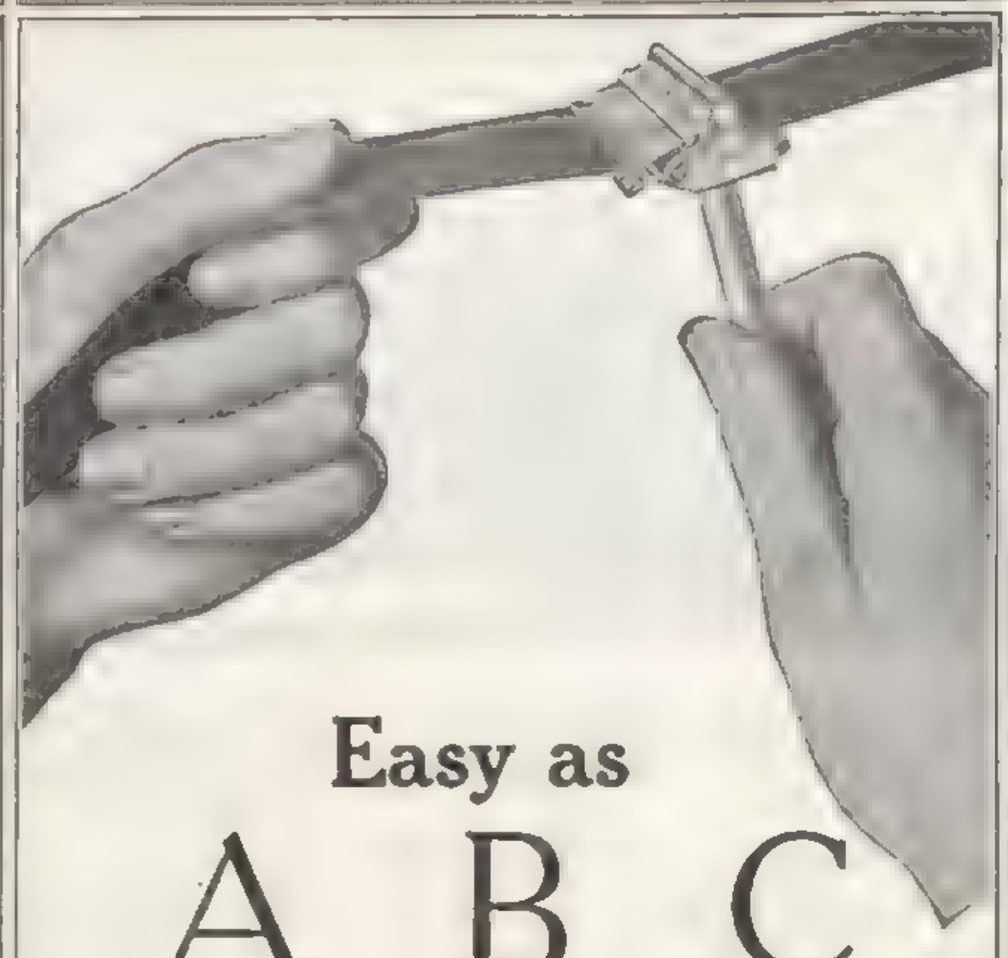

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STROPS ITSELF

the staple and determines its grade. Abdullah watches this process and knows a thing or two himself. His cotton is weighed and thrown into the proper bin with many other sacks of like grade. These are kept together until a sufficient amount accumulates for ginning. Then it is ginned and baled, each grade together, which partially accounts for the uniformity of Egyptian cotton. Abdullah receives his money at the price as fixed, less expenses. He keeps a sharp lookout and knows what is due him, to the last milleme.

Wash would be very suspicious of any negro who sold cotton in the seed. All the selling of seed-cotton that he knows of goes on at night—the boss never hears of that and the laws of Mississippi do not permit it. Seed-cotton must be sold in daylight and the buyer is required to keep an open record of the transaction. This is to prevent clandestine sales of cotton that may be subject to liens.

Of course, under this system Abdullah does not get a chance to pack his cotton fraudulently. It is said that Wash Johnson will sometimes slip a grindstone into his bale, pour water in the middle to make it heavy, or put the best cotton on the outside, where the sampler will get it. Maybe so; it only happens frequently enough to prove the possibility. Abdullah can do none of these things because he sells his cotton in the seed. But it is said that Abdullah has found a more prolific variety, of shorter staple and inferior spinning qualities. He artfully mixes this to some extent with his long-staple cotton; and experts fear that the Egyptian cotton may become hybridized, thus impairing its distinctive value.

Maybe Abdullah takes his cotton to the big market at Alexandria—a great gray building, with arcades opening into that central courtyard where merchants congregate, where rugs are sold and merchandise displayed in oriental marts. Here Abdullah may drink his coffee and gossip with other fellaheen who come hither to sell their cotton in the same long bags.

Where Land Cannot be Bought

Abdullah wants to buy land—the dearest object of all Abdullahs—but he cannot do it. There is no land for sale. The Egyptian can buy a camel, a donkey; he may buy a wife pretty cheap; he may even catch an Arab in a pinch and buy his horse from under him—but he cannot purchase land. He might rake Egypt with a fine comb until he froze to death in August and never scare up a real-estate agent. There's no such thing as a land market, and no trading. Every Abdullah wants to buy land and none of them want to sell. The Koran forbids a Mussulman to trade in the misfortunes of his fellow faithful; he is barred from lending his money at interest. With no desire for the refinements of life, he lives in his mud-and-dung hut, among his donkeys, children, chickens, wives, goats and camels. This blend of odors pleases Abdullah. If his crops be good there is but one thing that he thinks of buying—land. Now, if he could buy land, which he can't, and if there were a fixed value for it, which there isn't, it might figure out like this: Land in England is worth twenty years' purchase; it is worth a little more in France—say, twenty-two or twenty-three; in Egypt it should be worth about seventeen or eighteen years' purchase; in America, the less crowded portions, about ten. Under this theory, and based upon its productive value, cotton land in lower Egypt should run about one hundred and fifty guineas a feddan. Seven hundred and fifty dollars an acre for cotton land sounds outrageous to Wash Johnson, but some of it is worth much more—perhaps a thousand dollars an acre. Good cotton land can be bought in the South at almost any price—from the price of wild land untouched by the ax up to highly improved land—at one hundred dollars an acre. The hundred-dollar variety is the middling-fair, bale-to-acre, long-staple kind. Wash Johnson opens his eyes very wide at a thousand dollars an acre, but he can step out in his own neighborhood and lay hands upon a man who is getting eighteen thousand dollars rent for a thousand acres. This represents six per cent on a three-hundred-thousand-dollar valuation. Not so long ago the very same land might possibly have been bought for less than this year's rent.

Every farmer clings to his own particular hard-luck story. That's what puts the ginger in a farmer's life. Abdullah, like Wash, has a crop pest. Two different sorts of caterpillars run races with each other in devouring Abdullah's cotton. One kind attacks the cotton leaf and reproduces itself at the rate of about four generations in a season. The boll-weevil would contemptuously regard this as race suicide. This caterpillar can be got rid of by pulling off the leaves with the eggs and burning them. The moth itself may be caught in traps, set with a lighted candle, and drowned in kerosene.

The other caterpillar is not so busy in the matter of propagation, but that old lady is sly and more dangerous. Like the boll-weevil she lays her eggs inside the nut or pod—Wash would call this a boll—always puncturing from the under side. The plant develops normally, but when the time comes to test a tree by its fruit there is "nothing doing" in the shape of lint. The worm has eaten the nut from the inside and it does not open.

The Pests That Persecute Abdullah

Though the government is earnestly seeking to destroy these caterpillars Abdullah takes no interest in the matter. If Allah wills it that a bug shall eat his cotton Allah knows what is best both for Abdullah and for the cotton—and it does not become a fellah to put spokes in Allah's wheel. The government has a complicated system of compelling Abdullah to destroy caterpillar eggs—a system that does not work. Sheik Mustapha employs a simple system that does work: he takes a stick and beats Abdullah over the head until Abdullah hustles himself into a sunstroke collecting moth eggs—by sending his wives to the fields until the Sheik puts down that club.

Abdullah is much like Wash in this respect—when things go wrong he doesn't bother his head about it. The Omdeh of his village—Wash Johnson would call him the mayor and not go far wrong—is a prosperous Arab who cultivates hundreds of acres and is quite a dignified and intelligent man. Admirers in his village boast that he and his brother sell three thousand bales of cotton annually. His fields adjoin the ginning factory, which belongs to a firm of Germans. These Germans have a contract to buy his cotton and a patriotic determination to evolve profit from each bale. When the caterpillar eats up a hundred or so bales the Germans lose just that much, which displeases the Germans. However intelligent this Omdeh may be, he will take no precaution against those caterpillars that Allah has sent. Although the government orders it and the Germans are persistent, he will not put his women to gathering caterpillar eggs; neither will he set up traps and catch the moths. "Maleesh'" says the Omdeh; "it does not matter." Therefore the Germans maintain big traps to catch the moth. The wise German keeps his lamps all trimmed and burning in the Omdeh's cottonfield.

Of course the average Wash Johnson isn't studyin' about boll-weevil until after the crop is eaten. Then Wash has to hustle for his own rations; the white folks can't feed him and he moves away, owing a couple of hundred dollars to the landlord and the merchant.

If the boll-weevil went to Egypt she might prosper and she might not—according to the necessities and characteristics developed under new conditions. There is, for instance, no place in all of Egypt for her to hibernate—no rotting logs, no thickets, no pieces of new ground with girdled trees and deadened timber. There is no snug harbor to make her "comfy" in wintertime; but there is no winter—probably not a day cold enough to chill her feeblest baby. The question naturally arises, would Mrs. Boll-Weevil stick to those old-fashioned hibernating habits or would she do in Egypt as Egyptians do—forget about winter? Would she go on devouring and multiplying ceaselessly throughout the year? If she ever took a notion to behave that way her brood would cover Egypt ten feet deep from Wady Halfa to Damietta. But—there is a flock of buts and ifs in every boll-weevil theory. But it is exceedingly dusty in Egypt. There is no humidity in the atmosphere. American bugologists assert that Mrs. Boll-Weevil requires humidity in her system or she can't thrive.

The boll-weevil is not in Egypt; like most of the weevil theories this is a vague speculation. Nobody knows about Egypt; nobody knows about the weevil.

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Fortunate is that manufacturer whose product wins the immediate good will of the American people.

Wherever the Hupp-Yeats Electric is seen for the first time, people stop, stare and express their admiration.

Standing in front of stores, homes, and business blocks, you will see them in every large city surrounded by interested spectators.

The beauty of the Hupp-Yeats was the first of its qualifications to capture public appreciation.

But this first delight is as nothing compared to the solid satisfaction of the inquirer when the simplicity of the operative principles of the car are made clear.

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Obviously this means economy in current—as does the saving of 400 pounds in the weight over the average electric. The Hupp-Yeats weighs that much less than is usual, and yet its chassis is of pressed steel, so strong that no shock can disturb it.

Looking to the motor you find a Westinghouse. Coming to the battery you find the celebrated Exide. Examining the bearings you find them of the finest imported annular type throughout. Studying the wheelbase you find that it is generously long, 86 inches.

Following this up with an inquiry into the speed, you find that the Hupp-Yeats is capable of 17 to 20 miles per hour; and a mileage range, per charge of the battery, of 75 to 90 miles in the ordinary, every-day driving by the average user.

You cannot conceive anything softer or finer or more luxurious than its hand-buffed leather upholstery; or anything richer than the coach-work.

With all these superiorities revealed, you are naturally astonished to find that the price is only $1750; and this turns your desire for possession into eagerness to have one of the cars as quickly as it can be delivered to you.

A car of French design of the very latest fashion

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Storage battery—27 cells MV-11 Hycap—Exide in three trays. Capacity, [illegible] amperes for 5 hours

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Up to this period of your investigation you have found that no electric carriage you have ever seen has excelled the Hupp-Yeats.

You are charmed with the French design of the low-hung, graceful body, which permits the occupants to step practically on a level to the sidewalk.

That is what we meant, when we said above that the Hupp-Yeats had won the immediate good will of the American people.

Every car we can build is spoken for in advance. Many cities have not, as a result, been equipped with branch or agency representation.

If this condition prevails in your home town, it would be well for you to get in touch with the factory at once.

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Five carloads shipped to Chicago in first five weeks of sale. This record duplicated in every section of the U. S.

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FLAVOR, aroma, bouquet, strength, quality, whichever you wish to call it, is *all* there is in coffee that makes it worth anything.

Mrs. Rorer's Own Blend — the result of years of experience with different varieties of coffee — is the one coffee that completely answers, that is just right, that really truly satisfies—it is the coffee that gives zest to every meal of the day.

Mrs. Rorer's Own Blend comes to your home just as fresh as the day it was roasted, because the container is so constructed that not an iota of its delicious flavor is lost en route.

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Wholesale Grocers

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Very truly yours,
STEELE-WEDELES COMPANY
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The quality of Mrs. Rorer's Coffee is equal to, we could with justice claim better than—any 30 cent coffee on the market.

If you are not enthusiastic with your first cupful, return the package to your grocer—he is authorized to refund your money.

Mrs Sarah Tyson Rorer,
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Please send me free book of Mrs. Rorer's recipes.
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My Grocer's Address
Does he sell Mrs. Rorer's Coffee?

Confidence, experience and success enable us to make this broad guarantee.

If you will fill out coupon shown, we will send you 27 excellent coffee recipes by Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer

Climax Coffee and Baking Powder Co.
Indianapolis, Indiana

THE DRAKE WHO HAD MEANS OF HIS OWN

(Continued from Page 7)

"Well, Jimsy! Dreaming again! Do you know what time it is? The way you've took to dreaming is something terrible!"

Jimsy went into the house.

I was glad that two days more would see me out of this.

Next morning I stood justified—oh, more than justified—in Jimsy's eyes. No one could have anticipated such a performance at the pond as I was able to show him—it bore me out and surpassed anything I had told him—and no one could have foretold that it would fire Jimsy with a curiosity equal to mine.

The ceremony of the toast was in progress when Jimsy, crossing to the corral, saw me thus engaged. He stuck his hands into his pockets and strolled across to the water's edge, wearing a broad grin of indulgence.

"Awful busy, you are!" said he.

"Just watch them," said I.

"Oh, I've got a day's work to do!"

"I'm aware," I retorted, "that scientific observation doesn't look like work to the ignorant."

"What're you trying to find out?"

"I told you last night. I can't see how that drake keeps those ducks in order."

"Oh, I guess he don't keep 'em in order."

"I tell you he has them under his thumbs."

Jimsy cast a careless eye upon the birds. They had finished the toast and were swimming about. The quacks of the Duchess were merely quacks to him; he did not hear that she was saying to the Countess: "Hah, hah, hah! How do you fancy a back seat this morning?"

"One feels mortified, of course," I explained to Jimsy, "that she should betray her spite so crudely—a sad but common thing in our country."

"What are you talking about?" demanded Jimsy.

"Oh, I'm not in the least crazy. New York stinks with people like that."

At this moment the usual thing happened in the pond—the Duchess made a miscalculation. The drake swam suddenly left instead of right and the Countess jumped to the favored place. Now it was she who quacked backward at her discountenanced rival.

"She is really the sweeter nature of the two," I said. But Jimsy was attending to the ducks with an awakened interest; in fact, he was now caught in the same fascination that had held me for so many days. He took his hands out of his pockets and followed the ducks keenly.

"I believe you weren't lyin' to me," he remarked presently.

"You wait! Just you wait!" I exclaimed.

He watched a little longer. "D'you suppose," he said, "it's his feathers they love so?"

"His feathers?" I repeated.

"Those two curly ones in his tail. They're crooked plumb enticing, like they were saying, 'Come, girls!'"

This reminded me of Jimsy's unbrushed mound of hair and May's coldness at his reference to it. "Feathers would hardly account for everything," I said.

A last spark of doubt flickered in Jimsy. "Are you joshing about this thing?" he asked.

"Just you wait," I said again.

We did not have to wait. In the judgment of the drake it was time for the haystack; the ducks thought it too soon. All began as usual. Sir Francis had reached the woodpile and taken his attitude, the first protesting scream from the pond had risen to the sky, Jimsy's face was causing me acute pleasure, when the Duchess did an entirely new thing. She swam to the inlet and began to waddle slowly up the trickling stream. Then I perceived a few yards beyond her the cleanings of some fish which had been thrown out. It was for these she was making.

"She has ruined everything!" I lamented.

"Wait!" said Jimsy. He whispered it. His new faith was completer than mine.

The Duchess heavily proceeded. In my childhood I used sometimes to see old ladies walking slowly, shod in soft, wide, heelless things made of silk or satin—certainly not of leather, except the soles—now out of fashion. The Duchess trod as if she had these same mid-Victorian feet and she began gobbling the fish. If this was any strain upon the drake he did not show it. The Countess now discerned from the pond what the Duchess was doing and she was instantly riven with contending emotions. The waves from her legs agitated the whole pond as she swam wildly; sometimes she looked at the drake, sometimes at the fish, and between the looks she quacked as if she would die. Then she, too, got out and went toward the fish. I looked apprehensively at the figure by the woodpile, but it might have been a painted figure in very truth. I think Jimsy was holding his breath. When a moral conflict becomes visible to the naked eye there is something in it that far outmatches any mere thumping of fists; here was Sir Francis battling for his empire in silence and immobility, with his ladies getting all the fish. And just then the Countess wavered. She saw Sir Francis, white and monumental, thirty yards away; and she saw the Duchess and the fish about three more steps from her nose. She stood still and then she broke down. She turned and fled back to her lord. It cannot be known what the more forcible Duchess would have done but for this. As it was, she looked up and saw the Countess—and immediately went to pieces herself. I had not known that she had it in her to run so.

I cannot repeat Jimsy's first oath as he stared at the triumphant drake leading his family to the haystack. After silence he turned to me. "Wouldn't that kill you?" he said very quietly; and said no more, but began to walk slowly away.

"Now," I called after him, "will you tell me how he manages to keep head of his house like that?"

If Jimsy had any hypothesis to offer then he did not offer it, and before he had reached the corral May appeared. I'll not report her talk this time; it was the usual nursery governess affair: Did Jimsy know that he had wasted half an hour when he ought to have hitched up and gone for wood up Dead Timber Creek, and didn't he know there was wood for just one day left and it would take him the whole day? I escaped to my fishing before she had done and I took my dinner with Scipio.

It is wicked to fish in October, but we ate the trout; and I must tell you of a discovery: When artificial flies fail, and frost has finished the grasshoppers, the housefly is a deadly bait! I am glad at last to have accounted for the presence of the housefly in a universe of infinite love.

At supper I was sorry that Scipio and I had not got off to the mountains that day. Jimsy was still out. He had brought, it appeared, one load of wood from Dead Timber Creek and had gone for another. It was May's opinion that he should have returned by now. I hardly thought so, but this made small difference to May. She was up from table and listening at the open door three times before our restless meal was over. Next she lighted a lantern and hung it out upon a gatepost of one of the outer corrals, that Jimsy might be guided home from afar. In the following thirty minutes she went out twice again to listen and soon after this she sent me out to the lantern to make sure it was burning brightly.

"He would see the windows at any rate," I told her.

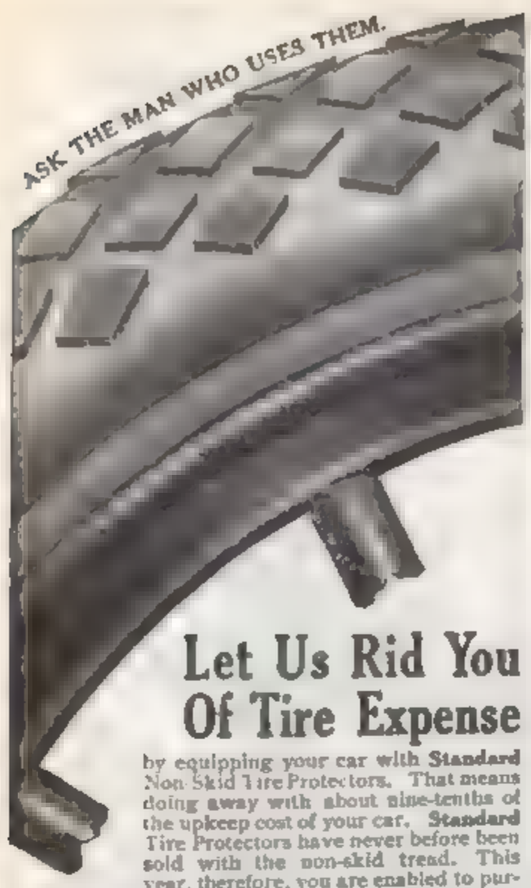
But now she had begun to be frightened and could not sit in her chair for more than a few moments at a time.

"What o'clock is it?" she asked me.

It was seven-forty-five and I think she fancied it was midnight. If Jimsy had been six years old and a perfect fool to boot she could not have been more distracted than she presently became.

"Why, Mrs. Culloden," I remonstrated, "Jimsy was raised in this valley. He knows his way about."

She did not hear me and she now seized the telephone. Into the ears of one neighbor after another she poured questions up and down the valley. It was idle to remind her that Dead Timber Creek was five miles to the south of us and that the Whitlows, who lived six miles to the north, were not likely to have seen Jimsy. The whole valley quickly learned that he had not come back with his second load of wood by eight o'clock and that she was asking them all if



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they knew anything about it. In the space of twenty minutes with the telephone she had made him ridiculous throughout the precinct; and then at ten minutes past eight, while she was ringing up her friend Mrs. Sedlaw for the second time, in came Jimsy. The wood and the wagon were safe in the corral, he was safe in the house and hungry; and, of course, she hadn't heard him arrive because of the noise of the telephone. He had been at the stable for the last ten minutes, attending to the horses.

"And you never had the sense to tell me!" she cried.

"Tell you what?" He had not taken it in. "Gosh, but that chicken looks good! What's that lantern out there for?" He was now seated and helping himself to the food.

"And that's all you've got to say to me!" she said. And then the deluge came—not of tears, but words.

Somewhere inside of Jimsy was an angel, whatever else he contained. Throughout that foolish, galling scene made in my presence before I could escape, never a syllable of what he must have been feeling came from him, but only good-natured ejaculations—not many and rather brief, to be sure. When he learned the reason for the lantern he laughed aloud. This set her off and she rushed into the story of her telephoning. Then, and then alone, it was on the verge of being too much for him. He laid down his knife and fork and leaned back for a second, but the angel won. He resumed his meal; only a brick-red sunset of color spread from his collar to his hair—and his eyes were not gray but black.

That was what I saw after I had got away to my cabin and was in bed: the man's black eyes fixed on his plate and the pretty girl standing by the stove and working off her needless fright in an unbearable harangue.

Audibly I sighed, sighed with audible relief, when the Culloden ranch lay a mile behind Scipio and me and our packhorses the next day. Jimsy had been as self-controlled in the morning as on the night before—except that no man can control the color of his eyes. The murky storm that hung in Jimsy's eyes was the kind that does not blow over, but breaks. Was May blind to such a sign? At breakfast she told him that the next time he went for wood she would go to see that he got back for supper! I told Scipio that if things were not different when we returned I should move over to his cabin.

"You'd never have figured a girl could get Jimsy buffaloed!" said Scipio.

"He's not buffaloed a little bit," I returned.

"Ain't he goin' to do nothin'?"

"I don't know what he'll do."

Scipio rode for a while, thinking it over. "If I had a wife," he said, "and she got to thinkin' she was my mother, I'd take a daily with her." His meaning was not clear, but he made it so: "I'd take her—well, not on my knee, but acrost it."

This I doubted, but said nothing. By-and-by we were passing the Sedlaw ranch and Mrs. Sedlaw came running out rather hastily—and began speaking before she reached the gate.

"Oh, howdy-do?" said she; and she stood looking at me.

"Isn't it perfect weather?" said I.

"Yes, indeed. And so you're going hunting?"

"Yes. Want to come?"

"Why, wouldn't that be nice! I thought Jimsy and May might be going with you."

"Oh, they're too busy. Goodby."

She stood looking after me for some time and I saw her walk back to the house quite slowly.

There's no need to tell of our hunting, or of the games of Cœur d'Alêne solo that Scipio and I and the useful cook played at night. In twenty days the snow drove us out of the mountains and we came down to human habitations—and to rife rumors. I don't recall what we heard at the first cabin—or the second or the others—but we heard something everywhere. The valley was agog over Jimsy and May. Amid the wealth of details I shall never know precisely what did happen. Jimsy had left her and gone to Alaska. He hadn't gone to Alaska, but to New York with Mrs. Faxon, the alfalfa widow. May had gone to her mother in Iowa. She hadn't gone to Iowa: she was under the protection of Mrs. Sedlaw. Jimsy and the widow were living in open shame at the ranch. The ranch was shut up and old man Birdsall had seen Jimsy in town, driving a companion who

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"Will I get this service at reasonable expense? Will the car take me—any time—where I want to go? Will it stand up?

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The "Everitt 30" was built from just this standpoint.

Three long-experienced manufacturers—men who had built thousands of cars—united their whole knowledge in its making.

The idea was a new standard of quality at reasonable cost,—to provide certain, enjoyable transportation-service.

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Metzger Motor Car Co., Detroit, Mich.

—P 2

Send catalog and dealers name.

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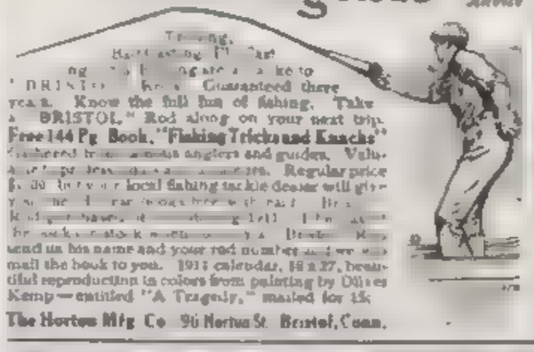

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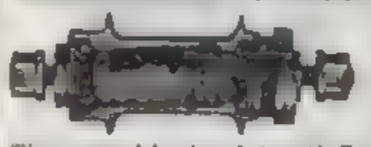

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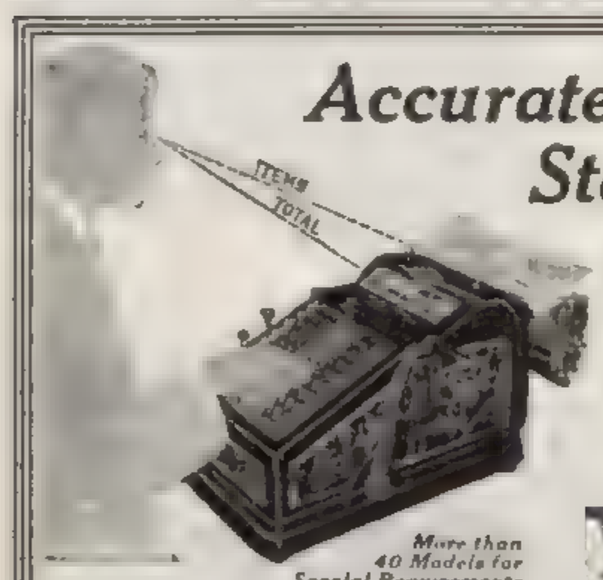

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wore splendid feathers. There was more, much more, but the only certainty seemed to be that Jimsy had broken loose and gone somewhere—and over this somewhere hovered an episodic bigamy. But where was Jimsy now? And May? Had the explosion blown them asunder forever? Was their marriage lying in fragments? On our last night in camp we talked of this more than we played Cœur d'Alêne solo. If anybody could tell me the true state of things it would be Mrs. Sedlaw, and at her door I knocked as I passed the next morning.

"Oh, howdy-do?" said I; and she sat looking at me for some moments.

"What luck?" said she. "Get an elk?"

"Yes," said I. "How are things in general?"

"Elegant," said she. "Give my love to dear May."

"Thank you," said I, not very appropriately.

The lady followed me to my horse. "Seems like only yesterday you came by," was her parting word. She had certainly squared our accounts.

As we drew in sight of the Culloden ranch you may imagine how I wondered what we should find there. A peaceful smoke rose from the kitchen chimney into the quiet air. Through the window I saw—yes, it was May!—most domestically preparing food. Outside by the pond a figure stood. It was Jimsy. He was feeding the ducks. I swung off my horse and hurried to Jimsy. Sir Francis was eating from his hand.

"How!" said he in cheerful greeting.

"How!" I returned.

"Get an elk?"

"Yes."

"Sheep?"

"Yes."

"Good!"

"You—you're—you're feeding the ducks."

"Sure thing! Say, I've found out his game."

I pointed to Sir Francis. "His control, you mean—how he keeps his hold?"

"Sure thing!" Jimsy pointed to the ducks. "Has 'em competin' for him. Keeps 'em aguessing. That's his game."

It stunned me for a second. Of course he didn't know that the valley had talked to me.

"Why, how do you do?" cried May cheerfully, coming out of the house.

Then I took it all in and I broke into scandalous, irredeemable laughter.

A bright flash came into Jimsy's eyes as he took it all in—then he also gave way, but he blushed heavily.

"Whatever are you two laughing at?" exclaimed May. She looked radiant. That clear note was all melted from her voice. "Mr. Le Moyne, aren't you going to stay to dinner?"

"Why, thank you!" said Scipio—polite, and embarrassed almost to stuttering.

To Sir Francis, Jimsy gave the last piece of toast. It was a large one. If the drake was aware of the tie between Jimsy's marital methods and his own, he betrayed it as little as he betrayed knowledge of all things which it is best never to notice.

Yes, I am grateful to the game laws. The next legislature made them intelligible.

An Acute Angler

COLONEL "PETE" HEPBURN, long in Congress and author of the Hepburn railroad law, was at a gathering in Washington recently when the subject of fishing was brought up.

"I never caught but one fish in my life," said the Colonel; "and I caught that with a dog."

"With a dog?" repeated Asher Hinds, the House parliamentarian.

"Yes, with a dog."

"A fish hound?" asks Hinds.

"No, a water spaniel. It was when I was a boy and I was out walking, with my water spaniel tagging along. It was Sunday afternoon. We came to a place where the receding waters of the river that had recently overflowed had left a sort of a shallow pond in the hollow, and I saw there was one fish left, and a big one. I saw the fish and so did the dog. I sicked the dog on and he jumped in. Other boys and dogs gathered and we had quite a time. After an hour or two the fish became worn out and my dog got him."

"Huh!" said Hinds disgustedly; "you are a fine sport, you are! You didn't catch that fish with a dog. You caught it with a pack."

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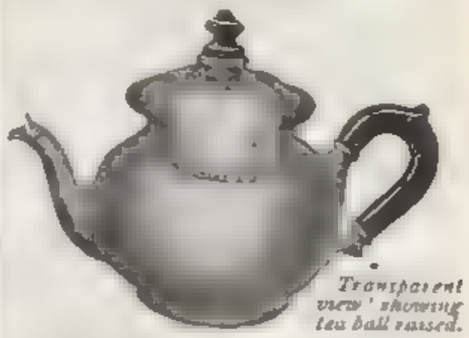

Transparent view showing tea ball raised.

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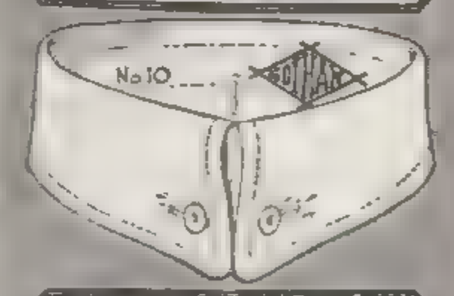

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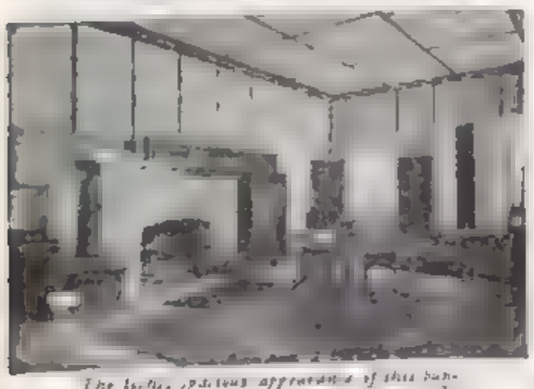
BEAVER BOARD

WALLS and CEILINGS

admit the widest scope for variety and beauty of design in rooms of every size and type, new or old, as suggested by the photographs reproduced on this page.

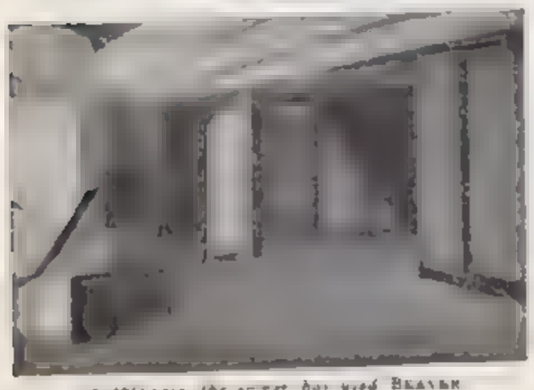
The photograph reproduced above shows a dining-room with appropriate and distinctive BEAVER BOARD walls and ceiling

The original of this picture is one of many where BEAVER BOARD has made pleasant and livable BEAVER BOARD walls and ceilings



The light, spacious appearance of this bungalow living-room is largely due to the BEAVER BOARD walls and ceilings

Every room in this building is finished with BEAVER BOARD—each as distinctive as the bedroom shown above



In this case, the owner has used BEAVER BOARD in all of the [illegible] partitions, trim, doors, and other finishing [illegible]

ONLY one thing can explain the wide-spread and continually increasing use of BEAVER BOARD Walls and Ceilings, and that is the universal adaptability of BEAVER BOARD. It enables you to get exactly the results you want in the most permanent, artistic and economical way and in the shortest possible time—

Whether you have a big house or a small one;
Whether you are spending much or little;
Whether you are putting up a new building or remodeling an old one;
Whether you want it for a residence, or an office-building, or a factory, or a club, or any other building;
Whether you use it in a bed-room, bath-room, dining-room, billiard-room, work-shop, kitchen, attic or cellar;
Whether you have high ceilings or low ceilings; arched, beamed, mullioned, or plain:

This universal application to all needs is due to the way in which BEAVER BOARD is made and the way in which it is put up and decorated, as explained by the following physical properties and advantages of BEAVER BOARD:

BEAVER BOARD is made of selected woods, reduced to fibrous form and pressed into panels of uniform thickness with pebbled surface admirably suited to tinting, stenciling or hand painting. The panels are nailed directly to the wall and ceiling-beams, or may be put on over the lath and plaster of old walls. The seams are covered with decorative panel strips.

BEAVER BOARD resists the passage of heat, cold and sound; it withstands shock, strain or vibration; it is quickly and easily put up; it does not check, crack or deteriorate with age; it costs less than lumber or than lath and plaster.

Sold by hardware, lumber, paint, wall-paper and builders' supply dealers and decorators, in sizes to meet all requirements. If not handled by your dealer, write us, mentioning his name. For your protection every panel is stamped on the back with the BEAVER BOARD trade-mark.

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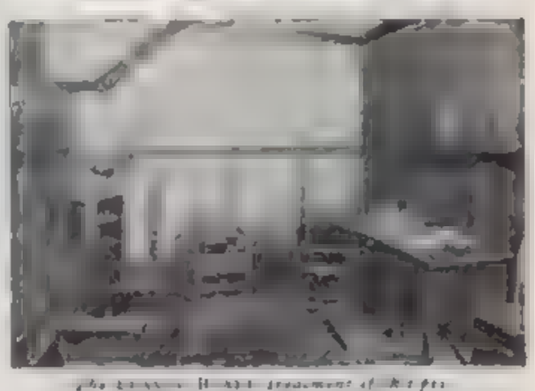
Lounging room of a large out-house where it was used throughout—walls and ceilings of BEAVER BOARD.

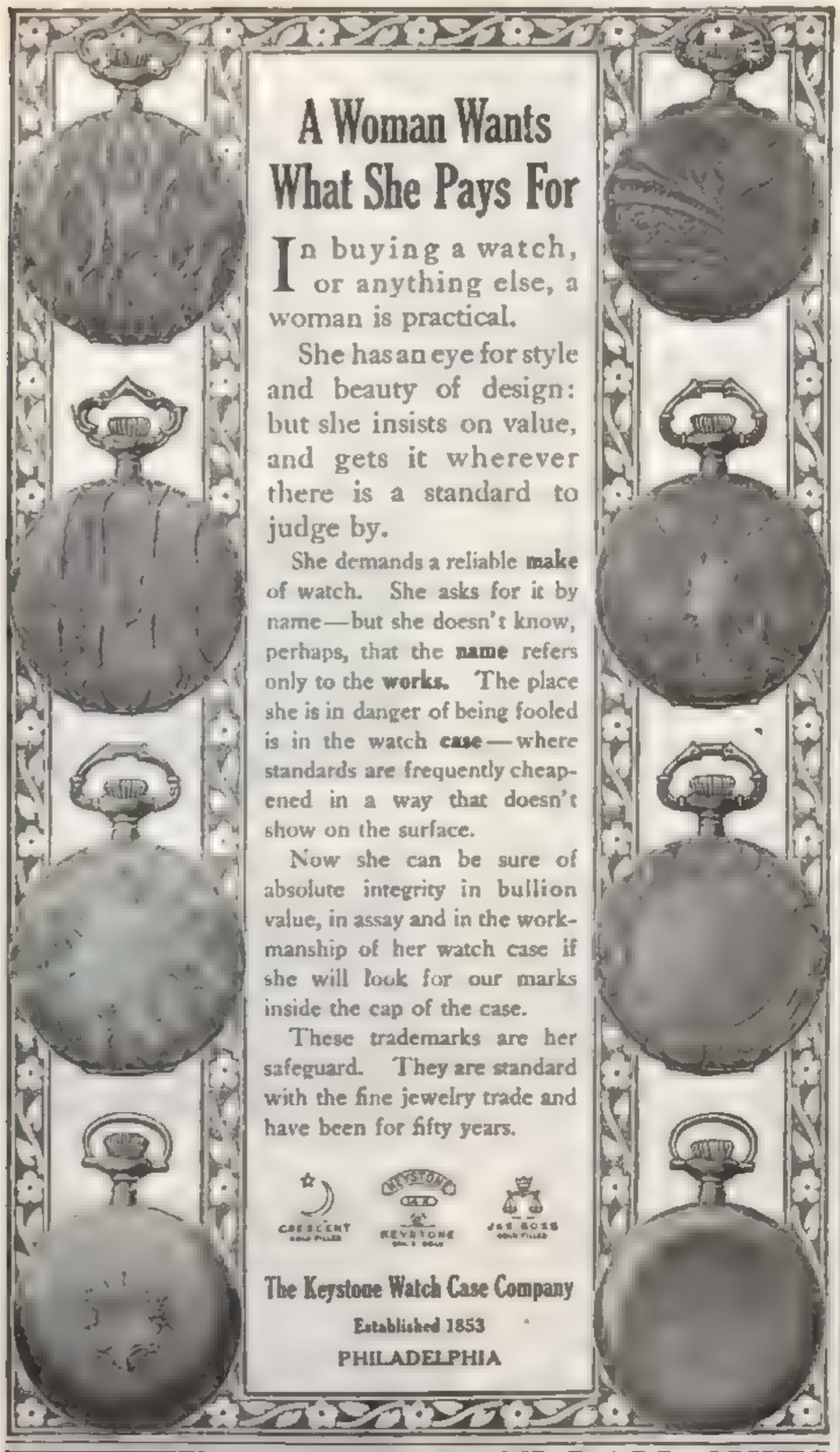
[illegible] BEAVER BOARD [illegible] in the show rooms of the lighting fixture company.

[illegible] BEAVER BOARD.



[illegible] BEAVER BOARD [illegible]

[illegible] BEAVER BOARD panels [illegible]



A Woman Wants What She Pays For

In buying a watch, or anything else, a woman is practical.

She has an eye for style and beauty of design: but she insists on value, and gets it wherever there is a standard to judge by.

She demands a reliable **make** of watch. She asks for it by name—but she doesn't know, perhaps, that the **name** refers only to the **works.** The place she is in danger of being fooled is in the watch **case**—where standards are frequently cheapened in a way that doesn't show on the surface.

Now she can be sure of absolute integrity in bullion value, in assay and in the workmanship of her watch case if she will look for our marks inside the cap of the case.

These trademarks are her safeguard. They are standard with the fine jewelry trade and have been for fifty years.

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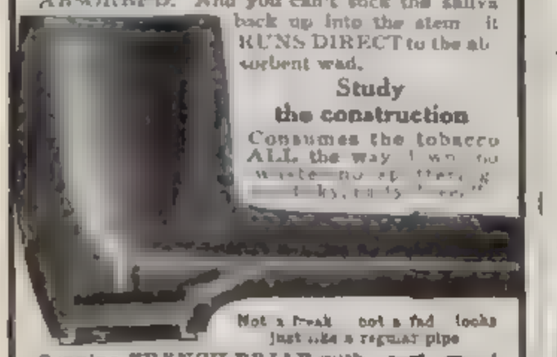

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the lightest-for-warmth underwear

has the metal lock attached. Write for illustrated booklet and sample.

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WITH BOOTS ON

(Continued from Page 16)

"There goes your hat," whispered Pindar. "We don't question women—here on Spongecake."

The girl had watched them from the door of her cabin. She could not hear the dialogue, but she was not lacking in imagination. She saw the doctor cautiously reach for his helmet from the stern of the boat; she saw Pindar, his dusty black derby hat on the back of his head, bending over the balance wheel trying to start the craft; then she listened to the barking of the engine until it came back on the soft wind only as a gentle purr, which finally faded away.

The following morning, when she noticed that the boat was tied up to the wharf again and found old Pindar asleep on a pile of dry palmetto stalks, with his spectacles fallen from his nose, she remembered that he had had no rest for forty-eight hours and she did not call him.

In the days that followed there was no change in the old man. He still brought her fruits from the bush; still carried water with lime juice to her so that she might drink when she started from one of her fitful daylight naps. And yet she fancied that he no longer watched her so closely, noting the thinness of her wrists or the drawing of transparent skin about her temples, where every day the fiber and sinew showed plainer. He no longer screwed up his eyes when she shook with coughing; in fact, his whole attention seemed to be concentrated on the weather. He watched the course of the wind, the color of the water, the clouds at sunset, the empty, purple sky at sunrise, the tide streaks, the white stew on the shallows, where schools of mullet were feeding. He sniffed the air. He smacked his lips as if he could taste some prophetic quality in the hot breezes. "We ought to be getting a norther soon—and rough weather," he would say.

It came at last. The wind dropped one evening as suddenly as if some one had turned off a fan and in the dead heat they could hear pelicans screaming their warnings on distant keys. Just before the girl went to her cabin a chill blanket of air settled over the island and the fingers of a new breeze, cold as death, touched her cheek.

At what hour she was awakened she could not tell. The walls of the little house creaked and groaned with the force of the storm. Pindar was standing over her with a lantern. Its flickering light showed his face all gnarled with passion.

"You're awake now, eh?" he roared. "What good? If you was only a man I'd make ten thousand dollars out of this night. There's a vessel ashore on Maribou Reef!"

The girl sat up; her eyes grew wide. "What do you need a man for?" she cried.

"To steer the launch," yelled Pindar.

The answer was a prolonged scream of joy.

"Me!" cried the girl. "Let me go! Oh, let me go!" She was on her feet, with the blanket about her.

"You!" roared Pindar. "Well, you were looking for something wild. It's come! Look at it!"

He threw open the cabin door, bracing it back with his shoulder. Occasional flashes of lightning tore the curtain of blackness.

The girl clasped her hands; joy shone from her eyes.

"A wreck! A wreck! Salvage!" she cried. "I'll go! I'll go!"

"Listen to the milliner!" said old Pindar, with a hoarse laugh; and then he threw a rubber coat and long boots into her cabin. "Put 'em on," he bellowed, "and come down to the landing." The curtain of black hurricane shut him out of view.

Only the swinging blur of light from his lantern served as a guide to the girl who, following after a moment, butted her bare head into the sweep of wind, sand and rain. Leaning back so that the storm would not throw her on her face, she struggled forward, coughing gently, as was her custom.

She crawled on her hands and knees along the single plank left at the end of the wharf. Before her she could see old Pindar in the launch, working with his hand beneath the canvas over the engine.

"Swing over into the boat," he yelled to her. "Swing over. I'll catch you! There—you see you don't weigh anything." His voice was in her ear. "Take the wheel. I've got to keep this engine going. You don't know starboard and port. Then turn the wheel to right or left as I yell."

"Aye! Aye!" she screamed. She had read it in the books.

The engine was humming. It was not until she turned around to catch a sheet of flying water on her shoulder that she saw the wharf was gone—absolutely lost in the chaos of night, from which the launch seemed to be running away with nervous terror.

"Right!" roared Pindar. "More! more!" The boat scraped a shoal. The propeller raced in the air. Then they jumped forward again. The girl wondered how he could tell the way in this slanting blackness; she concluded it was the same faculty that had taught her to find, in the dark of her old hall bedroom, one match, left on the washstand bracket.

"Right, right!" he yelled. A sensuous pleasure moved in her fingertips as the wheel turned in her grasp. "Enough!" came his voice.

The spray was white along the bows, the craft was plunging like an unbroken colt. Salt was on her lips. The wind filled her mouth. Water, wind, shadows, night and time itself slipped by. This was being on the Spanish main—in a hurricane—a wrecker! It was life!

"Left, left!" cried old Rowe after a long interval. "Easy!" He stood up peering through the darkness. "The wind has most blown out. You'll feel it drop presently. There's quieter water in that pass ahead. Left. Easy there! Now right! Right! See that bar! There's Maribou Key! It was a close call."

"What was a close call?" she asked, tossing her wet hair from her face.

"We nearly went to the bottom back there! Didn't you know it? Look at her pit. Half full of water!"

In spite of his apparent excitement, he left the engine and came forward where she was standing. The mangroves on Maribou broke the wind. It was no longer necessary to shout. He bent over near her ear.

"Listen!" he said. "I know this schooner that's in trouble on this reef. I saw her go down Hawk Channel this afternoon. She's the Nettie, from Miami. Her captain is the meanest feller this side of Fayal. He's Bowker—Bowker of the old Red A tramp steamers. He'll try to keep me out of my salvage. He won't give up his command. Well, look at this!"

Pindar thrust a heavy revolver up under her nose. "You understand? Might is right—out here on the reefs. Have you ever used one of them?"

The engine choked along behind them as Pindar waited for an answer. The girl coughed too; but finally, as if with reluctance, she shook her head. "No; but I can use one just the same!" she said.

"I knew it!" cried Pindar, with enthusiasm. He handed her another weapon. "There are six shots in it," he explained. "If you have to use 'em, use slow and careful. Right, again—there on the wheel. Right! Now look. There she lies!"

Out of the gray drive of spray rose a great hulk, growing larger and larger in the night.

"Not a light aboard!" the old man exclaimed. "No light! But listen! I heard 'em! There! Hear it? Old Bowker and the other two men are draggin' their boats forward."

"I don't hear," complained the girl. "Will they try to prevent your taking the vessel?" Her voice was trembling then with expectancy.

"It looks so now," said Pindar. Thereupon he stopped the engine, ran forward and, with his rough hand over the thin, soft, white fingers of the milliner, steered the launch into the quieter, shallow water and alongside the wreck.

"Quiet!" he cautioned as he tied the rope around a broken beam. "I'm goin' to go aboard and catch 'em unarmed. If you hear a shot climb over this plank here. Catch this iron rail. A shot will mean I'm in trouble, girl. You must act quick. Maybe they will shoot at you too. But just watch the spit of fire of their guns and aim right back at it. You'll do it?"

"Fight? Yes. Die on the deck, riddled with bullets!" she whispered. "It's lovely!"

"Your hand on it, mate," said old Pindar. "There! Listen for the shot."

He disappeared, crawling up the incline of deck. Then suddenly, coming sooner than she had dared to hope, there were curses, scuffling, the crack of a revolver!

"Yankee" Tools

Everybody read about this "Yankee" Ratchet Screw-driver

Mechanics, of course! But, this time, more particularly you household users of screw-drivers.

With your old-fashioned screw-driver every little [illegible] you make [illegible] goes on 50 or 100 times per screw—grip-and-let-go, grip-and-let-go—and *makes hard work of screw-driving.*

With the "Yankee" Ratchet Screw-driver the [illegible] on a ratchet. Moves back with your hand [illegible] *but* turning back the blade.

This New Kind of Screw-driver is gripped *once*—and the screw driven (or drawn) without releasing your grasp on the handle. The ratchet does all the gripping and letting go, working as smoothly as the stem-winder of a watch.

It's FUN to drive screws with the "Yankee" Ratchet Screw-driver.

This Slide, working [illegible] the tool, adjusts the ratchet for right or left movement of the blade—as used for driving or drawing screws; or to hold blade rigid.

Ask your dealer for

"Yankee" Ratchet Screw-driver No. 11

Made in 6 lengths of blade:

2 in. Blade,	25c	6-in. Blade,	70c
3 in. "	50c	8-in. "	80c
4-in. "	55c	10 in. "	90c
5-in. "	60c	12 in. "	$1.00

"Yankee" Ratchet Screw-driver No. 10, same adjustments but with ratchet-shaft working [illegible]-wise with the tool. Same sizes and prices.

Free Tool Book—Illustrates [illegible] "Yankee" [illegible] screws and [illegible].

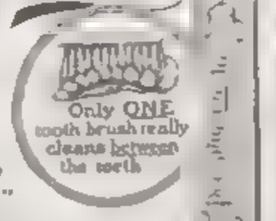
Write to

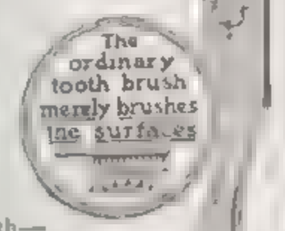
NORTH BROS. MFG. CO.
Philadelphia

Pro-phy-lac-tic

Tooth Brush

Cleans the teeth
Cleans *all* the teeth
Cleans them *thoroughly*
"*A clean tooth never decays*"





The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gets around every tooth—between all the teeth, both back and front alike—thoroughly cleansing every crevice. Its curved handle gives direct access to every part of the mouth—the long end tufts reach every tooth in the head.

Every Pro-phy-lac-tic [illegible] which protects [illegible] Rigid or flexible handle.

Our interesting booklet "Do You Clean or Brush Your Teeth" is yours for the asking—send for it.

25c
35c
40c

FLORENCE MFG. CO.
32 Pine Street, Florence, Mass.

The milliner laughed softly. She sprang forward, coughing, out of breath; she tumbled over the rail and lay flat upon the deck of the ship. At the same moment a flick of flame darted out of the darkness toward her. She raised her arm until the point of her elbow rested on the deck. She cuddled the cold, wet weapon with both hands and pulled away at the trigger until she had emptied the chambers. She was conscious that other shots were being fired in her direction. Hers were gone. A strange faintness came over her. The world swayed gently to and fro—an agreeable feeling.

Old Pindar interrupted this peace. He came sliding backward on his hands and knees out of the dark, retreating cautiously. He lifted her. He carried her to the rail. She marveled at his strength, for with her in his arms he went over the ship's side and landed safely in the rising and falling boat.

"We're licked!" he growled. "We must get away. They'll shoot us down like dogs. But you stood 'em off, mate. You stood 'em off!" He [illegible] at the cracking wheel, cursing under his breath. Suddenly they were off. The girl was swaying, clutching the steering gear. The faintness came over her again—the light swaying sensation—the delight of bird flight!

In deeper water Pindar came to her and she explained to him how exquisite were her sensations.

"You ain't dying?" asked Pindar, kneeling beside her in the swash of water.

"Why, maybe that's it!" she said cheerfully.

Pindar groaned.

"I had real life anyhow," she said. "Just for a moment—real life—like in the books!"

The old man bent over her. A little stream of blood ran out of his sleeve, curved around his wrist and dropped on her hand. The first gray light of dawn after the storm had come. The girl looked at the red stain.

"You—are—wounded!" she said between wrenching coughs. "I wish I could—help—you."

Pindar laughed roughly.

"You were right," said the girl, her voice clearing for a moment. "After excitement, tender things are nice. I've been awful fond of you. More than anybody else."

Pindar took her hand in his own.

"Yes, that's right. Put—your—arm—around—me. It's my—heart. But—I've—got—your boots—on!"

Pindar got up after a while. He pushed his hat back on his head. Standing up he peered out over imaginary spectacles, watching the pink streaks of dawn. Pelicans flew by close to the water, like awkward ghosts seeking cover. He picked up a large tortoise-shell hairpin from the planks at his feet and threw it overboard.

. . . . . .

The redhaired doctor came up to Sponge-cake in a motor boat. A week had gone by. Pindar was sandpapering a piece of board in front of the cabin.

"I didn't know as you'd come," he said. "I've got a scratch from a bullet on my arm here. It don't seem to want to close up; and I didn't have nobody to dress it."

The doctor wanted to ask where the girl had gone, but he thought better of it.

"Where'd you get the wound?" he asked timidly—"I mean, how long ago?"

"The night of the norther. I took the girl wrecking."

"Wrecking? There haven't been any wrecks!" said the doctor.

"Well, no," said Pindar. "It was just a little trip for her. We went out to the old hull of the Mary Salisbury—the one that went on Maribou Reef in the fall of 1903. It was pretty dark and I fixed up a little shooting scrape for her. I shot over her head and she shot back. I never suspicioned she'd tick me—I'd 'a' given her blanks if I'd thought so." He looked over his glasses.

"Um-m-m," said the redfaced visitor, wiping his forehead.

"What's that board you're working on?" he asked finally.

"What's it look like?" asked Pindar.

"Looks like a mark to put on a grave."

"Well, you're right; it is," said Mr. Rowe. "I've cut into it: 'Died With Boots On!' I was mighty fond of her and she was fond of me! She'll have a stone in place of this by-and-by. But there's one dod-blasted trouble—I never knowed her name."

Book-keeping Without Books!

Abolish the journal, ledger—all books and make a salesman out of your bookkeeper.

For if there is one place in your business where you are losing money, it is in the endless posting from sales slips to one book after another.

You are losing money in extra bookkeeping—in the wages of a bookkeeper in expensive mistakes—and in costly misunderstandings with customers.

You are losing money in hundreds of ways (due to carelessness and forgetfulness), that only a McCaskey Gravity Account Register will save.

Just so long as you sell on credit, for cash or on approval—pay money out or receive money on account—you are losing money if you delay installing.

Only One Writing

The McCASKEY SYSTEM

Without Any Book-keeper

With one writing, the McCaskey will handle every detail of your business from the time the goods are bought until the money for them is in the bank.

It automatically limits credit and flags the merchant at every danger point

Over 70,000 merchants have proven for themselves that in the care of their cash and their charge accounts the McCaskey System is the best method and the safest.

What the McCaskey has done for others it will do for you.

Ask for a Demonstration

Or send for booklet, "Book-keeping Without Books." It is really a gold-mine of information that will assist you in stopping the leaks and losses in your business.

THE McCASKEY REGISTER CO., Alliance, Ohio
Dominion Register Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada
19-21 Queen Victoria St., London, E. C., England

Mr. Automobile Owner, here is Your immediate necessity—the "Hayes" Metal Box, with Hayes' Lift-Lock (like illustration)

To keep tools and other little conveniences where you can get them immediately, and at the same time under lock and key—where nobody else can get them. The "Hayes" Box is handsome; made of steel, enameled (enamel baked on) black or any other color; finished perfectly—will look just as good the second year as it does the first. Attached to running board, out of the way, and when you want anything, you can get at it in a minute without diving under the seats, or burrowing in the tonneau. When you run your car in a strange Garage, you can leave it and know all your tools and accessories are safe. 51,436 of these boxes sold last year.

Made in fifteen standard sizes so the size you want is always on hand. Special sizes made to order. Can have single Box or with Partitions or Trays as desired. But be sure the trade mark is on the Box or you won't get the Hayes—and if you don't get the Hayes you don't get the best Metal Box in the world. Prices are common. If the dealer cannot supply you, write us for catalog and prices. Again we remind you, look for the trade mark.

Garage Floor Pans

One of these grease and oil catchers will keep your garage floor clean. Stamped from one sheet of metal and finished in durable black enamel. Reasonably priced. Send for price list.

Metal Boxes for Prest-O-Lite Tanks
Metal Boxes for Dry and Storage Batteries
Metal Boxes for Banks, Corporations, Firms
Metal Boxes for Bread, Cake, Silverware, etc.
Metal Boxes for Machinists' Tools
Metal Boxes for Farmers' Use
Metal Boxes for Everybody
Garage Floor Pans

Look for the trade mark—it's on every Hayes Box.

HAYES MFG CO
HAYES
DETROIT, MICH

Hayes Mfg. Co.

650 Mabury Avenue
Detroit, Mich.

Largest Manufacturers of Metal Boxes in the World

Western Branch—
E. G. JULIAN CO.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Fill in and Mail This Coupon
Hayes Manufacturing Co., Detroit, Mich.
Send for exact sizes and Price List of Hayes Metal Boxes.
Name
Address

¶ There is no gainsaying the established fact that in

THE L SYSTEM

Clothes

are combined everything that young men need to suit their personality—their purpose—and their purse.

¶ Throughout the United States, during **The L System College and High School weeks, March 20th to April 8th,** progressive merchants will make a special effort to display these better clothes at their best.

Send 2 cents for Style Book; or 24c for set of colored College Posters.

H. M. LINDENTHAL & SONS

Style Originators

Chicago Boston New York

NEGLECTED OPPORTUNITIES

(Concluded from Page 17)

July eight inches deep and harrowed six times, until a deep, fine and even seedbed was obtained. On the tenth of the following August five hundred pounds of pure raw bone to the acre was broadcasted and the ground was seeded with ten quarts of timothy, ten quarts of herd-grass, five quarts of sapling clover and eight pounds of alfalfa seed to each acre. Again the field was gone over with a finetoothed harrow and afterward was carefully rolled.

The crop was cut and cured between the twenty-fifth of June and the first of July. The yield was thirty-one thousand eight hundred and fifty pounds of green hay to the acre, or ten thousand four hundred and ten pounds—over five tons—of cured hay to the acre.

An accurate cost account with the fields was kept, as follows:

Cost of plowing eight inches deep, July, 1909	$ 15.00
Harrowing with cutaway harrow six times, with four horses	36.00
Fertilizer: two and one-half tons bone-meal	67.50
Seed: twenty-five quarts to the acre—two parts timothy, two parts herd-grass and one part sapling clover, with eight pounds alfalfa	35.00
Labor in seeding	3.50
Cutting ten acres, June twenty-fifth	7.00
Hauling to the barn	10.00
Total cost	$174.00

These fifty tons of cured hay were sold at fifteen dollars a ton and brought $750. This left Mr. Sandy a net profit on his ten-acre meadow of $576.

He has decided that it pays to raise hay, even on old tobacco land, provided the grower is not afraid to depart from tradition and will spend money on the meadow before he harvests the crop. Besides, he is restoring his soil to the vigor and fertility that it had before it was depleted with successive tobacco crops. And this means money in his soil bank!

An ear open to suggestions and quick to catch a casual hint has helped more than one man, more than one woman, to discover the hiding place of Opportunity right on their own premises. Here is a case in point that is typical:

A certain small farm in one of the scenic regions of Vermont was yielding its owner a bare and diminishing existence. He felt that the day was approaching when he would have to betake himself to town or look elsewhere for a farm that was at least partially horizontal and capable of producing crops other than scenery and stones. But the fact that this farmer's wife was recognized throughout the community as a master cook always made it possible for her to help out the family income by taking in a few summer boarders.

One of these vacation guests one day grew surprisingly enthusiastic and declared that nothing in the world had ever tasted quite so good to her as the doughnuts and cake from that farmhouse kitchen—unless it might be the green corn and melons from the perpendicular garden. She intimated that if the city people at the big hotel across the valley knew what they were missing they would come over in a body and apply for rooms at the farmhouse; and she instantly dropped a suggestion that the soil of the little farm must be peculiarly adapted to the production of sweet corn and melons.

That afternoon the farmer, smiling at his own shrewdness and quickness to take the hint, gathered a basketful of his choicest ears of sweet corn and a dozen melons and made a surreptitious pilgrimage to the hotel, where he placed his wares before the hotelkeeper and urged their superiority. The price that he asked for them was higher than that for which sweet corn and melons could be bought in the open market. However, the hotelkeeper declared that he wanted the best and would try them out. He found that the claims of the farmer were fully substantiated by the products of his garden and the result was a standing order that called for all the garden could produce.

Meantime the farmer's wife had not been unresponsive to the praise of her summer guest; and, without revealing her plan to her husband, she made a batch of doughnuts and baked a cake. These samples of her art were carefully packed in a market basket and, while her husband was away, she made a secret trip to the village and to the big hotel. There was no need of argument as to the quality of her wares, for their delicious fragrance pleaded their cause the moment they were uncovered in the presence of the hotelkeeper. He knew a good thing in the culinary line as soon as he smelled it, and the farmer's wife was astonished at the size of the standing order that he placed with her, as well as at the generous price that he suggested.

Later the hotelkeeper reported that the doughnuts were so good that the guests said the flavor even extended to the holes in the center of the fried cakes.

Since then the demand for cakes and doughnuts from this little farm kitchen has so increased that it has been necessary for the housewife to employ two other women with local reputations as cake bakers to assist her; and a new kitchen building has been put up back of the farmhouse and fitted with special ovens and all the modern conveniences calculated to facilitate the work. Several delivery wagons from the little perpendicular farm are kept busy throughout the boarder season delivering the products of the kitchen and of the kitchen garden to the summer hotels throughout that entire locality. Very wisely this woman keeps up the high quality of her cakes and gives to every one the same home-made quality that so appealed to her first customer and his guests. This is the reason why her cakes are able to command a fancy price from the best hotels and from her private customers. There is satisfying evidence to support the statement that the output of this farm kitchen brings to its mistress an average annual income of three thousand dollars.

The sweet corn and melon patches have expanded along with the kitchen. The farmer has wisely specialized along these lines because his soil is clearly adapted to growing sweet corn and melons of a superior quality and flavor. However, he has from season to season added other garden products, all of which are delivered by the same wagons that distribute the cakes and doughnuts to the hotels. His garden is not far behind the kitchen as a producer of ready money. The farm that was a few years ago considered as almost worthless is producing a splendid income—and all because its owners were quick to take and act upon a casual hint!

Editor's Note—This is the third of three articles by Forrest Crissey on Neglected Opportunities.

Borrowing to Build

THE advantages of borrowing from an association are worth a word or two. For one thing, a man with a loan mortgage sleeps nights, for as long as he keeps up his monthly payments his loan cannot be called; whereas, when money is borrowed from an individual, there is always the chance that the lender may suddenly ask for his capital, and it will be necessary to go out seeking another lender, perhaps in times of stringency, and to pay the legal fees for a new mortgage, and perhaps a premium or a higher rate of interest. Again, the home bought under a building-association mortgage will be good value, for the association's appraising committee probably includes a practical builder, and the amount of money loaned is governed by the solid character of the property. As the borrower cannot get enough on mortgage to make an extravagant purchase, he will not overload himself in taking on the obligation.

Some of the largest associations have never foreclosed a mortgage, indicating that the amount of the monthly payment each borrower can meet has been shrewdly gauged. Furthermore, in buying through a building and loan association the purchaser of a home has the counsel of men thoroughly experienced in every detail of real-estate transfers and careful to see that there are no "jokers" or neglected points in the deal. The average loan committee in one of these associations may be trusted further in real-estate knowledge than even an experienced realty attorney. The latter looks chiefly to points of law; the loan men look beyond the law and into the human nature of the deal. For a building and loan association is essentially a human-nature institution.

Bailey's Rubber Complexion Brush

All Dealers

IT'S THE **FLAT-ENDED TEETH**

with circular biting edges that remove dust caps, cleanse the skin in the bath, open the pores, and give new life to the whole body. Mailed 50 cents. Petite half size 25c.

Bailey's Rubber Glove Cleaner. Unlike all other methods it cleans the finest glove without injury to the kid. Rubs dirt off, not in. Requires no moisture, soap nor preparation. Cleans in two minutes. Price 10 cts., mailed.

CLEAN HANDS for EVERY ONE BY USING

Price 25c., mailed

Cleans the teeth perfectly and polishes the enamel without injury. Never irritates the gums. Can be used with any tooth wash or powder. Ideal for children's use. No bristles to come out. No. 1, 25c.; No. 2, 35c. Mailed on receipt of price.

Bailey's Won't-Slip Crutch Tip

This tip won't slip on any surface. Made in five sizes, internal diameter No. 17, ⅝ in.; No. 18, ¾ in.; No. 19, ⅞ in.; No. 20, 1 in.; No. 21, 1⅛ in. Mailed upon receipt of price, 30 cents per pair.

100 page Catalogue of Everything in Rubber Goods, Free

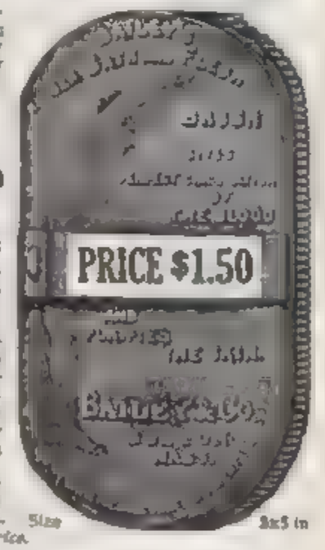
Longevity is promoted by friction; developing energy and driving from wearing circulation.

Bailey's Rubber Bath and Flesh Brush

by its healthy, urgent action opens the pores and assists them in throwing off the waste which the blood sends to the surface. It also stimulates the tissues and renewed vigor courses through the body.

The brush used dry will give a delightful Massage treatment. Size 3x5 in.

Sent on receipt of price.



Right Now

You Should Wear

Bailey's "Won't Slip" Rubber Heels

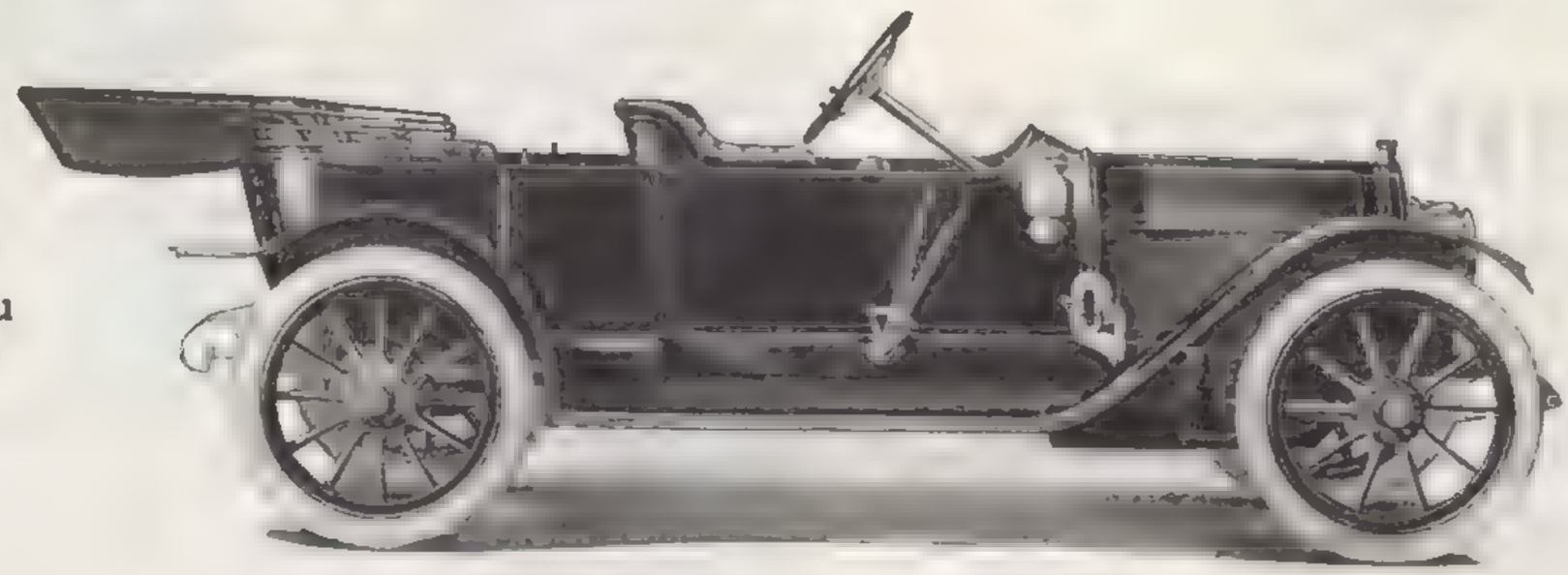
The tread surface is positively non-slipping and more durable than leather. They have proved the most resilient, lightest and longest wearing rubber heels made. Brains were used to make them. They will save yours by wearing them. All dealers. Applied, 50c per pair. Mailed, 35c. Send drawing of heel. Dealers, write for prices.)

C. J. BAILEY & CO., Mfrs.

22 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

HUDSON "33"

"33" Pony Tonneau $1300



"33" Touring Car $1250

The "33" Torpedo—$1350

Equipment on all models includes 3 oil and 2 gas lamps, horn, tools, pump, quick-detachable rims, gas generator

Confidence Accounts for the Great Demand for the HUDSON "33"

It is remarkable that the majority of those who have bought the HUDSON "33" knew a great deal about automobile values and yet they placed their orders without investigating the car.

They made their selection just as they would choose a doctor, a lawyer or an architect.

With all their knowledge of automobile values, they were more willing to place their confidence in the skill and experience of the man who designed the car and the company that built it than they were to trust their own judgment.

Surely this is the safest way for an inexperienced buyer to select a car. The details of finish or some attractive yet unessential device may so often influence a buyer as to cause him to overlook the more important features of simplicity, design, materials and other similar qualities.

Even experienced automobilists are influenced by these devices, and that is why the majority of the 687 persons who placed their orders on the first day that the various dealers exhibited their HUDSON demonstrators, have bought more on account of their confidence than because of their own judgment.

It is not remarkable that they have done this. They knew from previous experience the character of cars that Howard E. Coffin has designed. Many of these persons knew, from having driven his earlier cars, the character of workmanship his associates put into his automobiles.

Confidence guides your decision in choosing any article you buy. It should be your principal influence in selecting an automobile. Many qualities of a car are never known until it is put into actual service. Much can be covered by paint. The quality and strength of metals can never be known until the car is actually driven on the road. You must buy an automobile, therefore, just as an inexperienced person chooses a diamond or entrusts his life to a physician or a surgeon whom he knows only by reputation.

Howard E. Coffin is known by the work he has done, to practically every man in the automobile trade. Men in the garages speak his name in connection with some device on an automobile, just as electricians refer to the name of Thomas A. Edison, or as surgeons refer to the Mayo Brothers.

Confidence and not personal knowledge is the safest guide.

Mr. Coffin devised a lubricating system years ago which is today used upon 80 per cent of the better known American cars. He is recognized as the most advanced automobile engineer in this country. He has been honored by engineering societies and associations in America and abroad. His skill has made for him a fame not enjoyed by any other engineer. The result of his experience and knowledge is shown in the HUDSON "33." It is his greatest car—the one that embodies all that he learned from his previous designs.

The HUDSON "33" is built under Mr. Coffin's direct supervision by the same associates who have been with him ever since the industry began. They have always built good cars. They are doing the same today. They carry out Mr. Coffin's ideas. So in selecting the HUDSON "33" you are selecting not merely the car that you see and drive, but a machine which expresses the training, skill and integrity of an organization that is known wherever automobiles are used.

The demand for these cars is so great that it is doubtful if there will be enough for all who want them, if they delay in ordering.

This year is showing an unexpectedly large demand for automobiles, and the six leading makers will undoubtedly have more orders than they can fill.

This is particularly true of the HUDSON

Therefore, if you are thinking of buying a car this year, you would better make your investigation now and place your order early, or you will not be sure of getting the car you want, when you will want it.

The Coincidence of the "33"

The remarkable thing about the HUDSON "33" is the way the latest models of the greatest European cars resemble it. Leading engineers of Europe have just exhibited their newest designs at the Paris and London Automobile Shows. Such famous makes as the Renault, Fiat, Mercedes, Isotta, Lancia, De Dietrich, Martini and many others, show identically the same ideas that Mr. Coffin, working independently of the European masters, put into the HUDSON "33."

Simplicity the Keynote

Simplicity is evident in every detail

The number of parts used is 900 less than in the average car.

Oiling places can be reached without inconvenience or soiling the clothing.

Moving parts are all enclosed and dust-proof. This includes the valve mechanism, which is exposed in practically all American cars.

The frame is heavier than is used on any other car of its weight

The motor and transmission are held together as a unit, giving all the advantages of both the three and four point system of suspension.

Wheels are stronger than are ordinarily used.

Springs are so designed that they are practically unbreakable, yet are easy and flexible.

There is greater leg room in the front seat than is provided in most cars.

The steering wheel is extra large, same as on the biggest, costliest cars.

Don't these facts make you want to see the HUDSON "33"?

Think what it means to obtain for $1,250 the masterpiece of such an engineer as Howard E. Coffin.

Think what it means to obtain a car at that price that embodies the ideas that the leading European engineers this year are putting on their cars, any one of which sells for from three to five times the price of the HUDSON "33."

Then think what is indicated by the 687 orders taken the first day.

Doesn't that look as though it would be hard to get prompt delivery of a HUDSON "33" in the spring?

Therefore, reserve your HUDSON now

Mohair top, Prest-O-Lite tank instead of gas generator and dual system ignition, with famous Bosch high tension magneto, $150 extra for either model.

Write for complete detailed descriptions and address of your nearest dealer

See the Triangle on the Radiator

HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

5097 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit

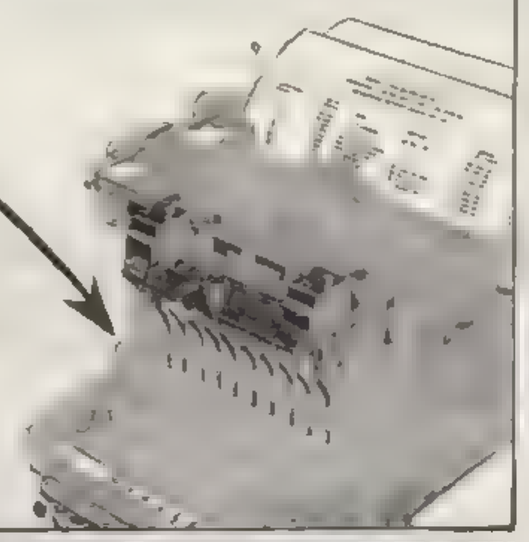
(30)

Absolutely The Latest
typewriter improvement is the
new *Key-Set Tabulator* of the
Model 11 Visible

Remington

It sets the tabulator stops *instantly* for any kind of billing, form or tabular work. This is absolutely the latest and greatest of all recent labor-saving improvements in the billing typewriter.

Here is the key which sets every tabulator stop.



Absolutely satisfactory service is guaranteed to every purchaser of the Remington.

Remington
Typewriter Company
(Incorporated)
New York and Everywhere

THE ORIGINAL SHIRLEY
PRESIDENT
SUSPENDERS
REG. U.S. & PAT. OFF.
PATENTED AUG 16, 1892.
The Shirley President is the height of Perfection
READ OUR GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK
THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.
SHIRLEY, MASS.
Founded on Merit
Our confidence in the perfect materials and workmanship that go into every pair of President Suspenders is expressed by the Shirley Guarantee
Satisfaction or Your Money Back
Our opinion of President Suspenders is sustained by the great public that buys more and more of them each year. Ten years of increasing sales would not be possible without real merit.
Insist on the Shirley Guarantee when you buy Suspenders.
Price 50 cents from all dealers or from factory, light, medium or extra heavy, extra lengths for tall men.
1717 Main St. Shirley, Mass.
The C. A. Edgarton Mfg. Co.

MADE IN GERMANY

(Concluded from Page 13)

People crowded to see the newest ice rink opened some weeks ago. On an acre of clear, artificial ice were some forty or fifty skaters, many professionals of great skill. Around the huge amphitheater, lighted as only the Germans, who developed most of the new gas mantles and incandescent filaments, know how to light an interior, were thousands of people at tables.

"There!" said a Berliner. "These people have paid forty thousand marks to come in here tonight. They will spend another hundred thousand marks for food and drink while they watch the skaters. And yet you will hear it said that we Germans are not a sport-loving people!"

The Germans need many other Yankee commodities, from our carbon papers and ice-cream sodas to our skyscrapers. Every one of the transatlantic cousins instinctively recoils in horror when it is suggested that American skyscrapers would be good for him. It is as difficult to impart a rational view of the skyscraper to the average German as it is to lead an average clean-minded Yankee to take a Friedrichstrasse view of morals; but no city in the world has grown so fast as Berlin in the past generation. Rising land values will ultimately drive the city up into the air and sun. The Berliners are a long way from sane thinking on this subject just now, but in the end we shall probably sell them skyscrapers.

When an American manufacturer has appointed a Berlin selling agent he sits back in the comfortable assurance that Germany has been taken care of. But going into Germany right implies the opening of a branch office there, the training of a salesforce and, later, the establishment of a German branch factory. The American will seldom get anywhere until he has some such stake in the country.

A German selling agent works honestly, as a rule, according to his light; but he has no such methods as we have of developing home trade. He takes the American office device, which here at home is sold through the manufacturer's own salesmen in every city and town, and puts it in the window as an accessory to his other business. The trade he gets is chiefly what drifts to him.

Uncle Sam's System in Selling

American cash-register people have built up an enormous business in Germany because they went over and organized a salesforce on the lines of that at home. American agricultural machinery people have built up a solid trade on the same plan.

"The first year or two we had salesmen planted so thickly that a German farmer couldn't spit without hitting one of them," says a harvester man; "and when the German farmer would not buy a mower or binder to use in the field we sold him one to put in the barn as an object-lesson to prevent trouble with his fieldhands. These were always more reasonable in their demands when they knew it stood there; and after it had stood in the barn a couple of years it was eventually put to work."

Only the most vigorous sort of direct work on the ground itself will take an American house anywhere in Germany. Organizing a salesforce there is a job for a first-rate man, because the sort of well-bred, intelligent young German who would make a good salesman has never been brought to see that saleswork is something higher than what the English call "touting for trade," and the thing can only be imparted by example. When a young German has worked a year under an American sales-manager, however, and understands that the highest officers of his concern in the United States are men who have come up chiefly through selling experience, he develops rapidly. Another stiff problem is that of getting good outlets through the German retailers. The merchant is cautious. He wants to see the direct profit in everything he does. He is slow to invest in stock simply for the sake of having a better assortment to show customers than his competitors carry. He hesitates to spend a dollar on a prospect this year, in advertising and such work, on the chance of making a profitable sale next year.

The German market warrants aggressive work on the part of any concern whose goods are really adapted to it.

Several years ago an American shoe dealer arrived in Berlin on a dull, rainy day. He was tired and not very well, so that all things should rather have worked together to give him an unfavorable impression of the town. Yet, on the contrary, he liked Berlin and thought he saw an opening there for American shoes. Within a year he had sold out his business at home, got the coöperation of a big shoe-manufacturing house and was established as a retail shoeman in the Prussian capital. Since then the Germans have learned to make shoes on the American system, with American machinery, and competition would appear to be closing in upon the original American shoeman from every side. Yet he has four retail stores in various parts of Germany and several months' advantage of the Germans in the matter of styles, for they copy American models and he has something brand-new by the time they get them into stock. Moreover, he has extended his business by becoming a wholesaler and is selling stock to dealers throughout Germany, Switzerland, Italy and other sections of Europe. He is there to stay because he was on the ground first, and all the German competition that develops simply helps along the propaganda for American shoes.

Profits in White Elephants

In another instance an American sales-manager for a large house, with goods that ought to find a wide market all over Germany, called with samples on a Berlin wholesale merchant. He found that the wholesaler sat behind a counter, viewing samples as they were laid before him. Several other salesmen, all Germans, were showing samples at the same time. The American wanted not merely to show samples but to plant in that wholesaler's mind a comprehensive scheme for the development of a national business. Every other moment, though, one of the other salesmen would interrupt and get the merchant's attention; and for an hour no headway was made. Finally the merchant said:

"Your samples seem to be all right—suppose you send me two dozen of this style and a dozen of that."

"My dear man," said the American, disgusted, "I'll be glad to send you three dozen of our goods for your personal use free of charge. What I have been trying to sell you is a business covering all Germany, so that if you bought stock at all you'd want a couple of thousand dozen to start with. Good day."

This sales-manager went back home to report that owing to small-caliber methods there was little chance to enter the German market. He did not know that the salesmen who had interrupted him to show goods of another character were really sent there for that purpose by small German manufacturers in the same line. They had heard that he was in town and took steps to block his project—and succeeded. What his house would need, for consistent development in the Fatherland, is a branch in Berlin and a German salesforce.

A German merchant had a white elephant on his hands.

As part of his business premises he had been obliged to lease a small concert hall, and the rentals did not anywhere near meet the running expenses and rent.

One day a young woman applied for work. She was German, but had spent two or three years in the United States as secretary to a corporation official. The merchant liked her confident way of talking from the first, but dared not put her among his salespeople, because it would have upset every precedent and tradition that held the staff together. So he made her keeper of the white elephant. She became manageress of his concert hall and from the first day, to his great delight, gave him no peace. Every morning she was waiting to lay before him some new idea for the improvement of the place.

When the merchant came to take stock of his concert hall at the close of the musical season he found that the white elephant had become a decidedly profitable animal; for by her alterations, coupled with vigorous advertising and personal work among artists giving recitals, she had got ten times as many attractions for the place as her employer had ever been able to secure.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last of a series of articles by James H. Collins dealing with business in Germany.

Business Men—
BACK *to the*
BICYCLE

A mount that is always ready—for hurried errand or day's jaunt, that eats up space like an auto and costs less than shoe leather; that gets you to the office on time and gives you an hour extra each day at home; that makes you independent of stuffy, crowded and unsanitary trolleys; that strengthens mind and body, gives a healthy appetite, and is a source of never lessening and ever satisfying enjoyment.

Can you afford *not* to ride a bicycle?

IVER JOHNSON

TRUSS BRIDGE
1884 BICYCLE 1911

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290 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York [illegible] Chambers Street
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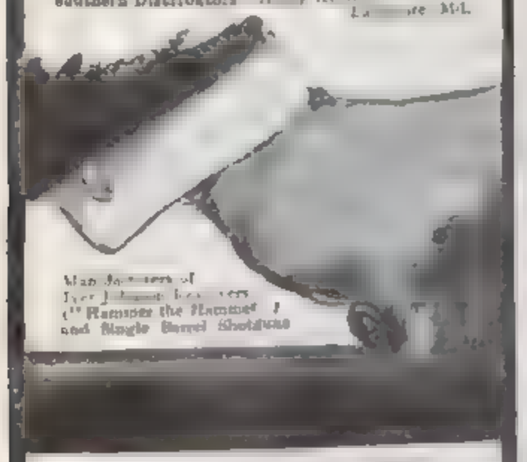
Buffalo [illegible]
San Francisco [illegible] Mission Street
Southern Distributors [illegible] La[illegible]re Md.



Man [illegible] of Iver Johnson [illegible]
("Hammer the Hammer") and Single Barrel Shotguns

Our "Boy Scout" is a very high-grade Boys' Bicycle

IVER JOHNSON

ON A FIELD SABLE

Continued from Page 12

white ez cotton. She an' her daddy tuk keer o' me an' mine uvver sence I cum in de worl'. I always had plenty ter eat, er good place ter sleep an' nary one hard word f'm ennybody in dat fambly. An' when we cum up ter dis town she promised me an' Sawney she'd take us back home ef airy one uv us died. An' when he died las' year she rid 'longside o' me in de hack right behin' 'im ter Ebenezer Church. Plenty uv 'em in dis room now seed her do it; an', whut's mo', she went wid me on de railroad all de way ter Loud'n County an' druv ten mile f'm de stashun ter de home place, whar she ain' bin at but once in thirty year, 'cause she hate ter see it all gone ter rack an' ruin, wid de po'ch done fell in, de blin's off'n de winders, an' nuthin' but leatherwing bats an' owls in it. I made 'em drive roun' by de Hick'ry Woods Road so we wouldn' go in sight o' de house, but she ain' nuvver pushed back de curtins o' de wag'n ter look at de place whar she wuz bawn, an' 'twuz de same way comin' back. An' uvver sence den she's bin scrapin' an' skimpin' ter pay dat money back, an' me not knowin' one blessed thing 'bout it. She ain' no bigger'n er shrimp; but she's got de sperrit uv ol' Abe Lincoln an' Gin'l Jackson, bofe uv 'em put terguther. But I tho't nard o' her fer once in my life, 'cause all de time she know'd I had six hundud good hard dollahs in Mr. Hooper's bank, whut I done made dis way an' dat. I ain' nuvver got but nine dollars' intrus' eve'y six mont'; but I wish I may die dis minnit ef she ain' paid dat man er hundud an' twenty dollahs' intrus'!"

"I object, your Honor," Starke interrupted instantly, "to any such statement, as having nothing whatever to do with this case, even if it were true."

Judy whirled around, ignoring the judge entirely. "He done kissed de Book same as me," she exclaimed, pointing to the state's witness. "Let 'im deny it ef he wants ter. I jes' dar' you," she blazed, bending toward Farrell, arms akimbo. "I jes' dar' you!"

A low murmur, as from a swarm of excited bees, filled the great room, to be instantly hushed by the even, impersonal tones of Judge Latane's voice.

"You will hereafter confine yourself exclusively to the relevant facts as adduced by the testimony," he said, addressing the black woman. "It is not your prerogative," he continued, in grave explanation, "to interpolate facts which are of a nature *ex parte*, so to speak."

There was a dead pause, in the midst of which those who understood the sardonic grimness of Judge Latane's humor in the deliberate choice of his words came nearer to an unseemly levity than had ever been exhibited in his court. For, to Judy, the admonition might as well have been an explanation of the binomial theorem. But she bowed, saying, "Yassuh; cert'n'y, suh," as though she understood every word of it; and then she began hurriedly unfastening the bosom of her dress.

"I jes' wanter say, suh," she went on calmly, laying a few papers on the table, "dat hyar's de receets fer dat intrus'. Dey is de onlies' things I uvver stole f'm her in my——"

A repressed roar of laughter broke from the jury and Starke's brother lawyers. And when Starke, white with anger and chagrin, had finished a brief, scathing protest, Boulden, wiping the tears of mirth from his eyes, reached out and took the receipts. "I'll take care of these," he said. "Now, go on with your—your speech."

"Speech!" exclaimed Judy. "Speech! I don' wanter make no speech." She looked up at the judge. "I reck'n dat's all I got ter say, suh, 'cept'n I didn' know nuthin' 'bout Miss Sally borryin' dat money 'tell I got back f'm de stashun house dat day, 'cause when Mr Farrell an' dat nigger cum in de yard an' wanter take her furnicher I tho't dey wuz jes' nachully crazy, an' when I seed dey meant bizness I 'clar ter gracious her daddy riz up outen de grave, right in front o' me.

"I ain' seusin' myse'f for whut I done ter Mr. Farrell 'cause he hit me when I hadn' done one blessed thing ter 'im, an' de dev'l got in me big ez er hoss. He's de fus' white man uvver laid er finger on me in anger" the woman's voice rose in passionate indignation "an' I wuz bawn in slavery, too.

"Now I done tol' you-all de Gawd's blessed trufe 'bout all dis mess, 'cause I

SMITH-WALLACE SHOE CO. CHICAGO STERLING QUALITY

No! Comfort is not a by-product

it's an essential in a shoe. There is no torture like bad shoe torture. And it is sure to lead to serious trouble.

The secret of shoe comfort consists in finding a Smith-Wallace last that fits your foot—and your idea of what a shoe should be—and then "sticking to your last." One test will demonstrate the proven superiority of the shoes that bear this trade-mark.

Smith-Wallace shoes cost no more than the ordinary kind—and they're better. A postal will bring local dealer's name.

Smith-Wallace Shoes
For the entire family
CHICAGO

Ever-Ready Safety Razor With 12 Blades $1 Complete

Completely guaranteed
Sold by Dealers Everywhere.

Extra Blades
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American Safety Razor Co., Makers—New York

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UTICA PLIERS

Give you fingers of steel and enable you to do many things you could not accomplish with any other tool. Superior design, material and workmanship and low cost are reasons why you should insist upon getting no other.

At all Hardware and Electrical Supply Dealers

UTICA DROP FORGE & TOOL CO.
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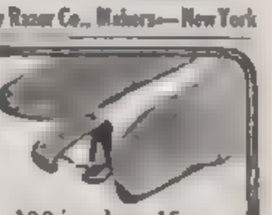

100 in a box, 15c

Two Points, and two lips, hold top, bottom and middle papers with equal security

The De Long Hook and Eye Company Philadelphia

Samples—[illegible] free on request

Twin Grip
PAPER FASTENERS

Madam—

No matter what you have decided to serve for luncheon or dinner, do not fail to add Nabisco Sugar Wafers for dessert.

These dessert confections are so tempting and inviting that they not only make a good meal better, but ofttimes save a poor one.

Always fresh and delightful in flavor.

In ten-cent tins

Also in twenty-five cent tins

CHOCOLATE TOKENS—similar to NABISCO, but with a delicious outer shell of rich chocolate.

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Bicycle Agents Wanted! To Ride and Exhibit Wheels

Remarkable Special Offer to Introduce the Famous "America" Bicycles in Certain Sections of the United States—Big Opportunity to Riders!

All agents' profits are knocked off "America" Bicycles to men who will ride and exhibit the b gest value wheel in the world! This special offer applies to territories where we want the "America" well introduced

Manufacturer's Factory-to-Rider Prices! "America Truss Frame Bicycle" and "America Coaster-Brake [illegible] are guaranteed 10 years! [illegible] Free Trial [illegible] NO EXTRAS TO BUY! [illegible] insured! (See catalog.) A postal or letter brings you Special Offer and catalog FREE! It's a penny well spent. It will save you dollars on your wheel. Write today to

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Build Your Own Boat

THOUSANDS of the finest boats ever built are today in use all over the world, and they were all made by amateurs from Pioneer knocked down frames and [illegible] You can [illegible] Write today

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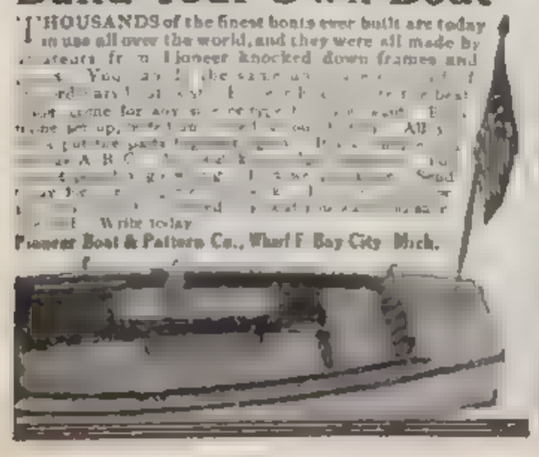

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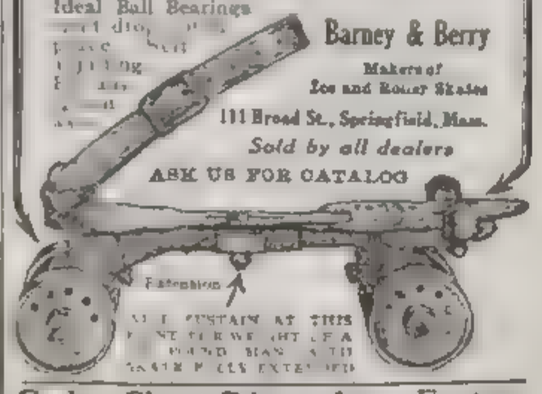
For the City Boys

Here is a Roller Skate made for hard pavements and rink floors. More strength to the square inch than in any other skate. Light, graceful and speedy. Ask your dealer about the B. & B. coupon scheme.

Ideal Ball Bearing Rolls

If you have a pair of Roller Skates already, bring them up-to-date with a set of Ideal Rolls. Ideal Ball Bearings [illegible]



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ASK US FOR CATALOG

Cedar Chest Direct from Factory

On 15 Days' Trial Freight Prepaid to Your Home.

[illegible] Very roomy Protects furs and cloth[illegible] against moths No camphor required Is dust and damp proof [illegible]

Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 68, Statesville, N. C.

know Miss Sally would scuse me fer tellin' 'bout it ef she know'd I wuz in trouble. She'd be right hyar ter speak up fer me ef she know'd it. 'Tain't nobody ter keer 'bout it but her, an' I don' keer ef dey ain't." Her voice faltered as if about to break. "I done lived my time—had my chillun, raised 'em, an' buried 'em too—an' all I got lef' is er few dollahs in de bank an' er good name. Now," she gasped almost inaudibly, "you-all take it 'way f'm me an' sen' me ter jail ef you wanter."

Every person in the room relaxed from a tense listening attitude as Judy sat down, wiping the sweat from her face with shaking hands.

Judge Latane instructed the jury, saying finally: "You will determine the guilt or innocence of the accused according to the testimony, taking no account of the matter of the interest spoken of by her. On the other hand, you may with perfect propriety take into consideration the general ignorance of the accused and her resultant state of mind when she found herself in such a predicament."

While the judge was delivering the brief charge to the twelve men beneath him, the foreman, a long-bearded old man of many juries, seated at one end of the sofa, whispered a few words to the man next to him, who nodded emphatically. He, in turn, spoke to the man next to him. It was as if the twelve men were soldiers "counting fours," so quickly did the word pass down the line. And when presently they slowly filed out of the right-hand door, the last man had scarcely disappeared before the first man came back through the door on the left. In a moment they were facing the judge, their backs to the silent throng.

"Have you agreed upon a verdict, gentlemen?" the clerk inqured formally.

"We have," replied the foreman, shifting his gaze to the man in the pulpit. "We find the defendant guilty as charged; but we earnestly and unanimously commend her to your Honor's clemency."

Boulden, smiling, turned toward his client; but the word "guilty" was ringing in ears to which the word "clemency" had no meaning. Her bosom heaving tumultuously, the huge, capable hands crushed together in her lap, the black woman stared open-mouthed at the thin, gray man above.

Apparently oblivious to his surroundings, Judge Latane seemed to be contemplating the patch of blue autumn sky framed in the window. But he turned at last and spoke to the eager, expectant throng in tones strange to those who knew him:

"You have this day witnessed the trial of a case which is, in substance as well as in the circumstances surrounding it, unique in the records of criminal jurisprudence—so far as the knowledge of the Court goes.

"To have lived a life of willing, faithful service; to have held duty and gratitude paramount among the virtues is no small thing." A shadowy smile, as if at some sudden whimsical thought, flitted across the thin, classic features. "To bear a good name throughout a long life is, in these complicated times, largely a matter of luck as well as of conscience. Had the accused lived in the older, simpler days, it might well have been charged on a field sable with the motto, '*Loyauté m'oblige.*'

"Prisoner at the bar, stand up." And Judy arose, her soul staring out of her eyes.

"You have been found guilty as charged in the indictment. The jury has recommended you to the clemency of the Court. The Court is in accord with that recommendation.

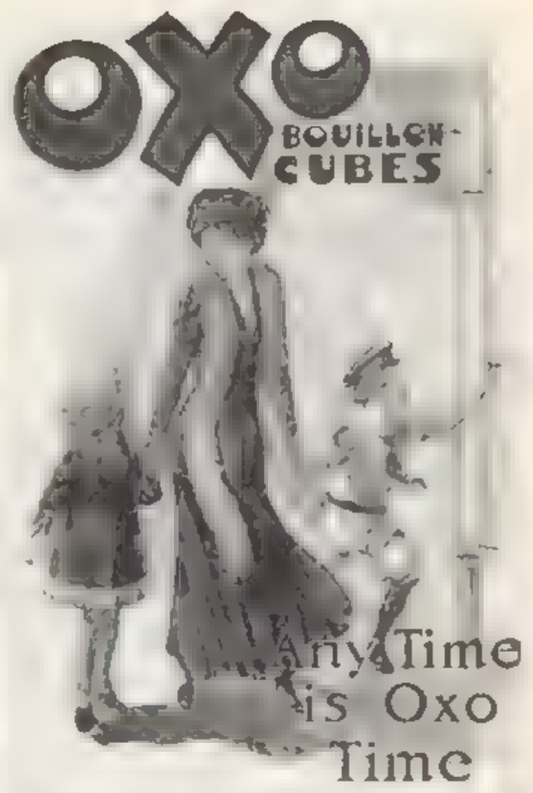
"An ungovernable temper is a bad, dangerous thing; you are warned to control it. The sentence of the Court is that you pay a fine of five dollars and the costs of this trial."

"Five ——" The sudden revulsion of feeling caused the big woman to hiccough loudly, cutting short the involuntary exclamation. Again and again the uncontrollable spasms shook her from head to heel, while between them she bowed with smiling, fervent emphasis. "Yassuh. Thanky, suh; an' Gawd bless you!"

When halfway out of the inclosure Judy turned back as if she had forgotten something. "Scuse me, Jedge, please, suh; but how 'bout dat ten dollahs you foun' me fer bein' late?"

"Pay it!" the gray man snapped curtly; 'and be thankful it was not a hundred.'"

"My Lawd!" muttered the woman aghast as she plowed her way through the smiling throng. "Lemme git out o' hyar; I'm losin' money."



Bouillon whenever you want it, and only a minute to make.

A Cube to a Cupful

No waste of materials. No long hours of work with uncertain results.

Oxo Bouillon Cubes save you time work, worry and money.

Delicious and appetizing—nourishing and strengthening.

You can try a cup at any druggist or get a box from your dealer.

10 for 25c

Also tins of 4 cubes for 10c

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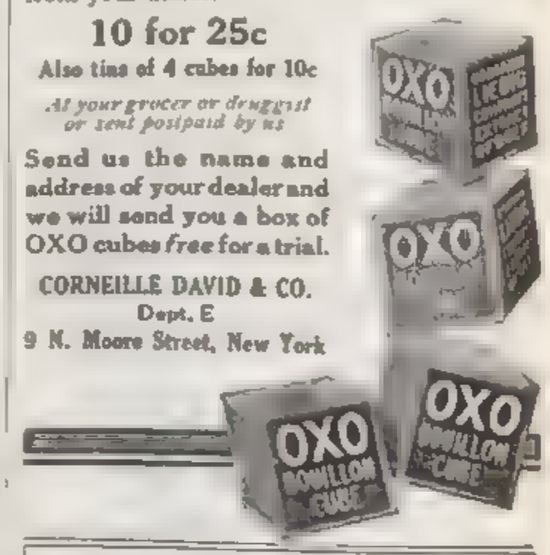
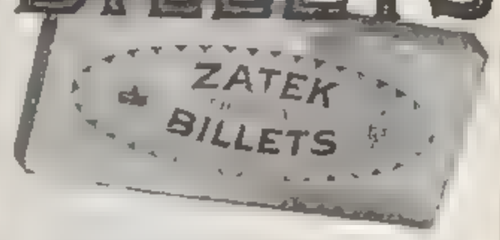


A NEW delight in sweetmeats has been introduced. These billets have a richer, more delicious flavor than any chocolate confection you ever tasted. We want you to try

ZATEK CHOCOLATE BILLETS



Get the special mailing box shown here. It contains a full quarter pound—all *solid* chocolates—no cream centers. Taste Zatek Billets yourself—give the children as many as they want. It is safe to do so. They will like them better than any other confection.

How to Get Them

A [illegible] Zatek Billets. In the [illegible] dealer [illegible] and the [illegible] above.

A half-pound box prepaid to your express station for 50 cents; or a full pound box for $1.00; or a five pound box for $4.00.

We have a proposition that will interest every dealer.

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Dept. N, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Makers of Cocoa, Chocolate Liquors, Coatings, etc.

Kenyon

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For Men and Women are sold everywhere by Merchants of reputation.

Ninety per cent. of the time you will find a KEN-REIGN useful.

Often based on Foreign Models, they are "different," distinctly so. Made in many rainproof fabrics. All bear the Kenyon label.

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Official Ball of the World's Series

Connie Mack says:—

"The strongest recommendation that I can give the Reach Cork Center Ball is the fact, that we, the World's Champions, use it exclusively. It is the one perfect ball."

Ban Johnson says:—

"The Reach Cork Center Ball is the best ball ever used by the American League."

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The Reach Cork Center Base Ball

Fellows! Here is the finest ball ever cracked by a bat! Same size—same weight as the old rubber centered ball. It drives like the wind, takes the hardest raps without beating soft or flattening, and is the liveliest ball you ever handled.

The center is made of a core of highest grade cork covered with pure Para rubber. This lets us wind the yarn tighter. Genuine horsehide cover. This is the ball to fatten your batting average this season. Sold everywhere for a-dollar-and-a-quarter.

Send for the new Reach Catalogue

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"The Very Best"
Base Ball Goods
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Reach

Electric Heating
For the Cold Room Or the Cold Corner

Westinghouse Electric Air Heater
$15.00 upward

Right in the cold spot—under a draughty window, on the "windward" side of an exposed room, in the conservatory or sun parlor—you can have healthful electric heat without pipes or vents or special fixtures of any kind. You are limited only by the length of the electric conducting cord on your Westinghouse Electric Air Heater or Luminous Radiator.

Electric heat as furnished by the various types of Westinghouse heaters is perfectly practical and is the safest and most healthful form of heat known. An electric stove requires no outlet, gives off no fumes and does not take out a particle of the oxygen from the air of the room. Think of what this means, in a sick-room especially.

The Westinghouse Electric Air Heater quickly makes itself felt at the turn of a switch. It is handsomely designed and occupies very little space.

The Westinghouse Luminous Radiator not only gives out plenty of heat but radiates good cheer as well. Its glow is a pleasant substitute for the old fashioned open fire. Children can play around it in perfect safety.

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$9.25 upward

Westinghouse Electric Heaters

are made with the same thorough and lasting workmanship that characterizes all Westinghouse electrical products. There is nothing about them to get out of order. They will last a lifetime. Sold by all good electrical dealers and Lighting Companies.

You should know about the many home electrical appliances that simplify modern housekeeping. Send for Household Appliance booklet to "Westinghouse, Department of Publicity, Pittsburg."

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Sales Offices in 40 American Cities — Representatives All Over the World

Imperial $3 Hats

"Imperial Hats" for Spring in over 50 smart styles are now being shown by "Imperial" Agents everywhere.

Style No. 1044 is a new "Imperial" derby—one of the classy shapes shown in our Spring Portfolio of hat styles.—Send for it.

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Esco Hosiery

The correct hosiery for men and women who want their money's worth

YOU must have *quality* to get *satisfaction*, and the superior quality of "ESCO" Hosiery, whether **pure thread silk, lisle, mercerized** or **cotton,** is conceded the World over.

Insist on seeing the "ESCO" stamp on the feet; —it is the trade-mark that means we will replace any hose that do not come up to the high standard we claim.

***Ask your dealer to show you one of these seasonable styles*:—**

Style No. 350 *Men's two-thread lisle sock with linen* reinforced heel and toe. *Exceptional* ... *Black and correct colors.* ***Price 3 pairs for 50c***

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Style No. 790 *Men's handsome lustrous* pure thread silk *sock with linen* reinforced heel and toe. *Black and all colors.* ***Price per pair 50c***

Retailers everywhere can supply you, —or we will send direct upon receipt of price.

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MR. POTTLE'S PASSENGERS

(Continued from Page 20)

racing—when there seemed to be no further danger of pursuit, not even by motor cycles—the fugitives drew alongside the road and consulted.

A quarter of a mile ahead was a little roadhouse, where a late light glimmered from a taproom window. Mr. Pakoloff went there to telephone to the ambassador and the others waited; the rajah and Winslow walked up and down the road together, talking in low tones.

The secretary returned shortly, all smiles, and told them of his report to his chief. The ambassador asked him to state that he would have rooms in the hotel ready for them upon their arrival and asked that his age and health be accepted as an excuse for not remaining up to receive them on their arrival. He would call upon his niece in the morning.

The problem of proceeding was then rapidly disposed of. It was obvious that the two cars, traveling together, would be identified immediately by the Mount Vernon or New York police, to whom the White Plains officials must certainly have sent notice. It was decided, therefore, to take different roads to the city.

The question of disposing of the tiger was the problem most difficult to solve. Cavanagh wanted to shoot it. Mr. Pottle wanted to drop it by the wayside. But the countess would hear none of this and seemed extremely solicitous as to the welfare of the young brute. Finally, the chauffeur, touching his cap, suggested that the animal be dropped at the Bronx Park Zoo on the way to the city. Mr. Pottle could have kilied that chauffeur.

The countess thoroughly approved of the chauffeur's plan, and when she asked Mr. Pottle in her own sweet way if he would not please do this for her there was nothing left for Mr. Pottle but to please do it.

So then came the farewells. The rajah insisted that Mr. Pottle must come to see him the following day; and, noticing that Mr. Pottle was rather bashful about promising, he almost made him take an oath that he would call. The countess slipped from her arm a bracelet set with three barbaric jewels. She held it out to Mr. Pottle.

"Is there a Mrs. Pottle," she asked, "or any little Pottles?"

It was so dark that no one saw him blush. He stammered that there was no Mrs. Pottle—yet.

"Then you keep it and give it to her when there is one; and tell her I gave it to you as a remembrance of a day you did many kind deeds. Now be careful of my tiger!" Then she jumped lightly into the deep limousine. She thrust her arm through the window and Mr. Pottle—awkwardly but bravely—kissed her hand.

x

THE big car vanished quietly in the darkness and after Mr. Pottle had assured himself that the cage was still tightly strapped on to his trunkrack he and Cavanagh proceeded on their journey. They recrossed the railroad at Bronxville and followed the White Plains road into Mount Vernon. Both were much concerned as to the probable behavior of the tiger in the city streets, but neither said anything until Cavanagh, who had been fidgeting in his seat, remarked:

"It's pretty quiet here now and there don't seem to be any folks around. Let her out a few notches and forget about the speed limit. If we get pinched we'll say we thought the tiger was getting loose, and my shield will probably do the rest."

So Mr. Pottle pressed his right foot down as far as he could and for the next few miles they saw nothing but liquefied scenery. It was two o'clock when they finally rolled into Pelham Parkway and drew up at the brisk, turreted iron gateway of the Zoölogical Park. The tiger had not made a sound during the entire jolting, throbbing run. The two men spoke in whispers.

"He must have gone to sleep," ventured Cavanagh.

"Don't you worry," growled Mr. Pottle; "he won't stay asleep long."

There was apparently no bell at the gate and there was no one in sight. No reply came to a series of shrill whistles, which Mr. Pottle had learned to perform on his fingers when he was a boy. He therefore seized the wrought-iron bars of the barrier and shook them so vigorously that their metallic clangor echoed and reëchoed through the adjacent shrubbery. Cavanagh performed an obligato on the horn.

Presently footsteps were heard crunching hurriedly along the graveled path and a voice out of the darkness exclaimed:

"Here, here! None o' that!"

Mr. Pottle leaned forward wearily against the iron bars and waited until the watchman came nearer. He was a stocky little old Irishman who had no doubt seen many years in the city's service.

"Come now, get out o' that, young feller," he shouted. "Move along about your business!"

"I want to see the head keeper," said Mr. Pottle in quite a matter-of-fact way.

"The head keeper, is it?" answered the watchman. "Well, ye can't see him."

"The keeper of the lion house will do," argued Mr. Pottle, still peering through the bars.

"Not now he won't do," persisted the watchman. "Come around in the morning, me boy."

"I won't come around in the morning," persisted Mr. Pottle. "I've got a tiger here that I want to leave with the Zoo."

"A tiger, is it?" laughed the Irishman. "It's more likely a snake. Now move along and come again. Any time tomorrow between ten and five ye can see the illiphints and the crockydiles!"

"I tell you I've got to see the keeper now; and I'm going to see him if I have to wake the neighborhood," asserted Mr. Pottle, shaking the gate and rapidly losing his temper.

"And I tell ye," returned the little man on the other side, "that if ye don't move on I'll call the officer and he'll pretind you're a tiger and put you in a cage!"

At this critical point in the conversation Cavanagh strolled over and, throwing back his coat so that the watchman might see his shield, assured the old man that Mr. Pottle was perfectly sober and that he did have a tiger which he desired to leave in the park.

"And where did yez get the tiger?" inquired the watchman, still somewhat skeptical.

"I picked him off a tree on the Boston post road, you old idiot!" cried Mr. Pottle. "Now listen to him sing!" he continued savagely, turning away from the gate and striding to the rear of the machine. Then he braced himself well and delivered several mighty kicks at the box on the trunkrack.

Not a sound.

The old watchman laughed derisively.

"It's a pig ye've got in the box," he shouted, which only added to Mr. Pottle's fury.

"If you don't call the keeper," he cried, "I'll dump this animal over the fence; if he gets loose he'll chew you up!"

The old man laughed again.

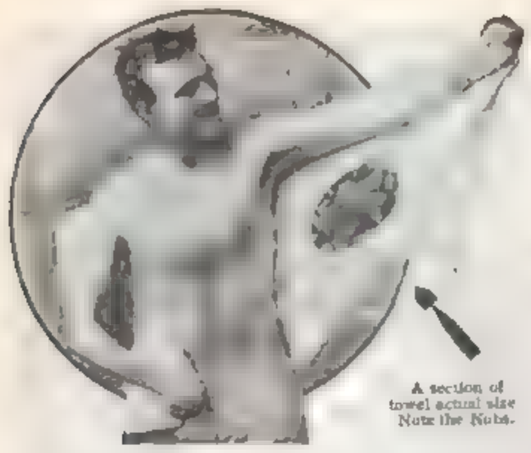
"Well, I'll come out and look at him," he said good-naturedly, unlocking the gate. "I'll look at your tiger, because you're a nice young man and I like you. Take off the tarpaulin and let's see the precious baste."

Mr. Pottle was profoundly irritated, and justifiably so, not only by the sarcasm of the zoölogical understrapper but because here was a tiger that had been roaring all night when he should have kept still and now that he was desired to growl he maintained a perfidious silence. As he unbuckled the strap Mr. Pottle determined he would soon fix that. He would poke the brute up with a tire iron and he would give that Irishman a little exhibition of jungle talk that would make him more polite next time. Both the watchman and Cavanagh assisted in the operation of loosening the cage—the old man quite nonchalantly, while the detective observed a certain caution born of his experience at White Plains. Mr. Pottle expected a shriek at any moment and he would have welcomed pandemonium.

When the rajah had stated that the cage was well bound he had not exaggerated. After unstrapping it and removing the tarpaulin the three men placed it on the ground and they could plainly hear some heavy body sliding around inside.

"That's an awful fierce tiger," observed the watchman, but Mr. Pottle only muttered a few silent curses through his teeth.

The box was roped with a network of strands and after these had been cut away there was still another cover of some sort of canvas, pierced with airholes. This was finally ripped off and there lay the wooden



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cage heavily ironed and bolted. Inside of it was a tawny quadruped, rolled in a limp heap and absolutely still. The keeper poked unconcernedly at it with his foot, which caused both Cavanagh and Mr. Pottle involuntarily to step back.

There was no need for alarm. The little tiger cub was dead.

"What'll I say to the countess?" groaned Mr. Pottle helplessly.

The old watchman merely laughed again; but he turned to Mr. Pottle and shook his finger at him.

"Do ye know, young feller," he said, "I could have ye arrested for this? Now take your dead cat and pack it off to the morgue, and don't come playing any more silly jokes around the Zoölogical Gardens!"

With these cheerful and consoling words he walked back into the park and slammed the gate behind him.

Mr. Pottle and Cavanagh were left standing by the curb, gazing helplessly at the carcass of the little tiger cub. It must have been an extremely young animal, they thought, for it was only about the size of a bull terrier.

"He must have been all voice," remarked Cavanagh.

"He made the best of his opportunities," said Mr. Pottle, and then, after a moment's reflection: "What am I going to do with him?"

"I don't just know exactly what the law is touchin' on and appertainin' to the disposal of dead tigers," replied the policeman; "but ——"

"The devil take the law!" retorted Mr. Pottle. "I'm not going to bother with the law. Don't you suppose that if we left him here they'd find him in the morning and think he escaped from the Zoo?"

"They'd find out soon enough he did not," replied the detective. "Why don't you take him home with you?"

"You can see me lugging a dead tiger up to my rooms, can't you?" asked Mr. Pottle.

"Have him stuffed and put him up in your shop," Cavanagh suggested.

"Do you take me for a blooming furrier?"

"Well, skin him and make a rug out of him," suggested the obliging Cavanagh again. "I've seen 'em on Sixth Avenue; they look swell."

"I'll give him to you," stated Mr. Pottle.

"No, you won't," returned the officer firmly. "There'll be enough in the papers about this story tomorrow without my having to account for any dead tiger."

The result was that they strapped the cage on to the back of the car again and started downtown. Mr. Pottle had not thought of the newspapers. The terrible truth of the coming publicity appalled him. He detested notoriety. He hated reporters. He had had an experience with them once. He was cast into deep gloom.

He dropped Cavanagh at a subway station and put his car in the garage—tiger and all—leaving word that the machine was not to be disturbed. Then he went home to dream of the horrors of the morrow.

■

MR. POTTLE had rooms in an old-fashioned brick house on a quiet little street just off Washington Square. This had been a proud neighborhood once, but now the few old-time houses that were left had been altered either into lofts where bearded Hebrews bent all day over their sewing machines or into three or four room flats—one flat to a floor. Mr. Pottle, in one of these, had a second floor to himself. When he got back to his second floor that night he grimly locked the doors upon the outside world; and when finally he slipped wearily into bed he pulled the bedclothes over his head in despair.

He had determined to maintain a Trappist seclusion until the newspapers had wearied of headlining his adventure. From him, at least, they should have nothing. And then he slept—that is, he fell into sleep—but that sleep was peopled with Indian princes and beautiful ladies and airships and elephants, and raging Cossacks who fired long, thin muskets that barked and pounded and thumped until his heavy eyelids lifted to a dim daylight that sifted in under his green window-shades—and his numbed consciousness made him realize that it was not musket-fire after all that he heard, but simply a persistent and insistent knocking upon his door.

Mr. Pottle shuddered and turned his back upon the sound, burrowing deep into the quilts; but this was of no avail.

Therefore, Mr. Pottle finally got up and, anticipating a horde of reporters at his

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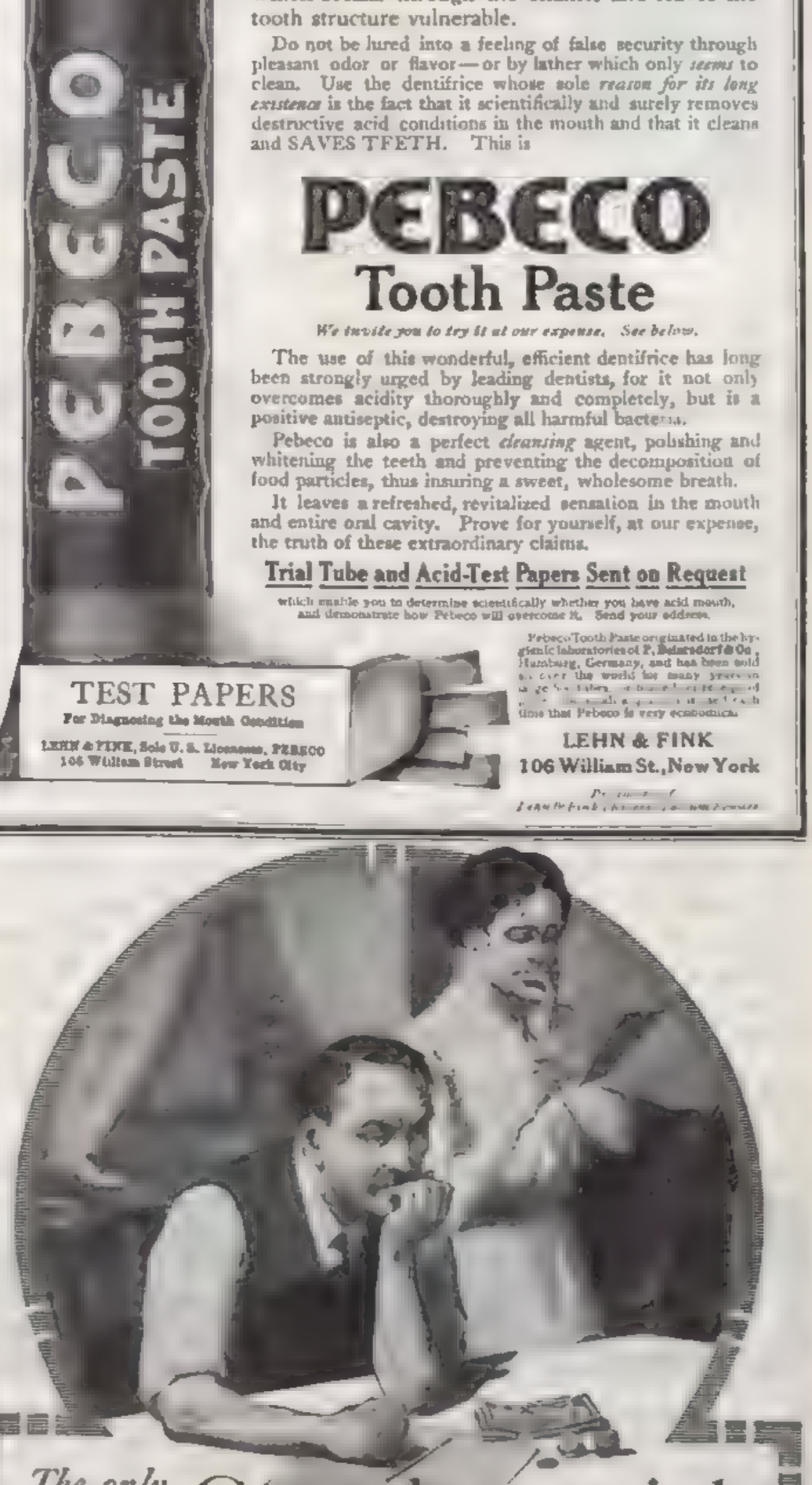

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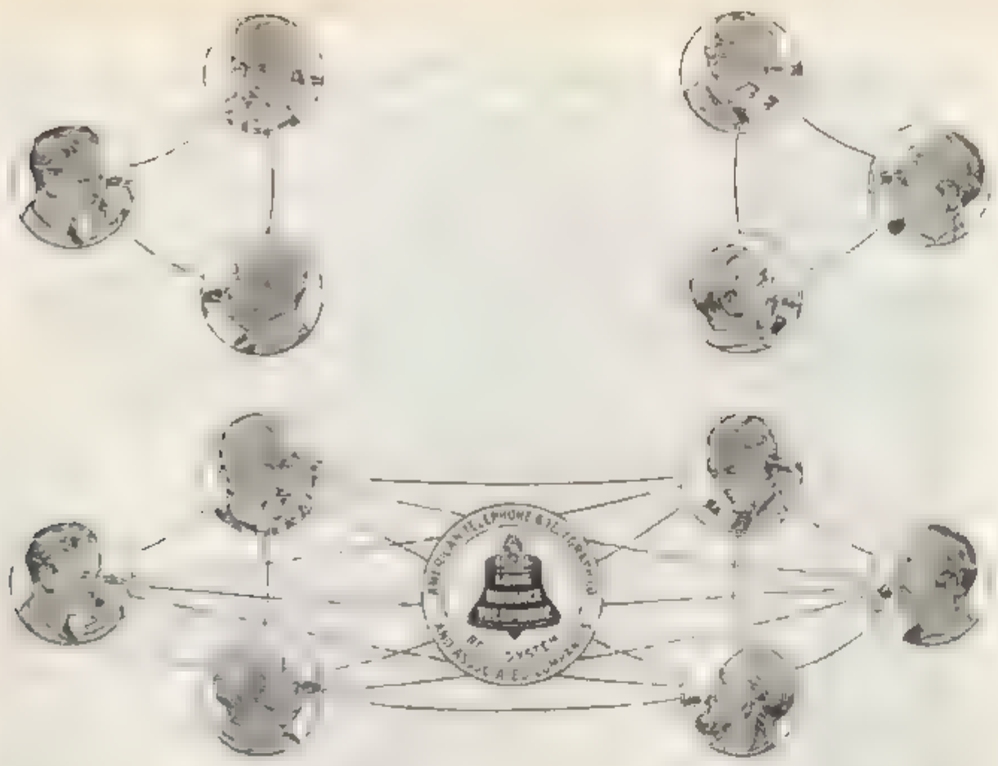

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door, was in truth relieved to find that it was Winslow alone who had been assailing his slumbers.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed the little man noisily. "I was almost going to give it up, but I knew you were here because I heard you snoring when I got to the door!"

Mr. Pottle asked him in.

"I thought you'd be down at some newspaper office selling the story long before this," continued Winslow glibly.

Mr. Pottle shuddered and scowled, but the little man went on talking.

"I've been around to all the afternoon papers and so I knew you had not turned up yet. They're all going to spread on the story. I made a date for you at eleven o'clock."

"You did what?" yelled Mr. Pottle.

"I made a date for the reporters to come here en masse at eleven o'clock."

"I won't see any reporters!" And Mr. Pottle trotted about his rooms, picking up a sock here and a collar there in a desperate attempt to dress himself quickly to escape.

"You won't see any reporters!" repeated Winslow in amazement. "With a story like that to tell? Why, it's the best stunt I ever put over and you've got to see the reporters—and feed it to 'em."

"What are you talking about?"

"That's what I came here to tell you. I was afraid you'd get on and give the snap away. Now all I want you to do is to tell just what happened and nothing else. The ambassador is not wise yet and he has certainly bitten good and hard. I sent word to him that the countess and the rajah were 'indisposed' after the 'arduous journey' and asked him not to call until this afternoon. That'll be time enough to land the evening paper with my great flying-machine story; then I'll put old Veilchen wise and he can save his face."

Mr. Pottle had fallen back into a deep upholstered chair and could only gasp as his shameless visitor rattled merrily along.

"Do you mean to tell me," he finally blurted out, "that all this business of last night is a fake?"

"Surest thing you know," laughed Winslow—"at least it's part fake. The Countess Sonia is the Countess Sonia all right, even if she isn't the ambassador's niece. I guess she's somebody's niece. She's the famous mysterious Russian dancer that's been announced at the Galaxy Theater for next week."

"But how the deuce did she know about the baron's ring and the milk and the trip to Nice?"

"Oh," returned Winslow complacently, "it was her older sister, the ballerina, that the old man was so crazy about."

"And the rajah?"

"The raj'? Clever boy for a nigger, eh? Well, of course, he isn't exactly a nigger, because he is a real Hindu fakir—a real faker too. Put that talk over fine last night, didn't he? Great nerve, that boy! Of course we did not expect, when we cooked up the scheme to get rescued from a burnt airship by a passing automobile—that we'd have anything else to do but go to the nearest railroad station, give out a little talk there and be swamped by the reporters when we pulled into the Grand Central. But the blooming storm—and you losing your way and taking us to the only house in Westchester County where there was the one man who knew just where to get the Russian ambassador on the telephone! Hully cracky! Don't tell me the press agent's life is all rosy!"

"And the Greek priest?" inquired Mr. Pottle, quite bewildered.

"He's the lion-tamer," answered Winslow; "and, by the way, where's the tiger? He wants the cub back. Where did you leave it?"

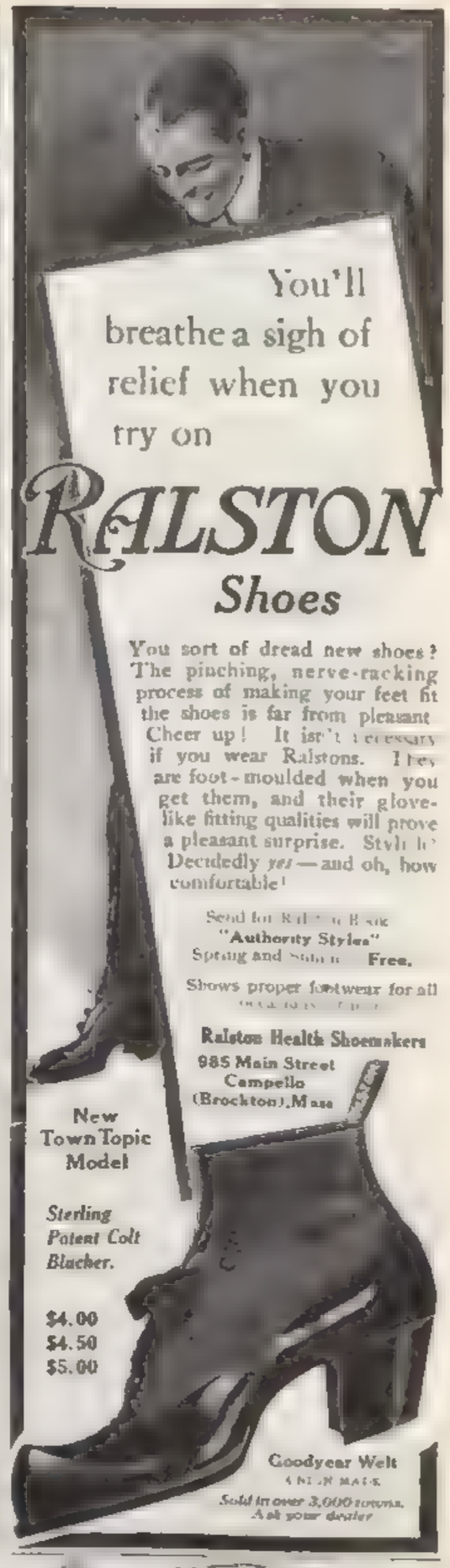
"Confound your tiger and your impudence!" roared Mr. Pottle, rising. "The little beast is dead and I'm going to get dressed and go out and get seventeen drinks!"

"All right; I'll join you if you'll tell me where," grinned Winslow, looking at his watch. "But I'll run now. The reporters will be here in twenty minutes. Tell them just what happened—I'll be back for you in an hour!"

Without further ceremony Winslow waved his hand gayly and slid quickly out of the room.

Mr. Pottle was completely dressed and had a suitcase packed in seven minutes. Half an hour later he was on a train bound for Atlantic City.

(THE END)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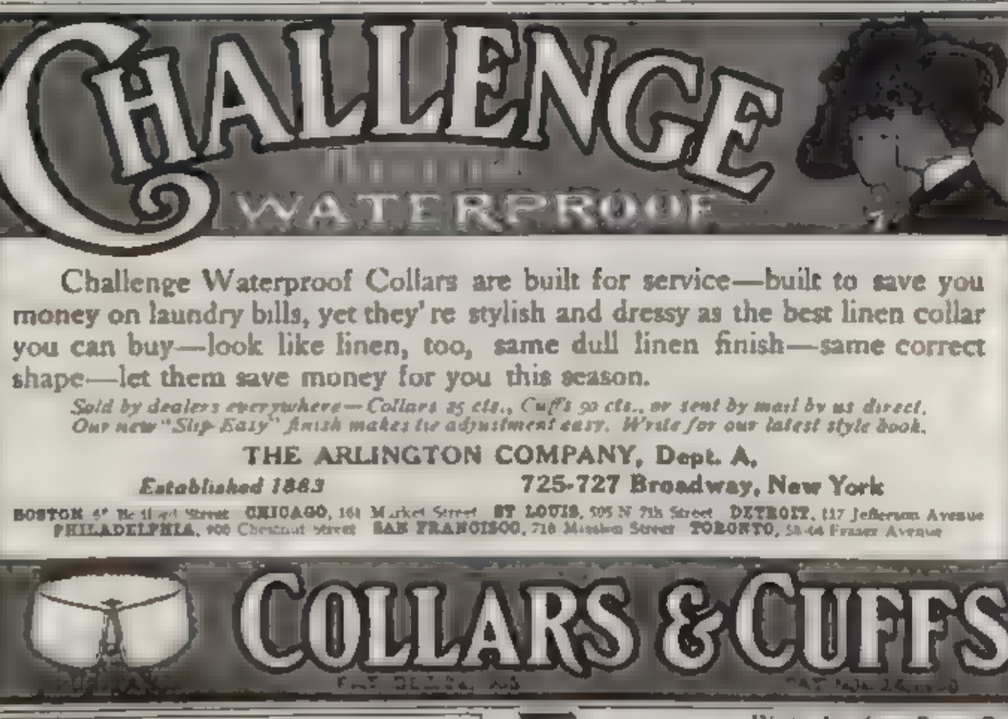
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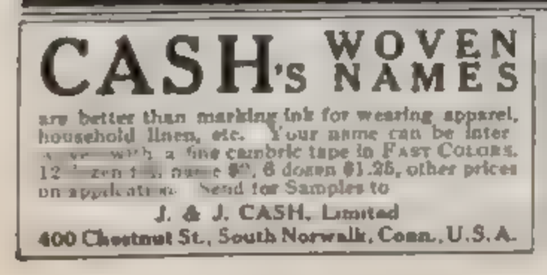
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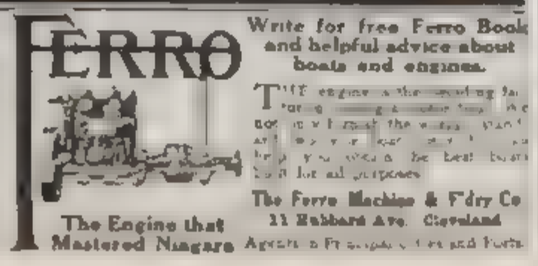
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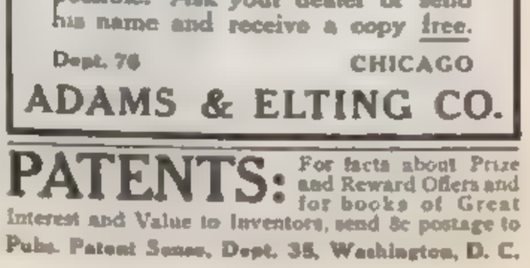
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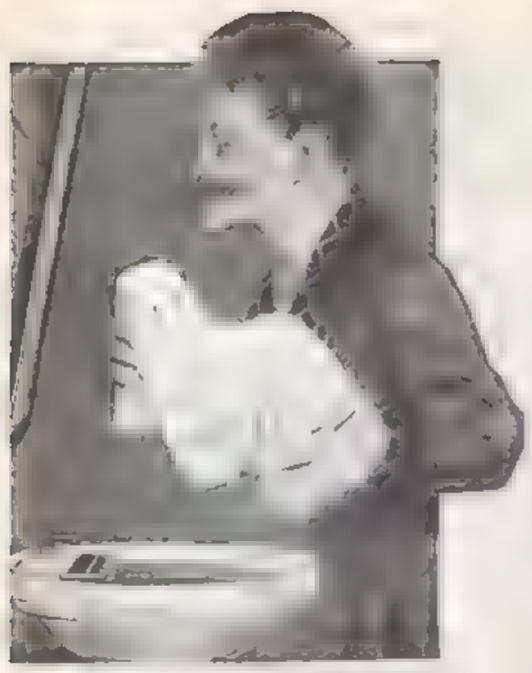

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THE GRAIN OF DUST

(Continued from Page 23)

a fool of myself about her. I've been hoping to cure myself. I still hope. But I am not cured."

There was absolute silence in the room. Norman stole a glance at Josephine. She was sitting erect, a greenish pallor over her ghastly face.

He said: "If she will take me, now that she knows the truth, I shall be grateful—and I shall do my best."

He looked at her and she at him. And for an instant her eyes softened. There was the appeal of weak human heart to weak human heart in his gaze. Her lip quivered. A brief struggle between vanity and love—and vanity, the stronger, the strongest force in her life, dominating it since earliest babyhood and only seeming to give way to love when love came—it was vanity that won. She stiffened and her mouth curled with proud scorn. She laughed—a sneer of jealous rage. "Father, she said, "the lady in the case is a common typewriter in his office."

But to men—especially to practical men—differences of rank and position among women are not fundamentally impressive. Man is in the habit of taking what he wants in the way of womankind wherever he finds it, and he understands that habit in other men. Burroughs was furious with Norman, but he did not sympathize with his daughter's extreme attitude. He said to Norman sharply:

"You say you have broken with the woman?"

"She has broken with me," replied Norman.

"At any rate, everything is broken off."

"Apparently."

"Then there is no reason why the marriage should not go on." He turned to his daughter. "If you understood men you would attach no importance to this matter. As you yourself said, the woman isn't a lady—isn't in our class. That sort of thing amounts to nothing. Norman has acted well. He has shown the highest kind of honesty—has been truthful where most men would have shifted and lied. Anyhow, things have gone too far."

There was another profound silence. Josephine looked at Norman. Had he returned her gaze, the event might have been different; for within her there was now going on a struggle between two nearly evenly matched vanities—the vanity of her own outraged pride and the vanity of what the world would say and think if the engagement were broken off at this time and in these circumstances. But he did not look at her. He kept his eyes fixed upon the opposite wall, and there was no sign of emotion of any kind in his stony features. Josephine arose, suppressed a sob, looked arrogant scorn from eyes shining with tears—tears of self-pity. "Send him away, Father," she said. "He has tried to degrade me! I am done with him." And she rushed from the room, her father half starting from his chair to detain her.

He turned angrily on Norman.

"Of course she'll come round. But you've got to do your part."

"It's settled," said Norman. And he threw his cigar into the fireplace. "Good night."

"Hold on!" cried Burroughs. "Before you go you must see Josie alone and talk with her."

"It would be useless," said Norman. "You know her."

Burroughs laid his hand friendlily but heavily upon the young man's shoulder. "This outburst of nonsense might cost you two young people your happiness for life. This is no time for jealousy and false pride. Wait a moment."

"Very well," said Norman. "But it is useless." He understood Josephine now he who had become a connoisseur of love. He knew that her love had vanished.

Burroughs disappeared in the direction his daughter had taken. Norman waited several minutes—long enough slowly to smoke a cigarette. Then he went into the hall and put on his coat with deliberation. No one appeared, not even a servant. He went out into the street.

In the morning papers he found the announcement of the withdrawal of the invitations—and from half a column to several columns of comment, much of it extremely unflattering to himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Mistress: (Laughing) Now how can I scold you after that! You surely have followed the advice "Don't envy a good complexion; use Pompeian and have one

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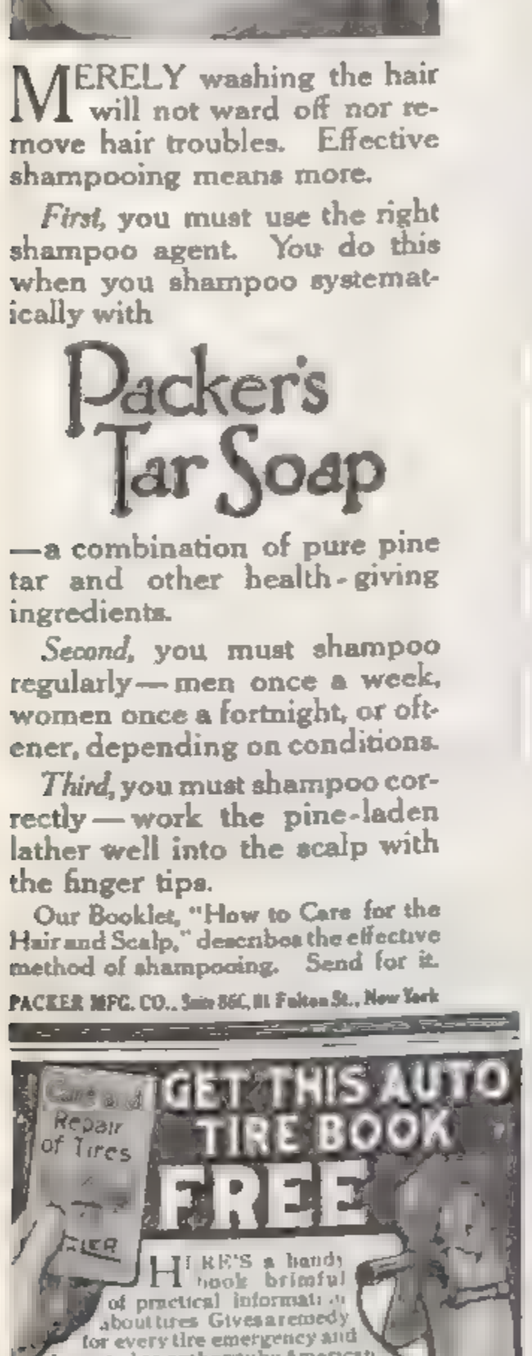
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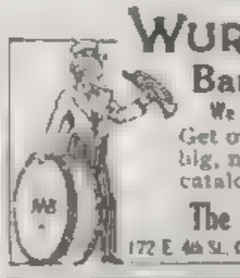

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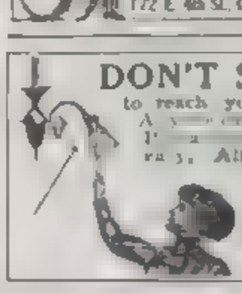

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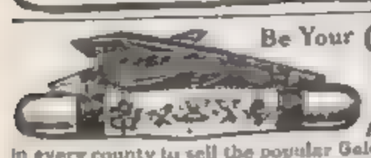

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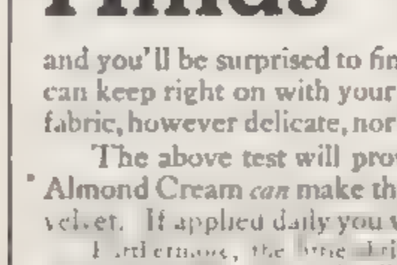

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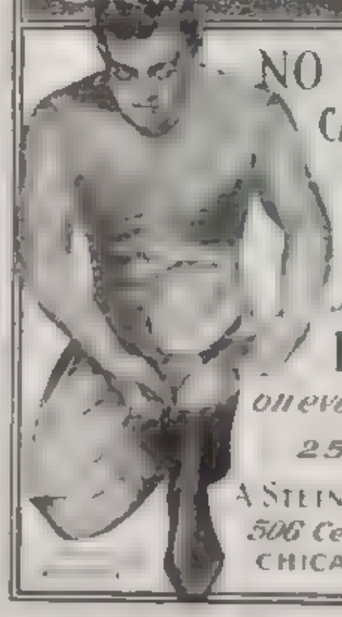

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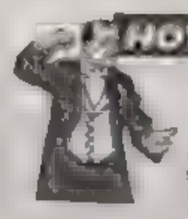

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THE THEATER AND MORALITY

(Concluded from Page 9)

of America a tendency is manifest to follow the French example. That position has been distinctly assumed by a few, at least, of the prominent English dramatists, and that issue has been clearly defined by a few, at least, of the prominent writers in America as well as in England. Social problems being existent and facile to exposition, it is proposed to convert the stage into a forum for debate relative to all manner of taints and diseases, alike in the individual and the social system, the doctrine being—in some cases conscientiously advocated—that only in this way can "the great passions of humanity" be advantageously treated, and that the theater is the right place for discussion of that kind.

Earnest, persistent, inveterate opposition to that malign tendency is imperatively required. In the course of the present dramatic season several plays, already announced and described—some of domestic and some of foreign origin—which are particularly odious and revolting in subject, will be shown to the American audience, and the plea will again be urged that those plays promote a moral uplift. There are persons, happily not many, to whom such plays are acceptable; persons who derive satisfaction from the barren contemplation of depravities, and who like the assurance—liberally provided, for example, in certain plays by the late Mr. Ibsen—that human nature is utterly corrupt, human society rotten, mankind a failure and the world a gigantic mistake. Friends of the theater, however, believe that such plays are not desired by the community in general, and that they ought to be and will be repudiated—the subjects desirable on the stage being such, and only such, as self-respecting persons can contemplate without disgust; subjects from which an intelligent audience can derive the comfort and improvement that ensue from excitation of pure, generous, exalted emotion, whether joyous or sad.

Suitable Subjects for the Stage

A disposition to rebuke and suppress exhibitions of simple vulgar indecency has shown itself to be prevalent, and apparently it is increasing. Determination to prevent an immoral use of the theater, whether that immoral use is made with brazen audacity or with pretense of right motive and serious purpose in the presentment of nasty problem plays, should be sternly and effectively evinced if the theater—which, rightfully administered, is a public blessing—is to be saved from deterioration into a public nuisance. That determination can best be evinced not by censure and proscription alone, but by the reinforcement of censure and proscription by an intelligent, sympathetic, hearty support of every high and fine endeavor, and by eliciting from the best classes of intellectual, educated society a practical participation in the life of the theater, alike on the stage and in the managerial department.

There is no lack of material for the making of good plays without incursion into the domain of monstrosity and disease; but the making of good plays out of clean, decent material—such plays, for instance, as Olivia, by Wills; Pygmalion and Galatea, by Gilbert; The Middleman, by Jones; A Royal Family, by Marshall; The Little Minister, by Barrie, or The Witching Hour, by Thomas—requires genuine dramatic ability combined with deep knowledge of human nature and large experience of life; a qualification rarely possessed. On the other hand, the veriest hack, using scissors and paste-pot, can patch together, out of the police reports in the newspapers, a fabric of foul incidents and colloquies, and this has often been done; and one reason why so many obnoxious things have, of late, been imposed upon the stage is that they are so easily made, and that because of their vileness and effrontery they seem likely, being designated as "daring," to attract profit—a soiled gain which American taste and judgment should, in the interests of morality and the theater, render impossible.

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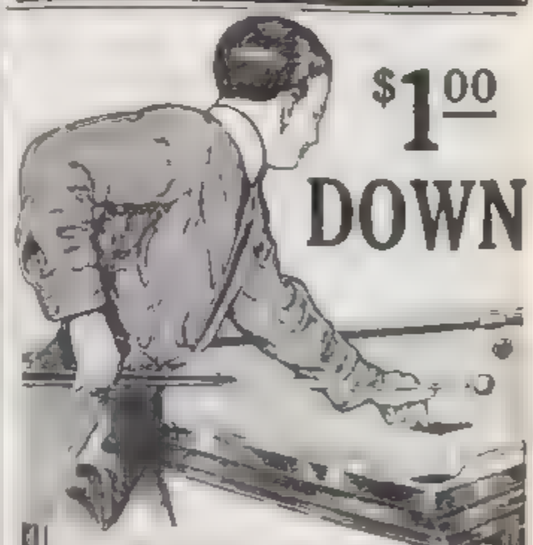

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The Conservation of Labor

As Demonstrated by the Treatment of Apprentices

By George F. Stratton

FOR a long period the apprentice has been dwindling to a neglected and almost forgotten factor in the conservation of labor. The United States census of 1900 shows that the percentage of apprentices to mechanics is but 2.45. Hence the wringing of hands and gnashing of teeth at the scarcity of good men.

For nearly a century past the apprentice has found but little welcome, either from the employers or from the workmen. In the days of good Queen Bess the London apprentice was esteemed as the embryo backbone of business. He was the coming member of the great guilds whose influence in the business affairs of the nation was supreme.

As an apprentice he had his own trade organization and had to be carefully reckoned with whenever any drastic change in business conditions was contemplated. He was considered the true means of the conservation of industry, although that consideration was probably never so expressed.

As factories commenced to take the place of small workshops in the early years of the nineteenth century the apprentice began to lose his old-time prestige and he has been losing it ever since. The small units had become great ones and the workman was no longer looked upon as the probable successor to the master. The old, intimate relationship between employer and employee disappeared; and, instead of being admitted into the ancient and honorable guilds, the workman was relegated to his own ranks, and he retaliated by forming his own associations—the trade unions.

They became jealous in the extreme of their own jobs and often antagonistic to the training of young competitors, for the astounding increase in industrial demands was entirely out of their perspectives; and the apprentice suffered accordingly.

Why Good Workmen are Scarce

Through these years and the years succeeding, the employers were so occupied by the astounding development of machinery and the resultant demands for output that the training of workmen was ignored. The big brains were entirely absorbed in the acquirement of new buildings, new equipment and increased facilities. The invention and acquisition of all these things doubled and redoubled the productive capacity of the workmen, putting out of sight the necessity for increasing or even conserving their numbers.

Down to the present day, with the continuation of the marvels of manufacturing development and exploitations, the big brains have still been engrossed by the invention and adoption of labor-saving equipment and systematic organization—the impersonal features of the industries; while the personal equation—the workman, his improvement and the future supply—has received no corresponding attention.

There's a change in sight. Some of the new business managers have in the past few years given closer and deeper study into the possibilities of improved working conditions and higher labor efficiency, and the apprentice has entered deeply into these considerations. The census of 1910 will undoubtedly show a very marked improvement over that deplorable percentage of 2.45 in the 1900 report; for, in some of the largest plants in the country, apprentice courses have been organized and established which, in sound principles and methods of practical education and manual training, are not surpassed by colleges or schools of high reputation.

The course in use at a plant of one of the great companies is typical. This company employs in its several plants about twenty-five thousand hands—working at more than a dozen different trades. It has had but little difficulty in maintaining that great force because the majority are one-machine or one-operation men. Such men can be taken off the street and broken in as operators in a couple of months.

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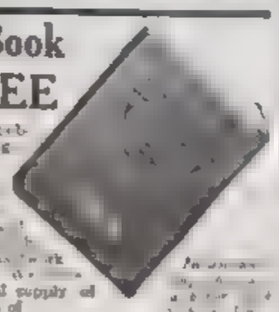

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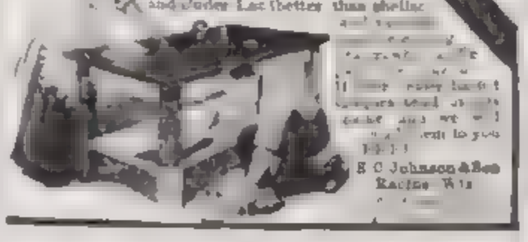

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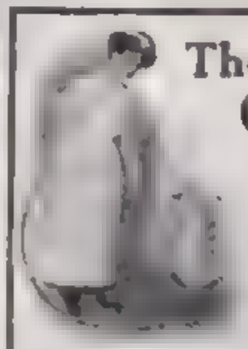

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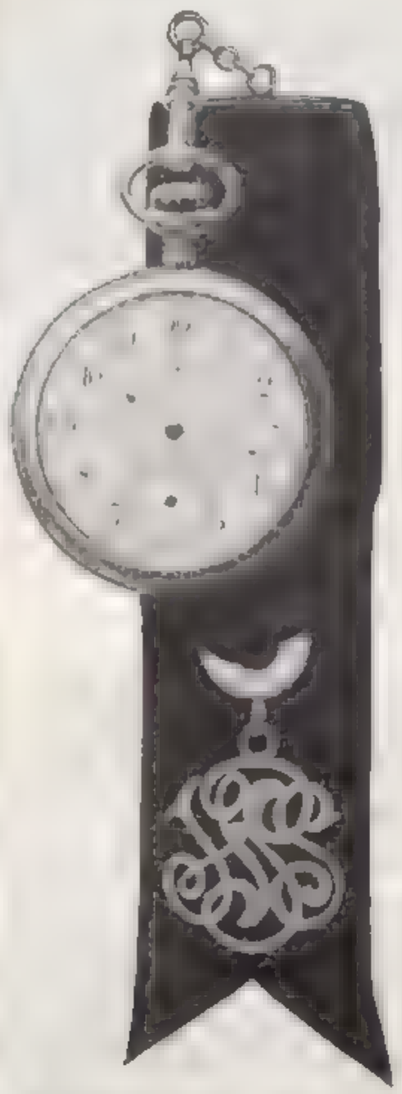

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THE Ingersoll-Trenton watch stands right up among those few leaders which vary only by seconds.

Jewelers pronounce it a remarkable timekeeper, regardless of cost. Those who carry it consider it the equal of any watch. It has built a sound reputation for close timing.

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Our entire Trenton factory is concentrated on manufacturing one size and type of watch in immense quantities at low costs.

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Moderate profits to manufacturer and jeweler secure large sales for both.

There is no handsomer watch than the Ingersoll-Trenton. It will give a generation of service.

For the sake of making your money buy its utmost ask to examine the Ingersoll-Trenton before buying. Responsible jewelers everywhere sell it at our advertised prices.

The $5 [illegible] is in a [illegible] case. The $[illegible] is in the [illegible] gold filled "I-T" case, guaranteed for 25 years.

Write for copy of our interesting booklet, "How to Judge a Watch."

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21 Frankel Building New York

Do Your Collars Keep Their Style and Fit?

—no matter how carefully or expensively one dresses—the entire scheme is perceptibly shattered by an ill-fitting collar—

The perfect fit and style so necessary cannot be had in collars with buttonholes that quickly stretch and rip out.

In

Silver Brand Collars

(1/4 Sizes) (2 for 25¢)

only will be found the easy-to-button LINOCORD buttonholes that can't stretch and don't tear out.

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Our styles can be copied but not our buttonholes

Send for "What's What"—an encyclopedia of correct dress.

GEO. P. IDE & CO., 491 River Street, TROY, N. Y.

been a serious source of trouble and a hindrance to the true development of the operations—a trouble which has so increased as the great business increased that the company decided to manufacture workmen as well as machines.

It has created a special department for this purpose; a great workshop where at present over four hundred apprentices are in training. Instead of the old-time practice of turning the boy into the shops to use up a large portion of his time as shop-boy, errand-boy and sweeper—to become the butt of jocular misinformation from the workmen and the exasperation of the foremen, who had no time nor inclination to teach him even the rudimentary lessons of the trade—the apprentice is found in a finely equipped shop, separated from ordinary workmen and under the continual instruction of the highest grade of skilled mechanics. For a year he is in this department, with elementary training on all the machine tools of a first-class shop and with some instruction on benchwork. Six hours each week he spends in a classroom, drilling in such studies as the future work demands—arithmetic, necessary mathematics, practice in plain writing and plain enunciation. Drafting is not taught, but the young fellow is constantly advised and encouraged to take that up in evening school or in a correspondence course—not because of any probable position in the drafting room, but because of the great value to a mechanic to be able to read drawings readily and correctly, a quality in which the ordinary man is sadly deficient.

At the end of the first year the young man is transferred to one of the regular shop departments. He works among regular men and is under the direction of the regular foreman; but even then—and during the succeeding three years of his course—he is under the eye of the chief of apprentices. His work, his deportment and his ambitions are constantly recorded. At the end of his term he has established what no other of the great army of workmen has established—a written, four-year record of character and progress; a record which is before the manager and available for the selection of the brightest, best-trained and most reliable men for the difficult positions that are always opening.

Couldn't Look Beyond Two Dollars

The boys are paid from the day they sign indentures. They receive eight cents an hour for the first year and a raise of two cents an hour for each succeeding year of the course. In addition they are given a cash bonus of twenty-five dollars at the end of the second year, fifty dollars at the end of the third year and one hundred dollars at the end of the course.

Whatever of value there is in the above narration will be largely increased by the statement that this experiment of the company and its permanent installation has not been costly. In the manufacture of its products a large number of small parts and simple operations are required; and many of these can be and are made as readily by the beginners as by experienced men. The boy's entire training is on production and his work pays the cost.

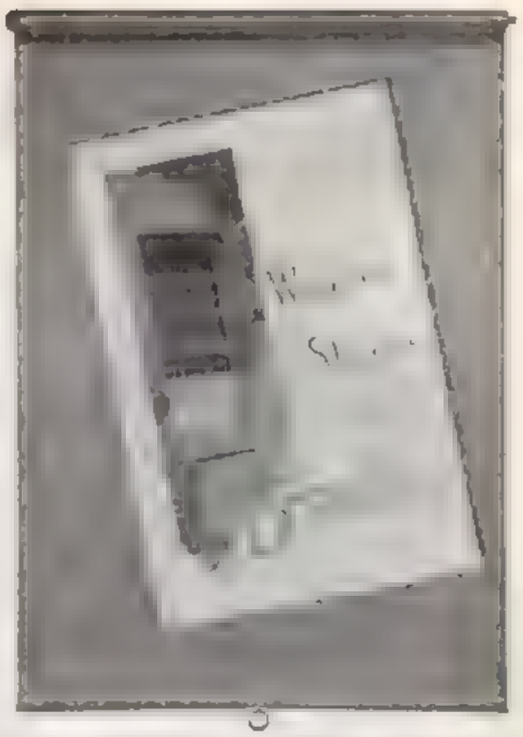
The splendid results and value of this educational system are seen by every one in connection with the company. The number of applications for apprenticeship has, for a long time, been far greater than the management could use. Most of these applications are from the company's own workmen—fathers of boys, who see the promising future of such scientifically and practically developed ability.

A mechanic in the shops—a toolmaker—thus expresses himself on the matter:

"My two boys got into jobs before the apprentice course was started—and I wish they hadn't, although they're on automat c machines now, pulling in two dollars a day. I've tried to persuade the youngest to throw that up and get on to the course—an' I've promised to help him; but it's hard to persuade a young chap to give up two dollars a day for a new start at eight cents an hour. You can't get him to look at the future. Five years hence, those boys'll still be digging along at two dollars—there's no lead to anything better—while, I'll bet a hat, some kid out of the apprentice shop'll be bossing 'em an' getting five or six dollars a day!"

The system in the shops of a great railroad is as comprehensive and valuable, but differs in its details. The boy enters

(Continued on Page 68)



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In this book are samples of Brenlin, the new window shade material, with illustrations of what others have done with Brenlin to make their windows attractive.

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A Brenlin shade will outwear several ordinary window shades. For this reason, it is the most economical window shade for you to buy.

Brenlin will not crack or fade,—really shades—and guarantees *permanent* satisfaction.

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2042-2052 Reading Road, Cincinnati.

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BRENLIN Window Shades
Won't Crack—Won't Fade

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Teach your children to use Dioxogen when accidents happen. Applied to cuts, wounds, burns, bruises, etc., Dioxogen prevents infection; it is a thorough cleanser and germ destroyer; it prevents simple injuries from becoming serious, it is harmless, safe and *sure*. Write for free 2-oz. trial bottle with booklet describing many emergency and toilet uses

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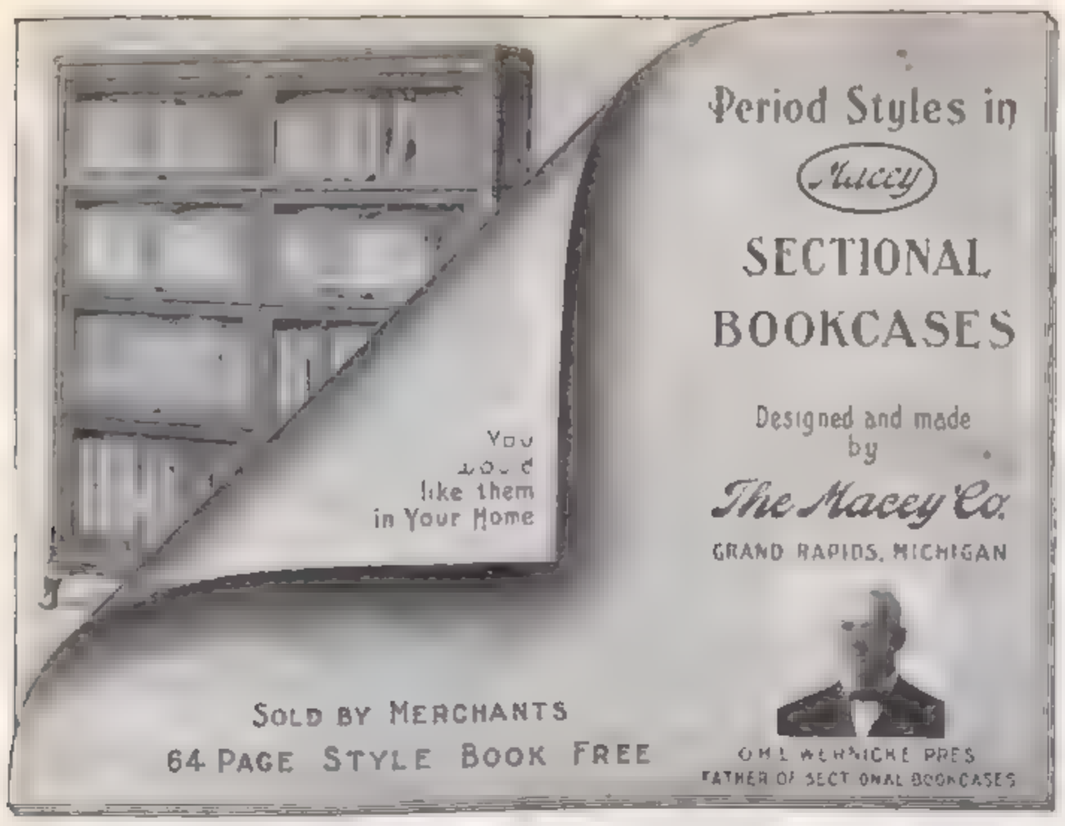

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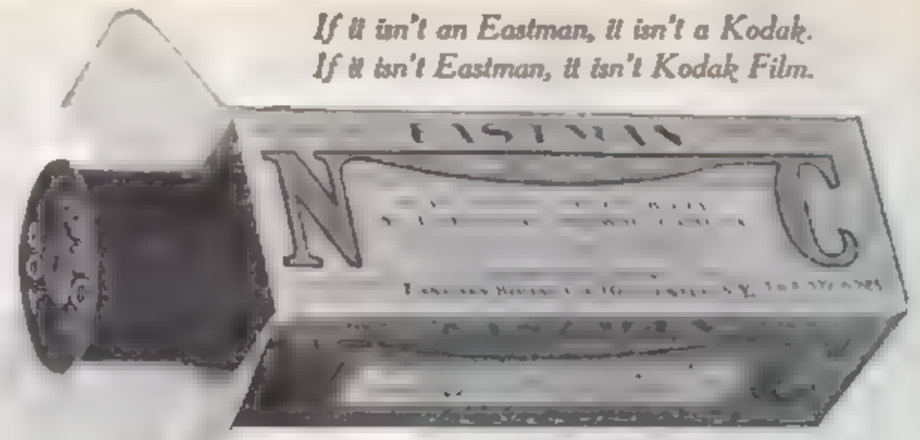

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Not alone their unmatchable style and beauty—the product of artist designers—but their extreme strength has placed Barcalo Brass and Iron Beds in many of the most exclusive hotels in the country. The most severe use that a Barcalo Bed could have in your home will never equal the wear it must endure in a hotel.

Among hotel men, Barcalo Beds, both brass and iron, are remarkably popular because they're unbreakable. It is certain they'll satisfy you—give years of service through periods of moving, house cleaning and rough handling that would ruin ordinary beds. Brass beds of very heavy gauge brass tubing—our own manufacture.

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When you look at a Barcalo Bed in the salesroom you see it as it will appear for years to come. English lacquer applied hot makes the finish time-resisting—and it's guaranteed.

BARCALO SPRINGS—Patented constructive methods give Barcalo Springs remarkable strength, resilience and durability—no sagging sides. Ask your dealer to tell you why.

See The Hammer Test

A smashing blow with a heavy hammer brings home to you the resisting qualities of Barcalo Malleable Iron Corners. See this test—a clinching argument for Barcalo endurance.

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Guaranteed for 35 Years

Why take a chance when we guarantee Barcalo Beds for 35 years? A new bed if your Barcalo breaks. Select the style and price that suits you best—and be sure the bed bears the Barcalo trade mark and corner seal.

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Satisfy Yourself that it is a Goodyear Welt

This is the only way by which you can be sure of getting a shoe equal in all respects to one sewed by hand.

GOODYEAR WELT

is a synonym for Merit in Footwear

Shoes made on Goodyear Welt machines are marked by comfort, durability and style.

They are *Smooth Inside*; because no thread penetrates the insole to tantalize the foot. They are equal to shoes sewed by hand in the essential qualities you require, and can be bought at one-third the price.

Only good material can be used in shoes made on the rapid machines of the Goodyear Welt System.

The manufacturer or dealer who advertises that he makes or sells a Goodyear Welt thereby assures you that he offers a shoe possessing the first requisite of excellence.

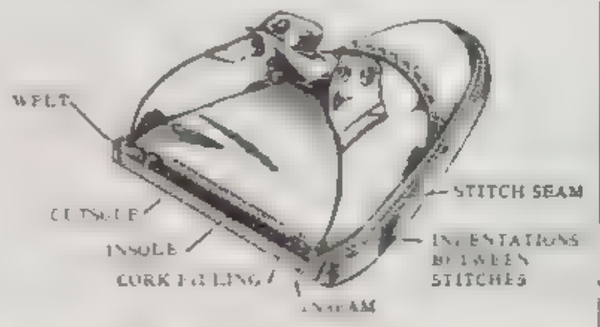
Write today for the following booklets which will be sent you without cost:

1. Contains an alphabetical list of over five hundred shoes sold under a special name or trademark, made by the Goodyear Welt process.

2. Describes the Goodyear Welt process in detail, and pictures the sixty marvelous machines employed.

3. "The Secret of the Shoe — An Industry Transformed." The True Story of a great American achievement.

4. "An Industrial City," illustrated—descriptive of the great model factory of the United Shoe Machinery Company at Beverly, Massachusetts.



UNITED SHOE MACHINERY CO., Boston, Mass.

(Continued from Page 66)

for a four-year course; but, as he develops his abilities and characteristics, he obtains the opportunity to switch off into other departments, provided he shows indications of becoming as valuable in those departments as in the shops. Thus he may in two or three years be transferred to the drafting room, the engineering department or some division superintendent's department.

If he continues in the shops he is transferred, when willing, from one shop to another along the system, thus becoming familiar with various types of locomotives and other rolling-stock and with different ways of meeting conditions. Each year a small group of the most deserving boys is selected for a two-year college technical course and the expense is paid by the company. This incentive to excel and obtain the scholarship, with its opening into fields of higher possibilities, is very great.

Before me is a list of the searching questions regarding each boy which his foreman or department chief is required annually to answer:

1. Does he work overtime on drawings or problems?
2. Is he the type of boy we wish to have in our employ?
3. Is his attitude toward his employer good?
4. Does he spend his time well outside of shop hours?
5. Have you—or has the shop instructor—succeeded in gaining his confidence—that is, would he come to you first in trouble of any kind?
6. Can you recommend him, at present, to start in the company's drafting room, or will he qualify during the present year?—Give probable date.
7. What is his strongest point or for what type of work is he best fitted?
8. What is his weakest point or for what type of work is he least fitted?
9. Does he live at home or board?
10. What is his address?

Before the industrial managers had tackled the conservation-of-labor problem the public schools had taken a hand—or lent one. Manual training had become a favorite adjunct to many of the schools, and the initiatory work and the succeeding developments were watched with no small interest by factory managers and workmen; but the opinions of all have never been expressed in anything more commendatory than an indulgent smile, with a tinge—more or less pronounced—of cynicism.

Too Little Manual Work in Schools

The following opinions expressed by several prominent business men and labor leaders show the common feeling of all such men.

The chief instructor of an apprentice course says:

"The schools are excellent so long as they confine the studies to the principles of the trade they pretend to teach, but they can do little or no good to a boy by having him dabble in manual training. No manufacturer would lessen an apprentice course by three days on account of the boy's having been through manual training in his school."

The manager of a large woodworking plant, where two hundred apprentices are being trained under the new system, was asked if boys who had taken the high-school manual-training course were credited with any time in the apprentice course in his factory.

"Not a day!" he replied emphatically. "The total time they put in on a two-year course in the school is not over one hundred and sixty hours—just about equal to three weeks of our time; and it is very doubtful to me if they have learned as much in that long-drawn-out stretch of tuition as they would learn in two straight weeks in our shops."

John Golden, president of the United Textile Workers of America, in response to a request for his opinion on manual training in the schools, said:

"Oh, well—that, of course, is all right. I think it is a good thing for any boy to have an acquaintance with tools. It makes him a handy man about the house, you know. Apart from that it is one of the fads—harmless and useless. The unions haven't any quarrel with the public-school training. No one supposes that two or three hours a week monkeying with a few nice tools is going to make any difference in a boy's start at learning a trade."

The Leading Railways

By their enormous orders and long continued use of

NEPONSET Roofings

For Different Types of Buildings

prove conclusively that NEPONSET durability is beyond question.

Write for the Bird NEPONSET Book

giving full particulars regarding NEPONSET Roofings, which twenty-five years ago introduced the ready roofing idea and have ever since been recognized as standards. Let us also specify the buildings near you where NEPONSET Roofings have been used and name the NEPONSET dealer in your locality.

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New York, Chicago, Washington, Portland, Ore., San Francisco.

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Here I Am

Three weeks old today—weigh ten ounces—stand four inches in my stocking feet.

Some chicken, eh!

My stepmother was a Lullaby Brooder. And I'm a Lullaby baby.

Listen:—25 of us were raised in one brooder and every one is alive, healthy, strong and scratching.

I will tell you why. Because we could not [illegible] fresh air ways—no [illegible] the air [illegible].

The old man says the Lullaby is equally good for 100 or 10,000 in broods of twenty-five each.

For my sake and your sake

Get the Lullaby Brooder of your dealer today—$1.50

If he cannot supply you, order of Park & Pollard direct. Money back if not satisfactory. Anyway, write for their Poultry Almanac, tells all about the Lullaby Brooder and full of valuable poultry information. Worth $1.00, but absolutely free.

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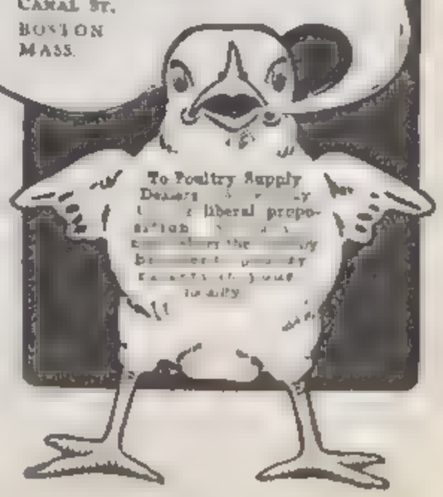

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You can select the sections you need now, add as your business grows. We have 27 styles. Have your files *assorted, yet concentrated and compact.* No waste space, ample capacity. Ask your dealer.

Elegance Combined with Stability

Beautiful [illegible] Made [illegible] FREE [illegible] Booklet [illegible] Catalog [illegible] shows handsome, *fine-finished sectional bookcases* (4 Styles).

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It keeps them from crawling up the trunk.

Bind it around your trees this month and save the first tender leaves from being riddled. Every caterpillar you keep down in the early spring means hundreds prevented later on. Easy to apply. Cannot injure your trees. When removed in fall, comes off clean—No unsightly remnants left. It is by far the most effectual banding substance known. One banding lasts entire season. Send at once for booklet.

Special Offer [illegible]

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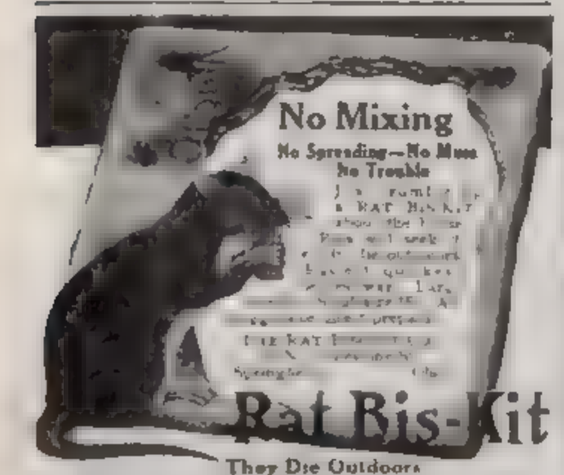

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SELF-TAUGHT

A plain easy system for all who have not had the opportunity of learning this valuable study in school. [illegible] 207 Pages. Requires no teacher. [illegible] 60 cents. Stamps accepted. Leather binding $.

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300 [illegible] prize winning stock. [illegible] Catalog FREE

Royal Poultry Farm, Dept. 222, Des Moines, Ia.

A Food that makes vigorous childhood

Snider

Process

Pork and Beans

HERE'S a dish that is concentrated nourishment for every member of the family. It keeps the old young and strong; supplies *energy* for the active man or woman; strengthens the weak, makes boys and girls *grow*—in mind and body.

* * *

ONLY the finest quality materials are used in Snider foods. The beans are the best obtainable; the pork is a dainty bit of jowl, the very sweetest of pork; the tomato sauce with which they are *so daintily seasoned is Snider's Tomato Catsup*, the finest of condiments. Use it on your home table and for seasoning sauces and foods requiring a "snap."

Snider's Chili Sauce is a fine relish for meats.

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All Snider Products comply with all Pure Food Laws of the World

Three Biltmore Nursery Books—Ask For The One You Need Most

We issue three books which will tell how to [illegible]. Send for one of these books to-day. It will help you to avoid the [illegible] a plant.

The Biltmore Nursery Catalogue. A guide to the [illegible] plants, shrubs and trees of North America.

"Flowering Trees and Shrubs." Of particular [illegible] giving a wide range of [illegible]

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[illegible] Casts no shadow [illegible] per week. Makes and burns its own gas. Over 200 styles. Every lamp warranted. No dirt. No odor. No grease. Agents wanted. Write for catalog, now.

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Of course that is the chief reason for the non-appreciation of the school-training—the insignificant amount of time devoted to it.

Professor Ballou, of the University of Cincinnati, who recently gathered a mass of information on the subject, gives the following table of hours devoted to manual training:

83	High	Schools	Allow	1½	Hours	Each	Week
25	"	"	"	2	"	"	"
20	"	"	"	4	"	"	"
11	"	"	"	2½	"	"	"
12	"	"	"	5	"	"	"
5	"	"	"	7	"	"	"
3	"	"	"	¾	"	"	"
2	"	"	"	½	"	"	"

These figures seem to justify Mr. Golden's opinion of the results. Even the school authorities apparently do not look upon such studies as conservation of labor. At a meeting of the National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education a school superintendent said:

"We are not teaching a trade; we are training the faculties of a child—training the observation, the imagination, the will. We hold to a democratic ideal, which prevents our condemning any boy to a life of hard labor."

In a report of the Massachusetts Commission on Industrial and Technical Education the following statement occurs:

"The wide indifference to manual training as a school subject may be due to the narrow view among its chief advocates. It has been urged as a cultural subject, mainly useful as a stimulus to other forms of intellectual effort—a sort of mustard relish, an appetizer—to be conducted without any industrial end."

How the Unions Stand

A high-school teacher of Orange, New Jersey, lends keen pungency to that criticism. "The high-school age," she says, "is a period eminently fitted for the acquisition of the golden touch. At no time in life are the sensibilities more tender and the imagination more flexible. It is then that the beginnings of the underlying principles of harmony and art can best be taught. It is then that pupils can best be made to understand that it is the business of life to create. This thought opens up for consideration the whole field of economics, and its relation to the subject of industrial education will readily be seen."

Exactly!

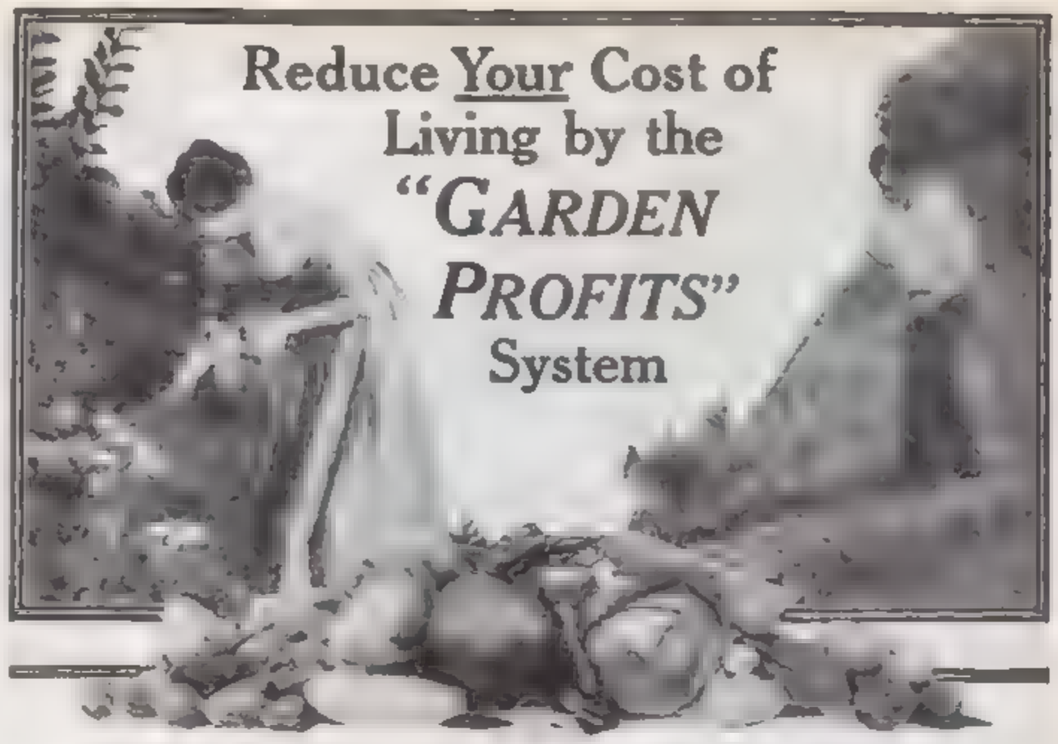
And here's the answer to that. One of the largest contractors in New England, in a speech before the Board of Trade, said:

"It is, in my opinion, useless to look for any relief in the manual-training systems in the public schools as at present conducted. The manufacturer or contractor, who has to hustle for orders and make every dollar of capital earn six per cent and a little surplus for emergencies, can detect no value in art influence in the installation of the heating and plumbing system of a skyscraper, or in the building and equipping of a great pumping station for the drainage of a city."

Looming up before every manufacturer who is considering the renaissance of apprenticeship is the feeling that the unions are averse to these methods, and they point to the restrictions of many unions in corroboration; but a thorough investigation made at the instance of the American Social Science Association showed that, out of forty-eight trade unions, twenty-eight had no restrictions upon apprenticeship. In ten unions the apprentice limits were fixed at from seven to fifteen per cent of the number of the workmen employed. In the other ten the question of apprenticeship was left to the locals.

This restriction of seven to fifteen per cent imposed by only ten unions compared with the census figures of 2.45 per cent of actual apprenticeship, indicates that the employers are not working up to anywhere near the limit.

Two or three years ago one of the delegates to the annual convention of the Pennsylvania Association of Master House-Painters and Decorators stated that, after a personal investigation among at least six hundred master painters, he found that not an average of one in fifteen had a single apprentice in his business; and that the larger the shop or the business, the greater was the dislike of the masters to teaching the boys. In a recent report of the Massachusetts Commission of Labor the percentage of apprentices in open shops was



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Every foot of the ground is worked for three annual crops. One crop is harvested and another planted in the same space the same day. More intensive still, as soon as one carrot or head of lettuce matures, another young plant is set in its place. By a few minutes of intelligent, persona care the soil is made to work twenty four hours a day from Spring to frost.

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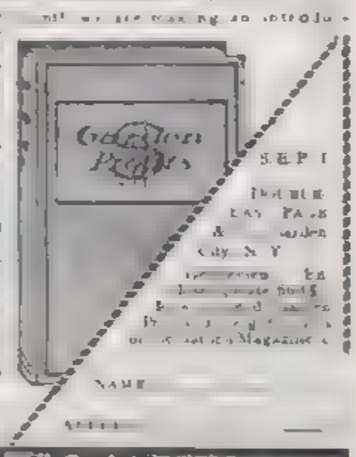
It is the best of all the small garden successes brought together in one volume [illegible] Just a few pages [illegible] A New Kind of Garden [illegible] — "The Two Most Valuable Garden Products and How to Grow Them" — "Plant Every [illegible] Starting Fruits for a Garden Row" — "Space Saving Methods" — "Better Seed — the Best Varieties for Late Planting" — "The Year's Work on the Back Fence" — "Commercial Methods Worth Copying" — "Five Crops to the Foot" — "A Complete Garden for the Family."

Under many other headings every phase of gardening is discussed comprehensively and expertly. [illegible] and scores of plans and planting tables point the way to as many economies of time, work and money. A carefully prepared index adds great value as a ready reference guide throughout the planting season. The strong cloth binding of this 250 page book is the same quality used in Doubleday, Page & Co.'s standard $1.50 novels. The "GARDEN PROFITS" System is the product of the editors of [illegible]

Don't Miss This Remarkable $1.00 Offer

[illegible] reduce your cost of living this very year. [illegible]



"GARDEN PROFITS"
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NAME
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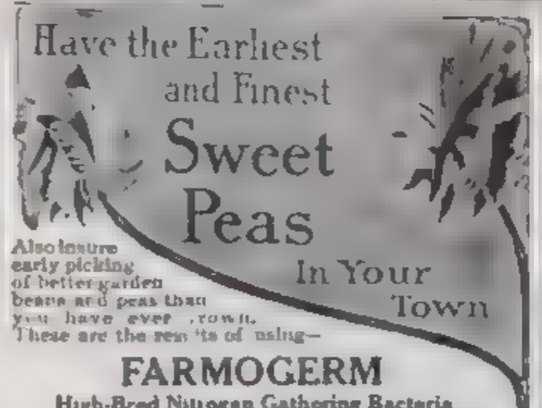
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., GARDEN CITY, N. Y.



Have the Earliest and Finest Sweet Peas In Your Town

Also insure early picking of better garden beans and peas than you have ever grown. These are the results of using—

FARMOGERM

High-Bred Nitrogen Gathering Bacteria

Just mix with water and moisten seed or sprinkle [illegible] Quicker, [illegible] Inoculated seed [illegible] and more other crops MUST be inoculated to get the best. Ask any expert. [illegible] Farmogerm consists in small, specially sealed bottles [illegible] USE. Sold by leading seed houses or sent by mail, postpaid.

GARDEN SIZE, 50c. ACRE SIZE, $2.00

HARDY LAWNS are started by sowing in some inoculated white clover seed.

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[illegible] start out to make [illegible] poultry & money making business. I'll start you. Write for free book [illegible] liberal offer.

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The Back End Of Your Lot Will Pay Your Taxes And Improvements On Property

My Free Book Tells How

It's worth its weight in gold to the progressive man who has just a little ground back of his home and a little spare time mornings and evenings to do a little pleasant and healthful work.

The Back End of Your Lot is a Gold Mine—My book tells how to get money out of it, how to almost double your income as I have [illegible] my Aton Improved Red Raspberry [illegible] fruit which [illegible] size, flavor and [illegible] season of 3 months, brings a higher price than ordinary berries. Write for book today—it is free. A. O. GILBERTSON, Box 840, Mason City, Iowa.

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Write today for Free $100 [illegible] 112 pp. [illegible]

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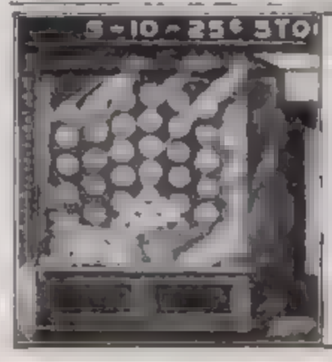
LaSalle Extension University, Box 4013 Chicago

MONEY— [illegible] silver, new or broken—any quantity [illegible] by mail or express. Goods will be held subject to your [illegible] can save 50% in buying from us. [illegible]

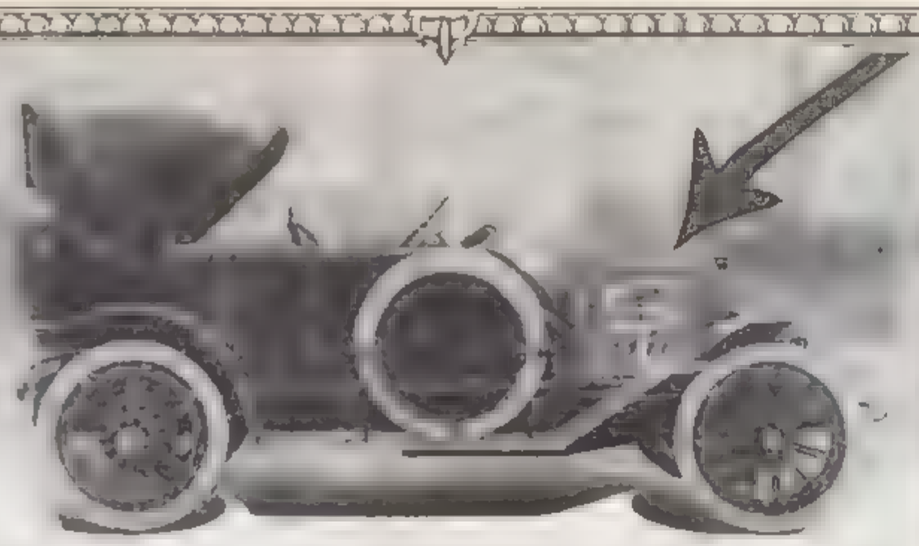
Liberty Refining Company, Pittsburgh Life Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.



An Opening for a Retail Store

If you think of starting a store I can help you. My business is finding locations where new retail stores are needed. I know about towns, industries, rooms, rents, etc., in every part of the United States. On my list are many places where a new store can start with small capital and pay a profit from the beginning, with possibilities of growth limited only by your own ambition and capacity. No charge for information, including free a 200 page book telling how to run a retail store.

EDW. B. MOON, 8 W. Randolph St., Chicago.



IF you will look INTO a Car as well as AT it, you'll analyze its construction and take into account the important matters of material and engineering factors of safety and endurance. Look INTO the

MOON MODEL "30" $1,500
MODEL "45" $3,000
(Foredoor and Torpedo $100 Extra.)

See the 4½ inch Bore and 5 inch Stroke, which stands for power. The long stroke for economy, smooth running and [illegible]

See the Crankshaft Bearings. [illegible] inches in diameter and the [illegible] together totaling 10 inches [illegible] long life to the motor—few repair bills to the owner

See the Connecting Rods, four bolts (not the usual two). This means stability.

See the Multiple Disc Clutch, soft, safe and easy to control—the type of clutch now used exclusively on the better grade of cars.

See the Pressed Steel Frame, the side members of which are 4 inches deep and 3 inches wide at point of greatest [illegible]

See the T-Head Motor, the highest type of Automobile Motor, and usually found only in $4,000 cars

OUR CARS are all steel bodies—Foredoor Torpedoes, Roadsters, Limousines and Landaus—for both our Models "30" and "45." The Big Chart, which is FREE, shows them [illegible]

J. A. Moon, Pres.

MOON MOTOR CAR CO.
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

Our Big Book of Charts comparing all automobiles is free. Send for it at once

Every SHREWD Buyer

will quickly recognize the decided advantages of the **New Wear-Proof Mat** over anything of its kind on the market. Being made of steel links with felt centers

It Can't Wear Out

Being open, air circulates through it constantly, keeping it dry, *sanitary* and clean at all times. Felt is *water-proof*—can't become soggy and germ-laden. Made to order and in a variety of sizes for public buildings, hotels, theatres, stores, street cars, residences—anywhere a mat is used.

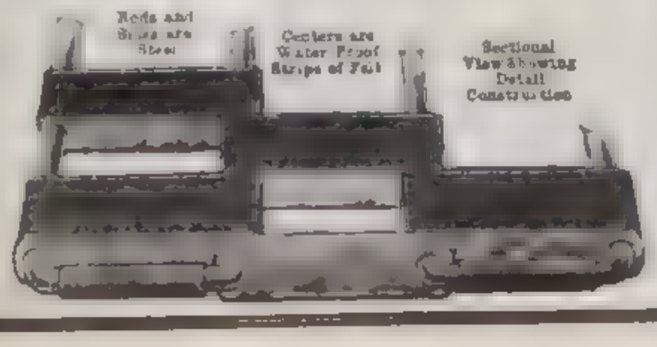
It Can't Slip

because of the patented mechanical construction. Each individual link is capable of an angular, *non-slipping* action under pressure, which locks it firmly to the floor. This resistance is *direct* and in proportion to the weight sustained on the mat.

End Your Mat Expenses And Mat Troubles With The

WEAR-PROOF STEEL And Felt MAT

Write for Free Illustrated and Descriptive Booklet and see for yourself the money and annoyance this mat will *save* you.



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everyone who buys or uses mats, to investigate the *Wear-Proof*. Write today for our Free Book. All we ask is that you see what it really *saves* you in dollars—in maintenance—in time and trouble. See who are using it—their prominence—and what they say about it. That's all. Your shrewdness will do the rest.

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504 So. Peoria Street
CHICAGO, ILL.

N. B.—We will ship one 12 x 30 mat express prepaid anywhere in the world for two dollars.

shown to be no larger than in union shops; in fact, though there are some shops in the country where the limit of apprenticeship has been reached and even passed, I have been unable to find any record of any dispute with employers on the matter. In England the conditions have been more severely and rigidly enforced, but in this country the employers, in their intense activity in other directions, have been responsible for the non-use of apprenticeship as a conserver of labor.

An official of some factories at Providence holds the following opinion on the new development of apprenticeship systems:

"With the adoption of such a fine system of apprenticeship, with its thorough education and splendid results, the unions who oppose increasing the ranks of skilled workmen will find themselves in opposition to a large number of their own members—men who have sons rising to manhood and who are shrewd enough to see and appreciate the advantages of a training scientific as well as manual, which can and does head their boys toward successful and perhaps brilliant careers. Many such men have long felt that their own unions were crippling the futures of their boys."

An enthusiastic employer of over six hundred men sums it up as follows:

"The American mechanic has, for years, been the vanguard of progress; and this also applies to those of foreign birth but of American training and experience. They may not always be more skillful—or even equally skillful—in some lines than their European prototypes; but in resourcefulness, versatility, adaptability and self-respect they easily excel. They are all-round better men and better citizens, and if this new system of apprenticeship extends, with its training and education as thorough and complete in its lines as that of the engineer or accountant, the next decade will see an astounding improvement in the relations and understanding between the employer and the employee. Both will come to a true realization of their interdependence and there will be a new confidence and coöperation from each—not only in the actual work but in their plans and ambitions. The most comprehensive of philanthropic efforts, to my mind, dwindle before this new plan of placing the future workman on a higher plane—elevating his standards and ideals, broadening his outlook and developing in him the truest principles of self-help."

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by George Frederic Stratton on The Conservation of Labor. The second article will appear in an early issue.

Drugs in Disguise

THE Government Bureau of Chemistry recently has confiscated large quantities of cough lozenges, imported from abroad. They were found to contain, among other ingredients, chloroform and ether. The importers represented that they were sold only as medicine for coughs and colds; but investigation showed that, being pleasant to the taste, they were in certain localities disposed of indiscriminately and extensively as a kind of candy.

Attention has likewise been drawn to products imported from Oriental countries under the guise of medicinal preparations, and found to contain opium or morphine. These are put up in various forms, such as small red pills coated with cinnabar. Often they are contained in bottles or wrapped in paper and inclosed in paraffin or in wax globules. Others are in the shape of tablets. They are invoiced as "tonic pills," "stimulant pills," "tea cake," or something of the kind.

These articles are recommended for use by victims of the opium or morphine habit, and also by people suffering from coughs and colds. In some instances the label states that they are "beneficial for women and children." Often they are in the form of a confection, sweet and attractively flavored. It is hardly necessary to call attention to their dangerous character, especially when placed in the hands of mothers and young people.

The bureau finds that the preparations commonly sold for the cure of the opium, morphine, cocaine, or other drug habits almost invariably contain in large quantities the very drug for which the "medicine" is to be taken. They are sent indiscriminately into any home. In some cases they are actually handled by dealers in groceries, who distribute them to their customers.

Own A Racine-Muskegon Cruiser This Year

You Can Afford It

[illegible] boat wise people were made glad [illegible] year with the ownership of [illegible] 36 foot raised deck Racine Cruiser [illegible] She will [illegible] inches of [illegible] the hotels over all

Save $2,500 On This Boat

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Racine Boat Mfg. Co.
Dept. 28 **Muskegon, Mich.**

Esterbrook Steel Pens

250 Styles

Every Esterbrook pen is sure to give satisfaction.

A style for every writer.

Quality guaranteed by a half-century's reputation.

At all stationers.

PATENTS SECURED OR OUR FEE RETURNED

Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. How to Obtain a Patent and What to Invent with list of inventions wanted and prizes offered for inventions sent free. Patents advertised free. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Washington, D. C.

About Remembering

By ELBERT HUBBARD

HENRY DICKSON
America's Foremost Authority on Memory-Training and Principal Dickson School of Memory.

FOR a long time I have been promising myself to write up my good friend, Mr. Henry Dickson of Chicago, and I have not forgotten.

Mr. Dickson is teaching a Science or System which I believe is of more importance than the entire curriculum of your modern college.

MR. DICKSON teaches memory.

Good memory is necessary to all achievement.

I know a man who is a graduate of three colleges. This man is neither bright, interesting nor learned.

He's a dunce.

And the reason is that he CAN NOT REMEMBER. He can not memorize a date or a line of poetry. His mind is a sieve.

Education is only what you remember.

Every little while I meet a man who has a memory, a TRAINED MEMORY, and he is a joy to my soul.

The manager of a great corporation never misses a face. If he sees you once the next time he will call you by name. He told me how he did it. He studied memory-training with Prof. Dickson. He said a lot of nice things about Prof. Dickson that I hesitate to write here lest my good friend Dickson object.

This Dickson system of memory-training is very simple. If you want to enlarge your arm, you exercise it. The same with your mind. You must put your brain through a few easy exercises to discover its capacity. You will be surprised how quickly it responds.

You do not know when you will be called upon to tell what you know; and then a trained memory would help you.

To the man or woman whose memory plays tricks, I recommend that you write to Prof. Dickson, and if his facts do not convince you, you are not to be convinced. *Write today for FREE booklet and facts. Address*

PROF. HENRY DICKSON
932 Auditorium Building, Chicago

Your Boy's Spending Money

PROBABLY you would rather have your boy earn his own spending money than give it to him. Any manly boy would rather get his money that way. The fun and feeling of independence which a boy has in spending "his own money" are quite different things from spending what has been given to him.

¶ THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has already solved the problem for thousands of the brightest and manliest boys in America. These boys sell THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. They get a lot of fun out of it, earn their own spending money, and get a moral and business training, the value of which cannot be reckoned in money.

¶ Everything necessary for trying the experiment we will furnish without cost. As soon as a boy starts work he receives one of the most novel volumes ever prepared for boys, being a clever book brightened with 250 illustrations telling of the experiences of an army of red-blooded boys who have made "good." It is really an unusual book on salesmanship and high-grade business methods brought down to the level of the average boy. Any boy who wants to try the plan can do so. Address

Sales Division
The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia, Penna.

60 Egg Incubator $5
Freight Prepaid

Greatest bargain of 1911; make sure of yours today. Order from this advertisement—

IDEAL 60 Egg Incubator $5.00
60 Chick Brooder $3.00

Incubator and Brooder ordered together $8.50. Delivered free east of Missouri River and north of Tennessee. Write for price to points beyond.

Both **$6.50**

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 137, Freeport, Ill.

6% $100. DEPOSITS

6% interest allowed on $100 deposits, and 5% on smaller sums. $2,750,000 of Approved First Mortgages with Trustee, together with $750,000 Capital, Surplus and Stockholders' individual liability as your security. 20 years in business—not a dollar lost to depositors. Write for "The Nimble Sixpence"—it tells our plan—it's interesting.

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SAVE MONEY, TIME AND LABOR

Before Building, Write for Free Booklet and Samples of

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD AND SHEATHING

BISHOPRIC WALL BOARD is cheaper and better than Lath and Plaster; applied Winter or Summer. YOU can easily nail it to studding. Applied dry it is at once ready for paint, paper or burlap, is clean and sanitary; **guaranteed proof against dampness, heat, cold, sound and vermin.**

Applying Wall Board

CONSTRUCTION

Made of kiln-dried dressed lath, IMBEDDED in hot Asphalt Mastic, and surfaced with sized cardboard; is cut at the factory into uniform sheets, 4x4 ft. sq. and three-eighths of an inch thick. These sheets (delivered in crates) are easily and quickly nailed to studding. Used for dwellings, pleasure, health resort and factory buildings, new partitions in old buildings, finishing attics, cellars, porches, laundries, garages.

Price $2.50 per 100 sq. ft. or $6.40 per crate of 256 sq. ft. f. o. b. factories, New Orleans, Cincinnati, or Alma, Mich.

BISHOPRIC SHEATHING saves 75 per cent in material and labor. Same as Wall Board, but cardboard surface of Sheathing is not recommended for decorative purpose; therefore costs less. Quickly nailed to studs with laths and asphalt exposed. Makes smooth, solid job. Does away with building paper. Proof against heat, cold, dampness. Used with excellent results as cheapest and best lining for dairy barns, poultry houses, stables and other buildings.

Shows weatherboards over Sheathing, lath side exposed; also Bishopric Roofing over Sheathing, smooth side exposed

Price $2.35 per square of 100 sq. ft. or $6 per crate of 256 sq. ft. f. o. b. New Orleans, Cincinnati, or Alma, Mich.

Write for Booklet and Free Samples of Wall Board, Sheathing and Roofing

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The Patent Monogram Embosser

The latest novelty, an indestructible neat little device, which slips into your pocket book, enables you to emboss stylish initials single or double letter on your stationery and marks linen for embroidery. Send 25 cents (coin or stamps) to

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Best Birds, Best Eggs, Lowest Prices All leading varieties pure-bred Chickens, Ducks, Geese and Turkeys. Largest Poultry Farm in the world. Fowls, Eggs, and Incubators at lowest prices. Send for big book, "Poultry for Profit." Tells how to raise poultry and run Incubators successfully. Send 10c for postage.

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Flexible Elk Sole sewed on, 25c extra per pr.

Your dealer can get these or we will mail either style. Booklet of a dozen others—*mailed Free.*

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TRADE MARK YIPSI ON EVERY SHOE

Dealers—Write for terms. Fast sellers.

Webster's definition is—

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—iron—stove—curling-tong-heater, combined. This means endless uses for the Utility *Hotpoint* Iron.

—no traveling kit is complete without it. Simply attach to any lamp socket of proper voltage. —and light, why, it weighs only 3¼ pounds. —complete outfit—iron with cord and plug—stand—dish with cover and handle, telescopes in a dainty ooze leather bag with silk draw string. —just the iron for dainty, ***particular*** pressing that one loves to do one's self. —boils three cups of water in short order. Doesn't this open up endless vistas of practical uses and delightful stunts?

—guaranteed? Yes, the factory replaces any part proving defective within two years, but if not abused, a Utility will last for many years.

If lighting company or dealer hasn't one, he should order it. If not, send his name with your check, and we will ship express paid at regular price, $6.00.

When Traveling

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Dainty Ironing

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The bachelor's Friend

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other *Hotpoint* irons

—for ordinary household ironing there is the Standard Model of the *Hotpoint* Iron.
—same general shape as the Utility, but without dish or curling tong heater or bag.
—the same guarantee as on the Utility Model. 3 pound, 5 pound, or 6 pound size, $5.00.
—other electrical devices—all fully approved, economical to use, and so handy.
—for instance: El Tosto, the electric bread toaster, $4.00. El Stovo, the 6 inch stove, $5.00.
We pay the expressage if you can't secure them locally.

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Thousands of dealers sell Hotpoint Irons and our other appliances. Inquire of them; insist on what you want and if necessary send the order to our nearest office.

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We are ready to co-operate and help you meet the demand that we will create. Better order samples and ask for our proposition—say how many you can use.

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Robert Shackleton

Kyrie Bellew at Work

Ort Wells on the Left; George Ade on the Right

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TABLES Beautiful

is a book showing how the Tyden lock admits one, two or three extra leaves in a pedestal dining table before the pedestal has to be divided; how it may be extended any length; how, when closed, the halves of the pillar are drawn snugly together, closing the gap at the base.

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is now furnished on all extension tables of the beautiful pillar or pedestal type made by over sixty leading manufacturers. Besides telling how the lock adds to the value of the table this book offers suggestions for decorating and authoritative directions for laying covers and serving. Let us send it.

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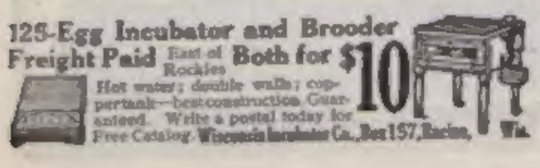
In buying a table, this lever-lock and quality mark identify the best construction for you.

TYDEN LOCK

125-Egg Incubator and Brooder Freight Paid East of Rockies Both for $10



Hot water; double walls; copper tank—best construction. Guaranteed. Write a postal today for Free Catalog. Wisconsin Incubator Co., Box 157, Racine, Wis.

Teach the Children to Eat Necco Sweets

Put a box of Necco Sweets where the youngsters can reach it. Tell them how wholesome and healthful Necco Sweets are. Show them the Necco Seal and let them know that under that they will always find *good* confectionery.

Necco Sweets

are the kind that hurt no one; the kind that everybody—old and young—wants in preference to others; the kind you can't forget, because of their goodness.

Yes! by all means let the little folks satisfy a natural craving for "goodies" with Necco Sweets. More than 800 different varieties. Sold by best dealers everywhere.

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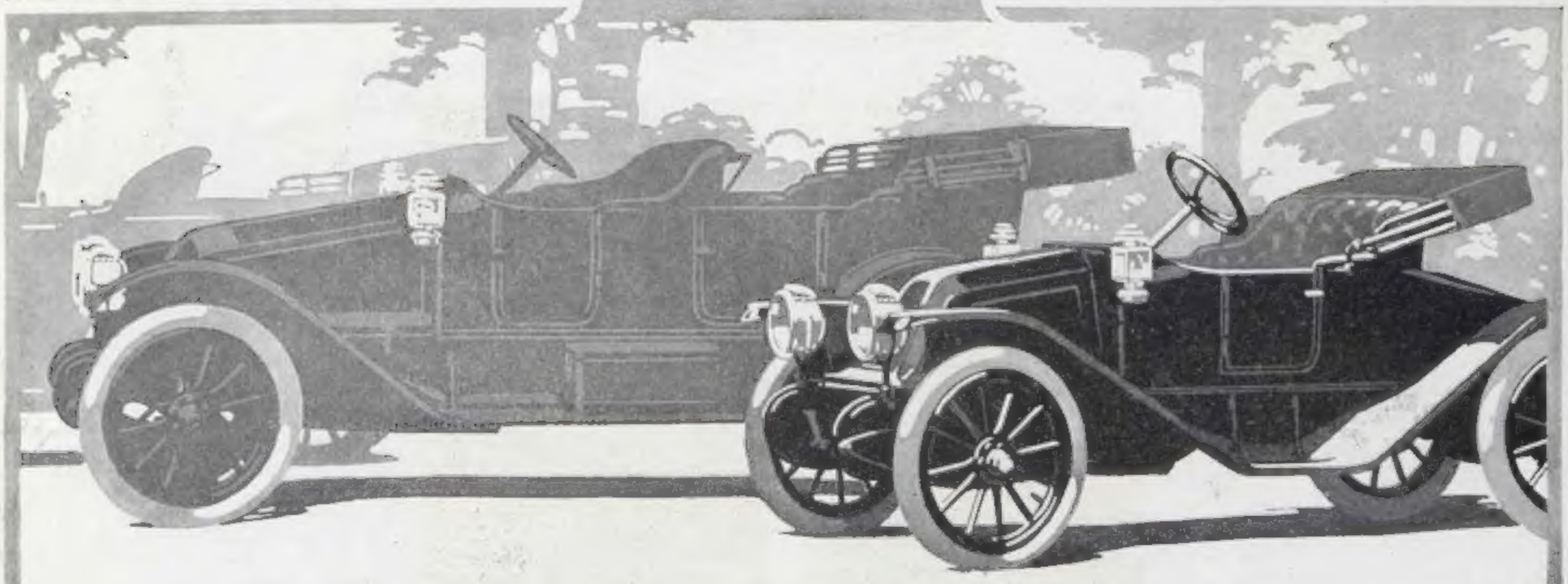
IF YOU have not received sufficient information regarding the opportunities the different sections of the Pacific Northwest have to offer, write to the Portland Commercial Club. This club is in constant communication with over 170 development organizations of the Pacific Northwest. You will be sent, free of charge and postpaid, literature regarding the several sections. This literature will aid you materially in deciding just where you can locate to YOUR best advantage. Write name and address plainly, and address

Information Secretary

Portland Commercial Club
Portland Oregon

Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

Franklin



"Never again for a water-cooled car; Franklin air cooling is best."
—Hiram Percy Maxim.

Here is an engineer of world wide fame, the inventor of the Maxim Gun Silencer, for years the designer of a prominent water-cooled car.

He gives up water cooling and adopts the Franklin because it gives service that no water-cooled car can give. He says:

"I tried out a Franklin for a year, put it through all sorts of stunts and was firmly convinced that air cooling was best.

"During one of the hottest days in summer I drove it 150 miles. If it was ever going to get hot it was right then. Far from it. It performed as steady as a top and took one of the worst hills in the country, on high gear.

"The Franklin air-cooled motor is quick in response to the throttle. The greatest efficiency is attained because the motor is uniformly warm.

"Another thing—with the air-cooled automobile there is a reduction in the weight of the car. Light weight means a saving on tires. This is one of the strong points of air-cooled machines.

"All makers will some day come to the air-cooled way of thinking. There are the best of reasons for the change."

Designers of water-cooled cars admit that water circulating systems give trouble. Radiators, no matter how well designed, are delicate things. With an air-cooled automobile the radiator, water pump and piping are eliminated.

Two "sixes" and two "fours" make up the Franklin line. Prices range from $4500 for the luxurious six-cylinder, seven-passenger, forty-eight-horsepower Model H to $1950 for the ever popular four-cylinder Model G, the most favorably known small car built.

Write for the booklet "Hiram Percy Maxim Air-Cooled Convert." It is an intensely interesting interview with Mr. Maxim, given out in his home city and reprinted from Hartford Daily Times, December 31, 1910.

If you are interested in motor car construction we want to send you our catalogue. Will you favor us with your mailing address?

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Can be comfortable in any kind of weather. But to be healthy, the blood must circulate freely from the heels to the top of head. No person can keep warm and feel good unless it does.

Some commonly used table beverages have a tendency to interfere seriously with the circulation, and disorders may reasonably be expected to follow.

It seems that a little common sense would impel anyone unpleasantly affected by any beverage to quit it. To such, we present the facts about

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